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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS AND CELEBRATED

WOMEN,

OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY MARY HAYS.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION, IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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MEMOIRS

OF

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY queen of Scots, daughter of James the Fifth, and of Mary of Lorraine, his second wife, was born December 14th, 1542, a few days before the death of her father. An unsuccessful war against England had left the kingdom in a perilous state: many persons of the first rank had, at the unfortunate battle of Solway, fallen into the hands of the English, and were still detained prisoners at London. The religious disputes attending the reformation, added rage to the factions by which the state was rent. The government of a queen was unknown to the Scots, a fierce and martial people, who required to be restrained by a strong hand; while a long and feeble minority gave encouragement to faction by the hope of impunity. James, who saw the tempest gather, had neglected to provide against its effects: his daughter and his kingdom were in despair abandoned to the chances of fortune, without a protector, a guardian, or a guide.

The choice of the nobles at length fell on the earl of Arran, next heir to the queen, whose proximity of blood gave him a title to the regency; a man of mild, unambitious temper, timid and irresolute, with inferior abilities, fitted rather to the enjoyment of private life, than to steer the helm of the state in turbulent times. Scarcely had he taken possession of his new dignity, when a negotiation was opened with England, teeming with fatal consequences to himself and the kingdom. Henry VIII. after the death of James, conceived a project of marrying his only son Edward with the infant queen of Scots. To the prisoners taken

at Solway[illegible]e imparted his plan, and gave to them a promise of liberty, on condition that they should aid his designs: on receiving their assent to his proposition, he allowed them to return to Scotland, that by their presence in the parliament, which the re[illegible]ge[illegible] had summoned, they might be the better enabled to fulfil the[illegible] engagement. A cause entrusted to such zealous advocates could scarcely have failed of success, had the temper of Henry fitted him to improve so favourable an occasion. The designs he had formed upon Scotland, which he had not the dexterity to disguise or conceal, were but too obvious; but when, instead of temporising with the jealousy of the Scots, he demanded that the person of their queen should be immediately committed to his charge, and that the government of the kingdom should, during her minority, be placed in his hands, he at once alarmed and incensed the whole nation.

His conditions were indignantly rejected, and, after some dark and unsuccessful intrigues, he was compelled to make concessions; to consent that the queen should, till she was ten years of age, continue in Scotland, and that he should himself be excluded from any share in the management of the state. The treaty was still so advantageous to England, that the regent by agreeing to it lost much of the public confidence. His enemies, by complaining that the kingdom was about to be degraded into a province of England, and that the true catholic faith would be extinguished under the tyranny of an excommunicated heretic, addressed themselves to the prejudices and the passions of the people. Animated by the pride of independence, and the dread of innovation, the nation declared against the alliance. The regent, nevertheless, with an irresolution characteristic of a weak mind, ratified on the 25th of August the treaty with Henry: on the 3d of September he withdrew from Edinburgh, met the adverse party, renounced the friendship of England, and declared for the interest of France.

Henry, to gain the regent, had not been sparing of magnificent promises, but, on finding his influence less than he had been willing to believe, he no longer treated him with the same respect. The person of the young queen was in the custody of his adversaries, who increased daily in numbers and popularity. They formed, at Stirling, a separate court, and talked of electing another regent. The French king was ready to afford them protection, and the nation, through hatred of the English, would have uni-

ted in their defence. Thus circumstanced, the earl of Arran was compelled to change his measures, and to go over to the side of the triumphant party. Henry was not of a temper to submit tamely to the indignity he had suffered. A considerable body of troops, destined for France, received his orders to sail for Scotland. Having landed near Leith, and made themselves masters of the place, they marched directly to Edinburgh, entered it with equal ease, set fire to the town, plundered the adjacent country, and, on the approach of some troops collected hastily by the regent, retreated with their booty on board their fleet, and regained in safety the English coast. This piratical expedition, attended with but little advantage, served but to complete the disgust of the Scots, and to alienate them wholly from England. Hostilities were for a short time continued by both nations, with but little effect, till an end was put to this war of skirmishes by a peace in which France was included.

Henry had not yet relinquished his purpose of the union, to accomplish which he had chosen such rough methods. He was preparing to renew his proposals, when death put a sudden stop to his projects. During the minority of his son Edward, the ministers who had the principal direction of affairs conducted themselves with respect to Scotland upon the principles of their late master: without address to bring about the treaty they were earnest to effect, they determined to terrify the Scots into their measures. In the beginning of September, an army of eighteen thousand men, supported by a fleet of sixty sail, appeared on the borders of Scotland. The nation was not unprepared for this event, which it had for some time past foreseen. The famous battle of Pinkey followed, so fatal to the Scottish army; more than ten thousand men fell on the plain, while the rout of the remainder was irretrievable and complete. This victory, however great, proved but little serviceable to the English, who wanted skill or leisure to improve their advantage. The Scots were by every new injury rendered yet more averse to the desired union, and precipitated into engagements with France. While the English wasted their treasure and their strength, the French reaped all the benefit. In an assembly of the nobles, that met at Stirling to consult on the situation of affairs, all eyes were turned towards France for aid and protection. In the violence of their resentment, and the smart of recent sufferings, they forgot their zeal for the independence of their country, which had

prompted them to reject the rough wooing of Henry, and, by voluntarily offering their queen in marriage to the dauphin of France, to the court of which they proposed immediately to send her, granted from revenge what no feebler motive had been able to extort from them. An offer so flattering and advantageous was not to be rejected by France: the French monarch acceded without hesitation to the proposition of the Scottish ambassadors, and prepared to defend with vigour his new acquisitions.

By the influence of his army in Scotland, he obtained the concurrence of the parliament with the overtures made to him: in vain were the remonstrances of a few patriots against concessions so extravagant, by which Scotland was made a province of France, and Henry II. changed from an ally into master of the kingdom. The friendship of France had thus become more fatal to the nation than the enmity and violence of England. A measure of so much importance was precipitately decided, and the interest of a faction, and the passions of a moment, suffered to triumph over the honour of the nation.

No time was allowed by the French to the Scots to reflect on the probable consequences of this rash resolution. The fleet which had brought over their forces still remained on the coast, and the young queen was, without delay, conducted into France. Mary was at this time six years of age: by her education in the most refined and polished court in Europe, she acquired those accomplishments that gave lustre to her charms, and imbibed those prejudices which necessarily led to her subsequent misfortunes.

The mother of Mary had, in 1554, acquired the regency of Scotland, a dignity which had long been the object of her ambition. Two years afterwards, aware of the precarious foundation of her power, which rested on the balance of contending factions, she sought to strengthen her interest by hastening the conclusion of the marriage of her daughter. Obstacles had, in the mean time, arisen in the French court, against the completion of the engagement. The constable Montmorenci had used all his interest to defeat an alliance, which reflected so much honour on the house of Lorraine. With this view, he had represented to Henry the difficulty of maintaining order in the absence of the sovereign among a turbulent people, and recommended him to bestow the hand of the young queen on one of the princes of the blood, who, by residing in Scotland, might preserve the kingdom as an useful

ally to France. Over this envious but prudent council, the charms of Mary, now in the opening bloom of youth, which had captivated the heart of the dauphin, aided by the influence of her uncles, the princes of Lorraine, finally prevailed. In the ensuing year 1557, the French monarch applied to the parliament of Scotland, which appointed eight of its members to represent at the marriage of the queen the body of the nation: among these deputies, on whom the public choice had fallen, were some of the avowed and zealous advocates of the reformation, which had gained rapid ground in Scotland. The instructions of the parliament on this occasion did credit to the wisdom of that assembly: while in the marriage articles a laudable care was taken for the interest and dignity of the queen, every precaution was also employed for preserving the independence of the nation, and for securing the succession in the Scottish line.

The young queen, the dauphin, and the king of France, ratified by the most solemn oaths every article, which they confirmed under their hands and seals. Under these appearances a scene of artifice was concealed. Previous to the transaction, Mary had been persuaded privately to subscribe three deeds, equally invalid and unjust.

By these, in the failure of heirs, she conferred the kingdom of Scotland, its inheritance and succession, as a free gift upon the crown of France, with a declaration, that all promises to the contrary which might be extorted from her should be void and of no obligation. In this disgraceful project Henry II., the keeper of the great seals, the duke of Guise, and the cardinal of Lorraine, were engaged. The youth of Mary, her foreign education, and her respect for the advice of her uncles, will, in this transaction, plead with every candid mind in her excuse. The grant by which she bestowed her kingdom upon strangers was carefully concealed from the Scots: they seem, however, to have had some intimation of what had passed.

The nuptials between Mary and the Dauphin were, on the fourteenth of April, 1558, celebrated with great pomp. In the marriage treaty, the commissioners had agreed that the dauphin should assume the name of king of Scotland; a title which they considered merely as honorary, but to which the French laboured to annex some solid privileges. They insisted on its being publicly acknowledged, that the *crown-matrimonial* should be con-

ferred upon him, and that he should be invested with all the rights pertaining to the husband of a queen.

The princes of Lorraine, intoxicated with successful ambition, extended their daring schemes yet farther. The marriage of their neice to the dauphin allied them nearly to the royal dignity, the only object which was yet unattained. To gratify their vanity, which had in proportion to their elevation become inordinate, and render their niece more worthy of the heir of the French monarchy, they set on foot her claim to the crown of England, founded on the declared illegitimacy of Elizabeth. The capricious Henry VIII. who had caused both his daughters to be disinherited by act of parliament, and in his last will, with his characteristic inconsistency, called them back to the throne on the demise of their brother Edward, had (passing by the posterity of his eldest sister Margaret queen of Scotland) appointed the line of succession to continue in the younger sister, the descendant of the dutchess of Suffolk. The validity of these deeds was never recognised by foreigners, though Mary had reigned in England without any complaint from the neighbouring princes. But the same cause which had facilitated her accession, raised an obstacle to the elevation of her sister Elizabeth. Rome trembled for its faith under a protestant queen of her abilities; the same fear seized the court of Spain; and France beheld, indignantly, a throne to which the queen of Scots had pretensions, occupied by a princess whose birth, in the opinion of the catholics, excluded her from any legal right of succession. Instigated by the Guises, Henry persuaded his daughter-in-law to assume, with her husband, the title of king and queen of England, a fatal presumption which led to the most disastrous consequences. The naval power of England was growing in reputation; the marine of France had been wholly neglected; the territories of Elizabeth therefore could only be approached on the side of Scotland, where the princes of Lorraine determined to commence their attack. By using the name and pretensions of the Scottish queen, they hoped to rouse the English catholics, formidable for their zeal and numbers, and exasperated by the changes introduced in the national religion.

The aid of the Scots protestants to dethrone a queen, regarded by the reformed as the guardian of their faith, was not to be expected: to break their power and reputation in Scotland, there-

fore, became a part of the scheme. The queen regent was with difficulty prevailed on to enter into these views, which were contrary to the dictates of her unbiassed judgment. The conflicts which ensued it is not necessary here to relate; persecution produced its usual effects, and embittered the spirit it was meant to repress: both parties went farther than had at first been foreseen; political principles mingled with religious disputes, and Scotland was torn by intestine commotion.

About this time, July, 1559, died Henry II. of France. Towards the close of his reign, the favour of the house of Lorraine had begun to decline, and the constable Montmorenci regained his ascendant. This prudent minister imputed the disturbances in Scotland to the violent measures of the princes of Lorraine, and counselled the king to adopt a more moderate system, by which union and tranquillity might be restored to the kingdom. But the untimely death of the king, and the accession of Francis II. defeated the wisdom and policy of the constable: allied so nearly to the throne by the dignity of their niece, the Guises again assumed the direction of affairs. Their former measures were now resumed, and prosecuted with additional vigour: the protestants, oppressed beyond the powers of endurance, called in the arm of Elizabeth to their aid: skirmishes and hostilities were renewed. The English fleet appeared in the road of Leith, and facilitated the operation of its forces by land. The members of the congregation, assembling from all parts, joined their allies, while the French army was unable to keep the field against an enemy so much superior in numbers.

The queen regent had, on the approach of the English troops, retired to the castle of Edinburgh, where she soon after expired, a victim to her attachment to the Guises and the consequent misfortunes of her administration. Prudent, discerning, intrepid, humane, gentle without weakness, and just without rigour, Mary of Lorraine possessed qualities which might have rendered her people happy and her regency illustrious, but for her devotion to the princes her brothers, and the interest of France, her native country. A few days previous to her death, she lamented this docility, and the fatal issue of those intemperate councils which she had been seduced against her judgment to pursue. With the candour of a generous mind, she confessed the errors of her administration, deprecated their effects, and implored the forgive-

ness of those to whom they had been hurtful. She even invited the attendance of one of the most eminent of the reformed preachers, listened to his instructions with attention, and prepared herself to meet death with firmness.

In the mean time, the French, shut up in Leith, by the English who laid close seige to the place, were compelled to negotiate. The situation of France, menaced in its turn by civil commotions, called off the attention of the Guises from Scotland, whence it became necessary to withdraw the troops. A treaty was accordingly entered into with England, among the articles of which the right of Elizabeth to her crown was expressly acknowledged in the strongest terms; and Francis and Mary solemnly engaged neither to assume the title, nor to bear the arms of king and queen of England, in any time to come. Honourable as was this concession to Elizabeth, the conditions she obtained for her allies the Scots were not less advantageous. Thus the reformed party acquired strength by opposition, and from feeble beginnings gradually obtained formidable powers. The sovereign authority was by this treaty transferred into their hands, and the limited prerogative possessed by the crown nearly annihilated. A few days after its conclusion, both the French and the English armies evacuated Scotland. By this slight sketch of the Scottish affairs previous to the return of Mary, the circumstances in which she ascended the throne will be more easily comprehended.

Towards the conclusion of the year 1560, by the death of Francis II. the situation of his widow was materially changed. Mary had by her beauty and address obtained over the mind of her husband an entire ascendency, which she had transferred to her uncles, the princes of Lorraine. Francis, weak in constitution and feeble in mind, followed implicitly wherever he was led. His death delivered the Scots from a formidable administration, which threatened finally the ruin of their independence. Catherine de Medicis, the queen-mother, who, during the minority of Charles IX. assumed the direction of the French affairs, was far from regarding Mary with a favourable eye: in the preceding reign they had been rivals in power, when the charms of the wife triumphed without difficulty over the authority of the mother. Catherine, whose predominant passion had thus been thwarted, beheld with secret pleasure the humiliation of Mary, which

she aggravated by the reserve and coldness of her behaviour. Forsaken by the swarm of courtiers who had basked like insects in the sunshine of her prosperity, overwhelmed with sorrow by the reverse of her fortunes, and mortified by the studied slights of the queen-mother, Mary retired from the court to Rheims, and indulged in solitude her grief and her reflections. The dream of happiness had fled for ever; all before her was a dreary waste; a train of misfortunes, which she already anticipated in idea, pressed upon her steps; the transient brightness which had beamed upon her youth served only by contrast to deepen the gloom which now enveloped her prospects on every side. Even the princes of Lorraine were obliged to narrow their views, to give up their projects with regard to England, and to turn their attention to their domestic interests.

The news of the death of the French monarch was received by the Scots with transports of joy, as the only event which could give firmness to the system of religion and government which they had now introduced. The protestant church had about this time begun to assume a regular form.

The prior of St. Andrew's was appointed by the convention to pass over to France, and invite the queen to return to her native land; a circumstance which, though dreaded by some, was by the bulk of the people expected with ardour. But the zeal of the catholics got the start of the prior in paying their court to Mary. Lesly, their deputy (afterwards bishop of Ross), sought to excite in her mind a distrust of her protestant subjects, and to prevail on her to throw herself into the arms of the catholics. For this purpose he wished her to land at Aberdeen, where the reformers had made but an inconsiderable progress. Twenty thousand men, he assured her, should here join her, and with such an army, encouraged by her presence, she might with ease overturn the protestant church. The princes of Lorrain, intent on defending themselves against Catharine of Medicis, were not at this juncture disposed to listen to romantic proposals: the French officers also who had served in Scotland dissuaded Mary from violent measures, and determined her, by a representation of the power of the protestants, to court their friendship by every art. Influenced by these prudent resolutions, she received the prior of St. Andrew's with marks of attachment and confidence.

Accustomed to the refinement and elegance of the French

court, Mary was in no haste to embark for Scotland: fondly lingering in France, the scene of her early attachments and of all her pleasures, she reflected with a degree of horror on the barbarism of her own country, and the turbulence of the people. At length the persuasions of her uncles, the impatience of the Scots, and above all the coldness and neglect of the queen-mother, determined her to commence the dreaded voyage. While Mary was preparing for her departure, the seeds were sown of that personal jealousy between her and Elizabeth which embittered the days of the former and shortened her life.

The causes of this animosity, of which the ratification of the treaty of Edinburgh was the immediate occasion, lay still deeper. Nearly all the articles of the treaty had been on both sides scrupulously observed; one only remained as the source of contention. Cecil, the English minister, had proved in the negotiation an overmatch for the refinements of the French ambassador, whom he had compelled to acknowledge, not merely that the crowns of England and Ireland belonged to Elizabeth, but also to engage that, in all times to come, Mary should abstain from using the titles. To ratify this treaty, so indefinitely worded, would have proved fatal to the hopes of Mary, of whose ambition the English crown was a worthy object, and whose pretensions to which gave her importance in the eyes of all Europe. Her title was by many esteemed preferable to that of Elizabeth herself: the English catholics openly espoused this opinion; even the protestants denied not her right to the succession. Thus circumstanced, by ratifying the disputed article she would have lowered her rank among the neighbouring princes; the zeal of her adherents would have cooled; and her hope of mounting the throne of England would, in all probability, have been for ever blasted.

These consequences escaped not the penetration of Elizabeth, who hoped to sooth or terrify her rival into a compliance with her demands, an event which might have been turned greatly to her advantage. Such a renunciation from Mary would have left the succession open and undetermined, by means of which she might have been kept by Elizabeth in perpetual anxiety and suspense; or the authority of parliament might have broken the order of lineal succession, and have transferred the crown to some other branch of the royal blood.

It is true, that the equivocal expressions inserted by Cecil in

the treaty might have been exchanged for words less ambiguous, in which Mary might have promised to renounce her title to the crown of England during the lives of Elizabeth and her lawful posterity: but such an amendment accorded not with the views of either queen. Mary, though compelled to suspend, chose not to relinquish her claim, which she secretly determined to assert on the first prospect of success. Nor would Elizabeth even tacitly acknowledge the right of her rival, though after her own decease. These sentiments were on neither side avowed.

To the jealousy of power between the rival queens was added that of beauty. Elizabeth, not content to surpass her sex in the stronger qualities of the mind, cherished under the dignity of the queen the emulation of the woman: inferior to Mary in personal graces, she excelled her in political talent and the arts of government, and in the more important pre-eminence of the rank in which she was destined to move. Not satisfied with this superiority, she suffered the report of the charms of the Scottish queen to prey on her mind, and tarnish the lustre of its qualities. It is perhaps the sensibility necessary to form a superior character, that renders the greatest minds accessible to those weaknesses that confound the ignorant, gratify the malignant, and afford to the philosopher materials for reflection. He who possesses no exuberant activity, confines himself with ease to the straight and level path. To guard this observation, it may be necessary to add, that eccentricity alone can never be admitted as a claim to genius, however it may sometimes prove its disgrace.

Though no stranger to the difficulties of Mary with respect to the ratification, Elizabeth continued to urge it, while the queen of Scots, to gain time, contrived to elude the demand. Both queens covered their real sentiments under a profusion of polite expressions of regard.

In sailing from France to Scotland, the course lay along the English coast: Mary, to secure herself from the insults of the English fleet, or to provide a retreat in the harbours of England should the weather prove tempestuous, sent to request of Elizabeth a safe-conduct during her voyage, and this demand was rejected in a manner calculated to excite distrust. Though filled with indignation by the ungenerous behaviour of the English queen, Mary suffered it not to retard her departure. A train, suitable to her dignity as the queen of two powerful kingdoms,

accompanied her to Calais, where she embarked. In her retinue were six princes of Lorraine, her uncles, with many of the most eminent nobles of France. The queen-mother, who in secret rejoiced at her departure, spared no circumstance of magnificence and external respect to grace her journey. After taking leave of her attendants with a sorrowful heart and eyes bathed in tears, Mary quitted the shore on which fortune had smiled on her, to embark on the ocean, which, by its instability and storms, was but too emblematic of the fate that awaited her. While the French coast remained in sight, she continued to gaze on it intently, and, sighing often, appeared lost in reflection. 'Farewel, France!' cried she from time to time—'Farewel, beloved country, which I shall never more behold!' When the darkness of the night concealed the land from her view, she would neither retire from the deck, nor take refreshment; but, commanding a couch to be brought, waited with impatience the return of day. The vessel made but little way during the night: in the morning France was still in sight, on the prospect of which she continued to dwell with melancholy pleasure. She repeated again, while her sight could distinguish the coast, the same expressions of tender regret. By the favour of a thick fog the vessel some days afterwards escaped the English fleet, which waited to intercept it: Mary, after an absence of thirteen years, landed on the 19th of August, 1561, safely at Leith, in her native country.

She was received by her subjects with shouts and acclamations of joy; but her arrival being unexpected, no preparations had been made for it, nor could the poverty of the country be concealed from her. She was conducted to the palace of Holyrood-house with little pomp, a circumstance by which she was deeply affected: accustomed to the splendor and magnificence of France, and at an age to be dazzled by external appearances, the change in her situation appeared a melancholy presage of what was to follow.

The juncture at which Mary ascended the throne of her ancestors required a wisdom and steadiness of conduct scarcely to be expected in her tender sex and age. The rage of religious controversy, aggravated by past and present injuries, yet existed in all its fervour. The nobles were, by the absence of their sovereign, accustomed to independence: the delegated jurisdiction of the regent had carried with it little authority, and inspired no

respect. A licentious spirit had spread through all ranks: for the two preceding years anarchy had prevailed throughout the kingdom, which had existed without a regent, without a supreme council, without the power, or even the form, of an established government. France, the ancient ally of the state, was despised; the English, its late enemies, had grown into confidence with the nation, and gained an ascendent in all its councils. It was the interest of Elizabeth to depress the royal authority in Scotland, and to foment among the people a spirit of disaffection. Such was the state of affairs, when a young princess, not nineteen years of age, a stranger to the laws, to the manners of the country, without experience, without support, and without a friend, assumed the reins of government!

Opposed to these disadvantages, it may be urged, that the people, unaccustomed to the residence of their prince, might be pleased with the novelty and dazzled by the splendor of the royal presence; that the places of power and profit in the hands of the queen might attach to her the nobles by the ties of honour and interest; that by her protection, her affability, and the charms of her youth and beauty, she might engage to her the hearts of those by whom she was surrounded.

From every part of the kingdom the nobility crowded to do homage to their queen, and by their testimonies of duty and attachment to erase from her remembrance their past misconduct. The court was filled by the most accomplished of the French nobility, who by their amusements, added to the gaiety and amenity of their manners, began to polish and soften the rudeness of the natives. The queen, by the graces of her person, the insinuation of her address, and the elegance of her manners, commanded every where admiration and respect. To the accomplishments of her own sex, she added many of the acquirements of the other. She was conversant both with the modern and the Latin languages; she had made a considerable progress in the arts and sciences, which were at that time cultivated as necessary and ornamental. Above all, she stole on the affections of her subjects by mingled dignity, courtesy, and sweetness.

But in the midst of the flattering presages which arose out of these circumstances, while all parties seemed contending for the favour of their youthful queen, the spirit of the age broke out. Mary, on the Sunday after her arrival, ordered mass to be

celebrated in the chapel of her palace: a secret murmur succeeded among the protestants of the court, who were unwilling to allow to their monarch the liberty of conscience they claimed. Complaints and menaces followed: the servants of the chapel were insulted and abused; and but for the seasonable interference of the prior of St. Andrew's, greater excesses must have ensued. The fury of the reformers against the church they had deserted can scarcely be conceived by enlightened minds. Every instance of condescension to the papists was esteemed an act of apostacy: a single mass was more formidable to the nation than a foreign invasion. In the infancy of knowledge, only one side of the question being weighed, the balance is sure to preponderate. The uninformed know not to doubt. Many of the protestants, without thinking of convincing their queen by argument or reclaiming her by indulgence, would have abruptly denied her the privilege of worshipping God according to her own notions of propriety. The prior of St. Andrew's, with other leaders of the party, interposed to restrain this furious zeal; and, in despite of the murmurs of the people, and the instigation of their preachers, to obtain for the queen and her domestics the undisturbed exercise of their religion.

Mary rewarded this compliance of the protestants by causing it to be proclaimed, that any attempt towards an alteration or a subversion of the reformed church, which, though established throughout the kingdom, had not yet received the royal sanction, should be regarded as a capital crime.

In conformity with the plan which had been settled in France, she committed the administration of affairs wholly to the protestants. In her council, which was filled with the most distinguished persons of that party, no papist was admitted to confidence. To the prior of St. Andrew's and Maitland of Lethington, were given all the power and reputation of favourite ministers. This choice was peculiarly acceptable to the people. Mary, by the prudent advice of these ministers, conducted herself with a propriety and moderation that could not fail of gaining her the hearts of the people. Such were the fair auspices under which her reign commenced.

To effect a sincere reconciliation with Elizabeth was also an object of great importance to the prosperity of the queen of Scots. In the beginning of her administration she was really desirous

of accomplishing this purpose; yet the breach, from various incidents, seemed to widen rather than to heal. Notwithstanding the obstacles which Elizabeth had opposed to the return of Mary to Scotland, she failed not by her ambassador to congratulate her arrival. To return this civility, Maitland was sent to London as the bearer of compliments not more sincere. Dissimulation takes deep root, and flourishes in courts as in its native soil. Randolph, the English envoy, had orders to urge Mary on the subject of the ratification; while Maitland, in London, sought to amuse Elizabeth by pretences and apologies for his mistress's delay. Yet to extricate herself in some degree from the difficult situation in which she was placed, Mary instructed her ambassador to signify her willingness to disclaim any right to the crown during the lives of Elizabeth and her posterity, if, in failure of these, her title to the succession was acknowledged by the English parliament. A fair and reasonable proposition, which ought to have been accepted, but which was nevertheless peremptorily refused.

About this time, Sept. 1, 1561, Mary made her public entry into Edinburgh, and was received by the citizens with ardent demonstrations of duty and affection: yet, even on an event such as this, they could not forbear to discover the spirit by which they were actuated. In every spectacle and pageant which was exhibited on the occasion, allusions were introduced to the supposed vengeance of the Almighty (whose thunders the different sects of religionists are so fond of wielding) on papists and idolaters. While studying to amuse and flatter their queen, they mingled insults on the religion which she professed.

To reform the police of the country, and to restore the regular administration of justice, next occupied the attention of Mary. During the unsettled state of the kingdom a dangerous licentiousness had prevailed: to remedy these disorders, which had become oppressive and intolerable, was an acceptable and popular act. The prior of St. Andrew's vested for this service with extraordinary powers, under the title of the queen's lieutenant, executed his commission with a vigour and ability that reflected credit upon his character, and the choice of the queen. In his absence the leaders of the papists made some efforts, but without success, towards insinuating themselves into the royal favour and confidence: whatever might be the secret sentiments

of Mary towards the party, she wisely chose to continue the administration in the hands in which it had been so ably managed.

Towards the close of the year 1561 a convention of estates was held principally for the consideration of ecclesiastical affairs. The assembly of the church, which sat at the same time, presented a petition containing many demands respecting the suppression of popery, the encouragement of protestantism, and a provision for the maintenance of their clergy, who had hitherto been supported by the benevolence of the people. After much contention, it was determined that an exact account should be taken of the value of ecclesiastical benefices throughout the kingdom; that the present incumbents, to whatever party they adhered, should be allowed to keep possession; that two thirds of their revenue should be reserved for their own use, and the remainder, out of which the queen was to assign a sufficient maintenance for the protestant clergy, annexed to the crown. This moderation, by which many of the catholic clergy were permitted to retain their revenues, though apparently in opposition to the zeal of reformation, was consistent with the interest and welfare for the nation. The riches of the church might have proved equally dangerous to the liberties of the nation, and the independence of the nobles, whether wholly transferred to the protestant ministers, or restored to the crown. The reformed clergy gained but little by this new regulation; they had found more facility in kindling the zeal than in extinguishing the avarice of their proselytes: the sum allotted for their use was paid with little exactness; and they still lived in the poverty of the primitive disciples of Christ.

The moderation of the queen's administration, and the elegance of her court, had in some degree softened the ferocity of the nobles; while her presence and authority had given a check to their factious spirit. But this tranquillity was of no long continuance, and quickly gave place to the most violent intentions. The feudal and aristocratical state of Scotland limited the jurisdiction of the monarch; among the barons and great families the seeds of animosity were, by the unsettled state of property and the clashing of interests, thickly sown. The rival clans, without consulting the throne, invaded each other, and appealed to force for the decision of their claims; hereditary hatred was transmitted with estates, and posterity prosecuted the quarrels

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of their ancestors. Such a dispute had subsisted between the houses of Hamilton and of Bothwell; the earls of which happening to be both in waiting at the same time, frequently broils took place among their followers in the streets of Edinburgh. Their reconciliation, which was brought about through the mediation of their friends, and more particularly of Knox, was productive of consequences still more mischievous.

Some days after this coalition, the earl of Arran, an extravagant and eccentric character, a kinsman to the Hamiltons, and a lover of the queen's, came in all haste to Knox, and then to the prior of St. Andrew's, to confess with confusion and terror, that his house and that of Bothwell, in order to obtain the sole direction of affairs, had conspired to murder the prior and the other ministers of the queen. The persons thus accused, whatever might have been the foundation of the accusation, denied the guilt imputed to their charge. Their known character, and the spirit of the times, justified the queen and her ministers in having them secured and separately confined.

But by the deeper designs of George Gordon, earl of Huntly, against the prior, more important events were produced. The jurisdiction of this nobleman, whose estate far exceeded that of any other subject, extended over many of the northern counties: both parties, by whom he was courted and feared, connived at his encroachments in the north; while by artifice or force, either of which he well knew how to employ, he added daily to his possessions and his power. He had observed with jealousy and vexation the growing credit of the prior of St. Andrew's, whom he considered as a rival in the favour of the queen, to which his own zeal for the popish church seemed to give him a better claim. By personal injuries the rivalship of power was embittered. To recompense the services of the prior, Mary had determined to create him an earl, and to make choice of Mar as the place whence he should take his title. The lands of that name, which were bestowed as a support of the rank, though a part of the royal demesnes, had been for several years possessed by the earls of Huntly. The intrusion of a rival so formidable into his territories, added to the loss he had sustained, filled the earl with indignation and alarm. By an incident which happened about the same time, his suspicions and rage received increase. His third son, sir John Gordon, was involved in a dispute re-

specting the property of an estate with lord Ogilvie, which in its progress had become a deadly feud. A scuffle had in consequence taken place in the streets of Edinburgh, in which lord Ogilvie was dangerously wounded by Gordon. The magistrates having seized both the offenders, the queen commanded them to be strictly confined. In an age accustomed to anarchy, even this interference of the police was considered as an intolerable rigour: the friends of each party began to assemble their vassals with a view to overawe the decisions of justice. Gordon, in the mean time, escaped from prison, and, flying into Aberdeenshire, loudly complained of the indignity he had suffered. This circumstance, as all the actions of the queen were imputed to the earl of Mar, failed not to exasperate the resentment of Huntly.

About this period, August 1, 1562, it happened that Mary set out on a progress into the northern parts of the kingdom, attended by the earls of Mar and Morton, Maitland, and other leaders of the party. Huntly was mortified by the royal presence in a country where for many years no power had been known superior to his own. The actions of the queen, while under the direction of Mar, could not fail of being misrepresented and misconstrued into injuries. The pride of Huntly was offended, and his jealousy inflamed, by a combination of circumstances; while his passions were kept in perpetual agitation. On the arrival of Mary in the north, he employed his wife, a woman of address, to intercede for the pardon of their son. But the queen, required that he should deliver himself into the hands of justice, and rely wholly upon her clemency. Gordon was persuaded to comply with this demand, and to promise to enter himself prisoner in the castle of Stirling, of which lord Erskine, the uncle of Mar, was at that time governor. This circumstance, and the inflexibility of the queen, being attributed by Huntly to the rancour of Mar, augmented his animosity against him.

Sir John Gordon had in the mean time set out towards Stirling; but, instead of performing his engagement, found means to escape from his guards, and return to take the command of his followers, who were rising in arms throughout the north. By this insurrection it was intended to support the blow which was meditated by Huntly against his principal adversaries. It was proposed by the conspirators to cut off by assassination Mar, Morton, and Maitland; the time and place for the perpetration

of the murders had been several times appointed, though unforeseen accidents had hitherto frustrated the execution of the plan. The house of Huntly at Strathbogie was the last place selected as the scene of this tragedy; but the queen, on her journey thither, having heard of the flight and rebellion of Gordon, refused in her indignation to enter under the father's roof, and by this fortunate resentment preserved her ministers from inevitable destruction.

Huntly was by the failure of these projects precipitated into open rebellion, since it seemed impossible otherwise to effect the ruin of his rivals. On the arrival of Mary at Inverness, the commanding officer, by the order of Huntly, shut the gates against her, and compelled her to lodge in the town, which was defenceless and open, and which the followers of the earl quickly surrounded. The queen, attended but by a slender train, was seized on this event with a just consternation; while expecting every instant the approach of the insurgents, some ships were ordered into the river to secure her escape. The loyalty of the neighbouring clans, who took arms in her defence, saved their sovereign from the danger which threatned her. By their assistance she forced the castle to surrender, and inflicted on the governor a punishment for his presumption.

This conduct of Huntly drew on him a new and severer mortification: Lord Erskine having pretended a right to the earldom of Mar, the minister resigned it in his favour, and received at the same time from the queen the title of earl of Murray, with the estate annexed to the dignity, which had been for some years past in the possession of Huntly. From this circumstance he concluded his family destined to destruction; and, dreading to be stripped gradually of all his possessions, no longer affected to disguise his intentions, but in defiance of the royal proclamation openly took up arms. Instead of yielding up those places of strength which he was required to surrender, the persons commissioned by the queen to take possession were either dispersed or cut in pieces by his adherents; while he himself advanced at the head of a considerable force towards Aberdeen, where the queen had returned with her small court. Murray had only a handful of men in whom he could place confidence: to form the appearance of an army he was obliged to call to his aid the neighbouring barons, from whom, as either favouring the designs

of Huntly or standing in awe of his power, but little service could be expected. With these troops he however marched towards the enemy, whom he found at Corrichie posted to great advantage. Having commanded his northern associates to begin the attack, on the first motion of the enemy they turned their backs and fled; while the followers of Huntly, throwing aside their spears and breaking their ranks, rushed forward sword in hand to the pursuit. In this critical juncture Murray stood immovable on a rising ground, with the small but trusty body of his adherents, who, presenting their spears to the enemy, received them with a firmness for which they were not prepared. The Highland broad-sword is not calculated to encounter the Scottish spear: the irregular attack of the troops of Huntly was repulsed without difficulty by this firm battalion, and, before they had recovered from their confusion, the runaways, willing to recover their credit, returned, fell upon them and completed the rout. Huntly, whose corpulence unfitted him for flight, was in the pursuit trodden to death. His sons sir John and Adam were taken, and Murray returned triumphant with his prisoners to Aberdeen. Sir John Gordon was tried, and three days after the battle suffered death. Adam was pardoned in consideration of his youth. Lord Gordon, who had been privy to the designs of his father, was seized in the south, tried, and found guilty of treason; but his punishment was remitted through the clemency of the queen. The first parliament proceeded with rigour against this great family, whose power and fortune were reduced to the lowest ebb.

In the beginning of the summer of the same year (1562) Mary, desirous of entering into a more intimate correspondence with Elizabeth, employed Maitland to request that a personal interview might take place between them, somewhere in the north of England. Elizabeth affected to approve of the proposal, which she could not in decency reject, the time and circumstances of the meeting were therefore immediately appointed. But, too prudent to admit into her kingdom a rival whose beauty and address she so much dreaded, she contrived, under various pretences, to elude the interview for that season.

The assembly of the church, during this year, met twice, and prayed the queen for a redress of their grievances. Mary was not forward to exert herself for their relief; and her ministers,

though all zealous protestants, but growing rich on the spoils of the church, were equally regardless of the demands and indigence of their brethren.

The queen had passed two years in a state of widowhood, during which her mild administration had secured her the hearts of her subjects: they now became impatient for her marriage, that the crown might descend in the line of their ancient monarchs. By the fame of her beauty and accomplishments, added to her rank and expectations, many different princes were prompted to solicit her alliance. Scotland, by its situation, threw much weight into whatever scale it should happen to fall; and Europe waited with anxiety for the determination of the queen. The marriage of Mary, as it interested the passions of several princes, gave rise to a number of contradictory intrigues.

The princes of the house of Austria were apprehensive of the ambition of France, should Mary again choose a husband among its princes: to prevent such an event, the emperor negotiated with the cardinal of Lorraine respecting an union between the Scottish queen and the archduke Charles.

Philip II. envying the Austrian so important a prize, used all his influence with the house of Lorraine to procure the hand of their niece for his son don Carlos, heir to the extensive domains of the Spanish monarchy. Catherine de Medicis, dreading the marriage of the queen of Scots with any of the Austrian princes, and no less jealous lest the princes of Lorraine should strengthen their power by an alliance with Spain, instantly dispatched an agent into Scotland to offer to the queen the hand of the duke of Anjou, the brother of her former husband, who soon after, on the premature fate of Charles IX. mounted the throne of France.

The pretensions of these rivals were attentively weighed by Mary, who deliberated where to fix her choice. The high birth of the archduke Charles was his only recommendation. The duke of Anjou, a handsome and gallant prince, next engaged her attention: but the example of Henry VIII. warned her against contracting a marriage with her brother-in-law; nor could she bear the idea of appearing in France in a rank inferior to what she had formerly held. She therefore inclined with partiality to the Spanish proposal, which could not fail to flatter her ambition. There happened however three circumstances which combined to divert her from a foreign alliance.

The first of these was the murder of her uncle the duke of Guise, whose ambition had involved his country in civil war, and who perished by the hand of an assassin; a blow which proved fatal to the queen of Scots, and which obliged her to contract her views. The second was the opinion of the queen of England, who was deeply interested in the marriage of Mary, and who observed her conduct with an anxious eye. The union of the queen of Scots with a catholic prince was an event which she had cause to fear: the neighbourhood of the Austrian princes, her avowed and bigoted enemies, would have proved more particularly dangerous to her power. Against such an alliance she instructed Randolph, her ambassador, to remonstrate in the strongest terms. She should consider such a connexion, she told Mary, as a breach in the personal friendship which so happily united them: the English nation would also regard it as the dissolution of the confederacy which subsisted between the two kingdoms; and, in order to preserve their own religion and liberties, would be compelled to take measures prejudicial to her right of succession, which they wanted neither power nor pretence to invalidate. This threatening was accompanied with an ambiguous promise that, should Mary choose a husband agreeable to the English nation, her title to the succession should be examined, and recognised if justly founded. No hint was however at present dropped respecting the person on whom it was wished her choice might fall: obscure intimations were only thrown out that a native of Britain, or one not of princely rank, would be the safest and most acceptable. Mary, though obliged to submit to the indignity, was justly mortified by this advice: destitute, through the death of her uncle, of foreign aid, and intent on the English succession, the great object of her ambition and her hopes, it became necessary to court a rival whom she could not with impunity offend.

To these considerations were added the wishes of her own subjects, who, taught by experience, dreaded an union with any great potentate, whose power might be employed to crush their religion and liberties. They foresaw, and trembled, that the crown, strengthened by new dominions and alliances, would stretch the prerogative beyond its ancient limits. Their earnestness to prevent such an event threw them into the arms of England, which could not fail to afford its aid towards the preven-

tion of such a measure. By the assistance of the English fleet it was not difficult to obstruct the landing of any foreign prince, or even, if necessary, to seize and secure the person of their sovereign. The catholics, dispirited by the loss of the earl of Huntly, were not in a condition to obstruct their designs.

Thus circumstanced, Mary for the present laid aside the idea of a foreign alliance, and, to remove the jealousies of both countries, appeared willing to sacrifice her aspiring plans.

This year (1563) the parliament met, for the first time since the return of the queen into Scotland. Her ministers possessing the confidence of the nation, the proceedings were conducted with perfect unanimity. The grant of the earldom of Murray to the prior of St. Andrew's was confirmed. Huntly, with several of his vassals and dependents, was attainted. The act of oblivion mentioned in the treaty of Edinburgh received the royal sanction. But the queen, who had determined never to ratify the treaty, was careful that this sanction should not be deemed any acknowledgment of its validity; nor had she consented to it but in compliance with the solicitation of the lords of parlianment, who, on their knees, besought her to allay by this condescension the jealousies and apprehensions of her subjects. No attempt was made at this time to procure her assent to the laws establishing the protestant religion: her ministers, though themselves of the reformed church, were aware of the imprudence of urging such a request. Through their interest, Mary had agreed to tolerate and to protect the protestants; they had even prevailed on her to prosecute some of the Romish prelates for celebrating mass contrary to her proclamation, though in her heart she was still zealously attached to the church in which she had been educated. While she granted from political motives what her inclination disapproved, they wisely judged that the moderation of those who professed the reformed faith was the best method of reconciling the queen to their principles, and gradually wearing her prejudices away: importunity and violence were not likely to extort a compliance that would not be granted to the wishes of her people.

But the zeal of the protestant clergy was not satisfied with this just and temperate reasoning: eager and inflexible, it knew not to yield and brooked no delay. They insisted that the present opportunity of establishing religion by law was not to be neglected. The good sense of the ministers was deemed apos-

tacy, and their moderation a criminal servility. Knox renounced solemnly the friendship of the earl of Murray, as a man devoted to the royal interest, and regardless of those objects which he had hitherto esteemed most sacred. The preachers vented their indignation from the pulpit, which resounded with declamations against idolatry, with presages respecting the queen's marriage with a foreigner, and reproaches the most bitter and virulent against those who from interested motives had deserted the cause of truth. The populace, whom these invectives inflamed, forgot in their zeal the dictates of justice, and proceeded to acts of outrage and violence. During the absence of Mary on a progress into the west, mass continued to be celebrated in her chapel at Holy-rood house. The multitude of those who attended on the ceremony provoked the bigotry of the citizens of Edinburgh, who, free from the restraint of the royal presence, riotously interrupted the service, insulted the audience, and filled them with terror. Two of the leaders of this tumult were seized, and appointed to take their trial.

Knox, to screen from danger these turbulent zealots whom he considered as sufferers in a holy cause, issued circular letters, requiring all such as professed the true religion, or were concerned for its preservation, to assemble at Edinburgh on the day of trial, and support by their presence their distressed brethren. One of these letters fell into the hands of the queen. To assemble the people without the royal authority was construed to be treason, and a resolution was taken to prosecute Knox for the crime before the privy council. Fortunately for him, his judges were zealous protestants, and the very men who, during the late commotions, had openly resisted the royal authority. Under precedents drawn from their own conduct, Knox endeavoured to defend himself; and after a long hearing was, of course, acquitted. It would have been scarcely possible for his judges to have condemned him without at the same time involving themselves. Even Sinclair, bishop of Ross, president of the court of session and a papist, heartily concurred in this decision; a proof of the impunity with which the regal authority might at that time be insulted in Scotland.

The marriage of the queen still continued to be the object of attention and intrigue. Elizabeth, while she affected to direct Mary, treated her with a disgusting reserve and kept her in un-

necessary suspense; hinting only at the person whom she destined to be her husband, without fully explaining herself. Mary, notwithstanding this treatment, showed so much deference for the English queen in all her actions and expressions, that it was believed by foreign princes that she had wholly surrendered herself to Elizabeth's direction. Catherine of Medicis took alarm on this occasion, and, though her whole conduct had exhibited a series of indignities to the queen of Scots, she now sought earnestly, by her artifices and attentions, to conciliate her favour and to efface the remembrance of what had passed. The arrears of her dowry, of which the queen-mother had stopped the remittance, were instantly paid; and efforts were made to extend in France the privileges of the Scots. Mary understood too well the character of her mother-in-law to be imposed on by these pretences; nor did the negotiation with the English suffer from these circumstances any interruption.

The solicitude of the Scots for the speedy marriage of their queen, at length determined Elizabeth to withdraw the veil with which she had covered her purpose, and to declare the name of the person whom she had selected to be the husband of Mary. Lord Robert Dudley, her favourite, and afterwards earl of Leicester, a nobleman distinguished for his elegant manners and personal graces, was the man whom she proposed and recommended to the queen of Scots. * The spirit of Mary, for whose favour so many princes had contended, revolted at the degradation of bestowing her hand upon a subject. But, while she felt the humiliating purpose of Elizabeth, she was careful to dissemble her sentiments. She however declared to the English resident

* Dr. Robertson, at this period of his History of Scotland, after giving Elizabeth just praise for her sagacity in the choice of her ministers, whom she selected (he observes) "for their knowledge, their prudence, and their capacity for business," adds: "whereas beauty and gracefulness of person, polished manners and courtly address, were the accomplishments on which she bestowed her favour. In the one case she acted with the wisdom of a queen; in the other she discovered the weakness of a woman." Favour undoubtedly, as the word implies, is distinct from esteem. The latter is the offspring of judgment, the former of taste and feeling. Nor is it peculiar to *women* to be dazzled by the qualities enumerated by the grave historian. When do *men*, it may be asked, where their taste and passions are concerned, turn from personal graces and captivating manners, to distinguish the endowments of the mind, or recompense the virtues of the heart?

in strong terms her disapprobation of this alliance, which could bring with it no advantage sufficient to justify such a neglect of her dignity.

Elizabeth, it may be presumed, was scarcely in earnest in the proposition she had made; it was not her wish to persuade but to amuse Mary, and gain time. By her power over Leicester, she might have been enabled to protract the negotiation at pleasure; and, by keeping her rival unmarried, have rendered the prospect of her succession less desirable to the English. Nor durst Leicester, whatever might be his wishes or his feelings, venture to take any measures to facilitate his success. Under such circumstances, it was not probable that the treaty could have a favourable issue. The two queens continued to dissemble: Elizabeth to press a marriage which she wished not to take place, and Mary, though she secretly cherished other views, to forbear expressing a positive rejection.

Henry Stewart, lord Darnly, eldest son of the earl of Lennox, was the person to whom the queen of Scots began to turn her attention. Lennox, driven out of Scotland under the regency of the duke of Chatelherault, had lived in exile twenty years. Lady Margaret Douglas,* his wife, was the most dangerous rival of Mary in her claim to the English succession. Lady Lennox, though the child of a second marriage, was one degree nearer than the queen of Scots to the royal blood of England, in which she was born. By an English law, which respects private inheritances, it is decreed that, "whoever is not born in England, or at least of parents who, at the time of his birth, were in the obedience of the king of England, cannot enjoy any inheritance in the kingdom," This maxim Hales, an English lawyer, had endeavoured to apply to the right of succession to the crown. If Darnly should contract an alliance with any of the powerful families of England, or should make a public profession of the protestant religion, these arguments might prove fatal to the pretensions of a foreigner and a papist.

Aware of this, Mary had early sought to cultivate a friendly correspondence with the family of Lennox. Both the earl and lady Margaret had, in 1562, been taken into custody by the or-

* She was the daughter of Margaret, eldest sister to Henry VIII. by the earl of Angus, whom Margaret married after the death of her husband James IV.

ders of Elizabeth, on account of their holding a secret correspondence with the Scottish queen. From the time that Mary perceived the difficulties which opposed her marriage with a foreign prince, she had drawn this connexion still closer, and even invited the earl to return into Scotland. A transaction of such importance did not escape the notice of Elizabeth, who, however, chose not to interrupt a negotiation which entirely accorded with her views. Gratified to observe her rival stoop to the thoughts of espousing a subject, the situation of Darnly was not calculated to excite either her jealousy or her fears. The estate of his father lay in England, by means of which Elizabeth hoped to keep the treaty in her own hands, and to act over the same artifices and delays which she had planned in her recommendation of Leicester.

No sooner did Lennox apply to the English court for permission of passing into Scotland, under pretence of prosecuting the claim of his wife upon the earldom of Angus, than he obtained his desire; and, with a license to depart, letters, warmly recommending him to the favour and protection of Mary. At the same time Elizabeth, with her usual policy, to perplex and entangle, warned the queen of Scots that this indulgence to Lennox, by reviving the animosity between him and the house of Hamilton, might prove fatal to herself. In consequence of this admonition, which gave offence to Mary, and drew from her an angry reply, the correspondence between the two queens suffered a temporary interruption. The interest of Mary, however, induced her to seek a reconciliation, nor did Elizabeth oppose many difficulties to a renewal of that appearance of amity, and those cordial but deceitful professions of regard, which equally suited the purposes of both.

Lennox was, on his arrival in Scotland, received by the queen with distinguished marks of regard, and treated with a familiarity that could not fail to encourage the most aspiring hopes. The rumour of a marriage between his son and the queen spread through the nation, which already began to view him as the father of their future sovereign. The duke of Chatelherault, who beheld in Lennox the hereditary enemy of the house of Hamilton, saw in his aggrandisement his own ruin, with that of his friends. All the authority and influence of the queen were necessary to prevent their coming to a rupture, and to accommodate

their mutual differences. The Douglases dreaded no less the return of Lennox, lest he should wrest from their hands the earldom of Angus, to which he laid claim in the right of his wife; but Mary, unwilling to irritate these powerful families, prevailed on lady Lennox to waive her rights.

After these preliminary steps, she ventured to summon a parliament, December, 1564, in which the act of forfeiture against Lennox being repealed, he was publicly restored to his honours and estates. In the assemblies of the church which took place this year, the same complaints were made of the increase of idolatry, while the poverty of the clergy was urged anew. To these remonstrances the queen returned a more satisfactory reply than the protestants had hitherto been able to obtain, a concession which however failed to quiet their suspicions. Mary had not once consented to listen to the doctrines of the reformed teachers, nor was her attachment to her faith in any respect shaken: she had repeatedly assured her friends on the continent of her design to re-establish the catholic church; and had assiduously avoided to ratify the acts of parliament in favour of the reformation. Even the protection which she had afforded to the protestants was temporary, and declared by proclamation to be of force only "till she should take some final order in the matter of religion." To these circumstances it cannot be supposed that the preachers were inattentive; their fears were also magnified by the coldness of their principal leaders, who devoted themselves to the court. The language in which these apprehensions were expressed by the people, was regarded by the queen as disrespectful and insolent. In a meeting of the general assembly, Knox was accused by Maitland of teaching seditious doctrines, respecting the rights of the people to resist such monarchs as trespassed against the duties they owed to the nation. To this charge Knox, delighting in bold sentiments, and superior to fear, replied with equal ability and courage.

Two years had passed away in fruitless negotiations for the marriage of the queen: the duplicity of Elizabeth was during this interval made manifest to her rival, who determined at length to compel her to be explicit. With this view she intimated to Randolph, that on condition that her right of succession should be acknowledged in England, she was ready to accept the hand of Leicester, a measure which she judged truly was foreign to the

real purposes of the English queen. This declaration of Mary gave some perplexity to Elizabeth, who studied how to evade her former propositions. To the ambitious hopes of lord Darnly, the son of Lennox, she was no stranger; nor was she ignorant of the sentiments of Mary in his favour. It was in her power to detain him in London; but, in the present conjuncture of affairs, she conceived his journey to Scotland would prove more advantageous to her views: she doubted not to be able to govern the motions of Darnly, and once more to involve Mary in the intricacies of negotiation. Guided by these motives, she yielded to the solicitations of lady Lennox, and permitted her son to rejoin his parents.

Darnly, at this time in the bloom of youth, was distinguished for the beauty and grace of his person, and accomplished in every elegant art. The impression which on her first interview he made on the susceptible heart of the queen, was but too apparent. The court, flattering the predilection of their royal mistress, exerted themselves to amuse their illustrious guest. The qualifications of Darnly, altogether superficial, appeared on these occasions to peculiar advantage. Led captive by her senses and her imagination, the heart of Mary became insensibly enthralled; before this new inclination, so soft and flattering, political considerations faded away.

The conduct of Elizabeth contributed to complete the triumph of Darnly. To the message of Mary respecting her willingness to accept the hand of Leicester on the conditions proposed, she replied in such terms as evidently displayed her real purposes. Should an union take place between the Scottish queen and Leicester, she promised to advance him to great honours; but with respect to the English succession, she declared her resolution to suffer no inquiry to be made, nor to permit its recognition, till she had herself wholly renounced any idea of marriage. The high spirit of Mary could not brook with patience this avowal of the artifices with which she had been treated. Bursting into a flood of indignant tears, she expressed with bitterness her sense of the craft which had been employed to deceive her. Resentment thus combined with tenderness to determine her to pursue her own inclinations: in the man she loved she perceived no defects: by the stimulus of two powerful passions, the preparations for the nuptials were accelerated.

The consanguinity between Darnly and the queen rendered it necessary to obtain from Rome a dispensation for their marriage. A negotiation for this purpose was early set on foot. Mary also busied herself in procuring the consent of the French king and his mother; who were not averse to a connexion which delivered them from their apprehensions of her espousing one of the Austrian princes, or of her forming with Elizabeth a still closer union. Darnly's profession of the catholic religion likewise accorded with the schemes of the court of France.

While Mary was reconciling foreign courts to their marriage, Darnly and his father, by their imprudent conduct, raised up enemies at home. The understanding of Lennox was too weak to restrain his passions; nor, with more impetuosity of temper, were the talents of the son superior to those of his father. To incapacity Darnly added that arrogance which the conciousness of external advantages, unaccompanied by more valuable qualities, seldom fails to inspire. Intoxicated with his good fortune, he already assumed imperial airs. His invitation into Scotland had been with the consent, and probably with the advice, of Murray and his party; yet no sooner had he obtained the affection of the queen, than he entered into cabals with the enemies of Murray, against whose favour with Mary, and the bounties she had bestowed upon him, he imprudently let fall some rash expressions. But the friendship he cultivated with David Rizzio, the Italian, contributed more than all to increase the disgust of the nobles. This man, the son of a musician of Turin, having accompanied the Piedmontese ambassador into Scotland, procured through his musical skill and powers admission into the family of the queen, where, by his pleasant and insinuating manners, he quickly gained her favour. The French secretary of Mary happening about this time to return to his native country, Rizzio was preferred to his office, in which he soon began to acquire weight and importance. The courtiers, observing his growing favour with the queen, assiduously sought his patronage: his recommendations seldom failed of success, till he at length began to be considered not merely as a favourite but as a minister of state. Elated with his elevation, he studied to display the extent of his consequence, and betrayed in his behaviour that assumption and arrogance which unmerited prosperity never fails to confer on an ignoble and vulgar mind. He affected

to talk familiarly with the queen in public, and to emulate in his dress and equipage the first noblemen in the land. It was not without indignation that the nobles beheld his power, nor could they always forbear, even in the royal presence, to testify their contempt and disdain. His religion offered to them an additional source of aversion and distrust; they beheld in him an enemy to the protestant cause, and suspected him of intrigues with the court of Rome.

The vanity and inexperience of Darnly rendered him but too accessible to the arts of Rizzio, whose influence with the queen was employed in his behalf. But the advantages which Darnly received from the friendship of the Italian, were more than counterbalanced by the disgrace to which it exposed him.

Mary, notwithstanding her partiality for Darnly, by her reserve imposed on the English resident, who gave repeated assurances to his court, that she had formed no designs in favour of the son of Lennox. The first news which Elizabeth received of her intentions was from Maitland, the Scots' ambassador, who was deputed by his mistress to solicit her consent to the marriage. Elizabeth affected on this occasion a surprise which she did not feel, and expressed in strong terms her disapprobation of a connexion for which she had herself laid the train. Her displeasure was however wholly political, put on with a view of delaying the nuptials, of alarming the English party in Scotland, and sowing the seeds of discord throughout the kingdom. She believed that, amidst intestine commotions, Mary could form none of these dangerous schemes to which her ambition might prompt her, while she would herself become the umpire between the contending factions. England might thus look on in security, while the only kingdom from which it could dread annoyance was wasting its strength in civil dissensions. Under the influence of this ungenerous policy, Elizabeth appointed an ambassador-extraordinary, to declare her disapprobation of the measure which Mary was about to adopt, and to exhibit a remonstrance, in proof of the sense of the nation, drawn up by her council, to the same purport. Lady Lennox, who remained in England, was not long after sent a prisoner to the Tower.

On this intelligence, which reached Scotland before the arrival of the English ambassador, Mary, in the first transports of her indignation, resolved upon keeping no measures with Eliza-

beth. She sent orders to Maitland, who accompanied the English envoy, to return instantly to London, and in her name declare to the queen, that, after having been so long amused to no purpose, and imposed on so grossly by her artifices, she had now resolved to consult her own inclination, and to ask no other consent in the choice of a husband but that of her subjects. Maitland, foreseeing the effects of so rash a message, chose rather to incur the displeasure of his mistress by disobedience, than to be the instrument of so dangerous a precipitation. Mary herself, becoming soon after sensible of her indiscretion, received the English ambassador with respect; justified herself with temper; affected solicitude to conciliate Elizabeth; and even pretended, through complacence to her, to put off for some months the celebration of the nuptials. This delay however probably originated in other motives: the pope's dispensation was not arrived; nor had Mary yet obtained the consent of the nation, for which she laboured with incessant activity.

Since the return of Lennox into Scotland, the affection of the queen had been gradually estranged from Murray, whose concurrence to her marriage was however of the first importance. Darnly, Rizzio, and all the court favourites, had combined to supplant him. Murray, high spirited and incapable of brooking this unmerited disgrace, had given way to his rivals, and retired into the country. The return of the earl of Bothwell, his avowed enemy, who had been suspected of practising against his life, and who had for some time past resided abroad, compelled him to attend to his safety. In vain the queen essayed to effect between them a reconciliation: Murray insisted that Bothwell should be brought to trial; for which a day, at length, was accordingly fixed. Bothwell durst not appear in opposition to an adversary, who came to the place of trial with five thousand followers on horseback. Once more he was constrained to leave the kingdom; but, by the command of the queen, the sentence of outlawry, incurred by his non-appearance, was not pronounced.

Sensible of the power and popularity of Murray, Mary invited him back to court, where he was received with demonstrations of confidence and respect. He was at length desired by the queen to give an example to her subjects, by subscribing a paper which contained a formal approbation of her marriage with Darnly. Various motives combined to prevent his acquiescence

with this request. Darnly was his avowed and inveterate enemy: by consenting to his elevation, his power of injuring him would receive increase. The consequences which might follow a breach with Elizabeth, had also on the mind of Murray their due weight. He had always been adverse to the connexion with France, and an advocate for a confederacy with England: it was by his means principally that the national system of politics had been changed; nor could he think of sacrificing to a youthful passion considerations of so much political importance, and an alliance which he felt himself bound to maintain. These objections were strengthened by religious motives: Mary, in despite of her protestant counsellors, held with foreign catholics a dangerous correspondence. She had even received a subsidy from the pope, whose protection she courted. Though Murray had endeavoured to restrain the zeal of the reformed clergy, and to represent in its most favourable light the conduct of the queen, yet he could not without alarm perceive her, by marrying a papist, cut off the only hope which remained of her conversion. Influenced by these considerations, he declined for the present to comply with her request.

In a convention of the nobles, assembled a few days after, a greater disposition was manifested of gratifying the queen; but, as an unanimous approbation could not be obtained, another convention, in which the subject might be more fully discussed, was appointed at Perth. Mary, in the mean time, conferred upon Darnly titles of honour peculiar to the royal family. Opposition produced upon her heart its usual effects, confirmed her attachment, and increased its fervour. Darnly, whose only merit was his personal graces, became intoxicated with his triumph, and daily rendered himself more obnoxious. Impatient of contradiction or control, he attempted to stab Lord Ruthven, who happened first to inform him that Mary, to conciliate Elizabeth, had determined to delay for some time conferring upon him the title of duke of Albany. It required all the tenderness and attention of Mary to prevent him from exposing himself to hatred and contempt. In the sensibility of her own heart she found an excuse for his faults, and, in a lively imagination, those perfections which seemed to counterbalance them, and which had no real existence. Love, while it blinded her reason, rendered her ingenuity more acute: solicitous to gain her subjects to her purpose, she won the nobles by her address, her bounty, and her

promises. To some she gave new titles of honour, and on some she bestowed offices and lands. Nor did she disdain on this occasion, where her affections were interested, to court the favour of the protestant clergy. Having invited to Stirling three of their superintendants, she declared her resolution to protect their religion, and even consented to be present at a conference upon the point in dispute between them and the papists; while she expressed a desire to hear such of their preachers as were most distinguished for temper and moderation. By these arts of conciliation she gained upon the people, who are disposed to view with indulgence the condescension of their monarchs.

Elizabeth, of whom Murray and his associates were the dupes, continued to talk in a high strain of her displeasure at the intended nuptials. She treated lady Lennox with the utmost severity, wrote to Mary in strong terms, and recalled the earl of Lennox and his son to England, with denunciations of vengeance should they fail to obey the mandate. Murray and his friends were, by this conduct, persuaded of her sincerity, and encouraged to oppose the marriage. For this purpose they formed among themselves bonds of confederacy and mutual defence; they also secretly corresponded with the English resident, and sought to fill the nation with distrust and apprehension.

Darnly, on his side, impatient of the opposition of Murray, formed a plot to assassinate him during the meeting of the convention at Perth. Murray also and his associates conspired to seize the person of Darnly, and to carry him a prisoner to England. Both these projects were rendered abortive by the vigilance of those against whom they were formed. Murray, warned of the danger which threatened him, avoided the meditated blow by not going to Perth; while the queen, informed of the conspiracy against her lover, retired with him precipitately to the other side of the Forth. All hopes of conciliation were now at an end: the mutual enmity of the different factions became aggravated and inflamed.

Mary, on her return to Edinburgh, by proclamation, summoned her vassals to her protection, who obeyed with alacrity the mandate. For the popularity which she had acquired by her mild administration, she was principally indebted to the prudence of Murray, whose services were however obliterated in his present offence. Mary, irritated at his opposition to her inclinations, summoned him to appear before her, and to answer to the

charges preferred against him. Murray and his adherents were at the same time assembled at Stirling, to deliberate on the measures it would be proper for them to adopt. But the general disposition which appeared in the nation to gratify the queen on a subject so nearly concerning her, induced them, after imploring the protection of Elizabeth, to put an end to their consultations, disperse, and retire.

Thus triumphant over all her adversaries, Mary determined no longer to defer the conclusion of an event in which her heart was so deeply interested, and which had so long engrossed her attention. On the 29th of July, 1565, she gave her hand to lord Darnly in the royal chapel, where, the pope's dispensation having been previously obtained, the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Roman church. Proclamations were issued at the same time, by which the title of king of Scots was conferred upon Darnly; while it was commanded, that all writs at law should henceforth run in the joint names of king and queen. The right of the queen to make choice of a husband without the assent of parliament was very disputable; but in raising him to be the master of her people, and conferring upon him the title and dignity of king, she certainly outstripped her authority. The consent of parliament was however obtained before Darnly ventured to assume his privileges. Mary possessed so entirely the confidence of her subjects, that these irregular proceedings, notwithstanding the clamours of the opposite faction, produced no symptoms of general discontent.

Three days after these inauspicious nuptials, Murray was again summoned to court, and on his non-appearance declared an outlaw. At the same time lord Gordon, who since the insurrection of his father had been detained a prisoner, was set at liberty; the earl of Sutherland also, who on account of the same conspiracy had fled into Flanders, was recalled to Scotland, and Bothwell permitted to return. These men, who considered Murray as the enemy to their families, and who were animated against him with implacable hatred, formed on this union of sentiment the strictest bond with the queen, over all whose councils they acquired an ascendant. The inexorable resentment of Mary against Murray was rendered apparent by this confederacy with his enemies. The malecontents, unable to make head against the forces of the crown, fled into Argyleshire; whence they supplicated the assistance of England.

Elizabeth, in the mean time, the farther to embarrass Mary, blamed anew both her choice in a husband and the precipitation with which the nuptials had been concluded. Having required Lennox and his son, whom she still claimed as her subjects, to return to England, she interceded earnestly in behalf of Murray, whose behaviour she justified as guiltless and even laudable. Mary mortified by a message so contemptuous towards the man of her choice, vindicated her conduct with equal force and spirit, rejected the intercession of Elizabeth for Murray, and gave symptoms of resentment that she should pretend to interfere with the internal government of her kingdom. Nor did she in the least relax the severity with which she had treated Murray and his adherents, who now, having received from England a small supply of money, appeared openly in arms, and endeavoured to raise their followers in the western counties. By the vigilance of the crown, whose military operations were concerted and executed with equal vigour and success, the insurgents were prevented from assembling any considerable bodies. Mary, to encourage her forces, marched with them, rode with loaded pistols, and endured with fortitude the hardships of the field. The troops, superior in numbers to the malecontents, and inspired by the courage of their queen with enthusiastic ardour, struck a damp to the hearts of their enemies, who dared not face them in the field; but, having dexterously passed the army, they proceeded rapidly to Edinburgh, whose citizens they sought to rouse to arms. On the approach of the queen they were however forced to give way, and retreat in disorder towards the western borders.

Mary, uncertain of the route they had taken, employed her troops in securing the counties in the heart of the kingdom. Having seized the places of strength held by the insurgents, she obliged the nobles and barons whom she most distrusted to unite in an association for her defence. The country thus left in tranquillity, the queen, with an army of 18,000 men, marched in pursuit of the rebels, who, from every place where they halted, had sent her letters full of submission, and proposals towards an accommodation. These propositions were by the queen received with disdain; determined to crush the mutinous spirit of her subjects, the present opportunity she conceived was not to be rejected. The malecontents retired as she advanced; and, fleeing

into England, placed themselves under the protection of the earl of Bedford, warden of the marches.

Murray wanted nothing here which the personal friendship of the earl could supply; but from Elizabeth, who, by exciting discord among the Scots, had already accomplished her purpose, he received neither consolation nor support. Accused of fomenting the troubles in Scotland, she now wished to save appearances, and justify herself with the foreign ministers. She even refused to admit to her presence Murray and Hamilton, who were appointed to confer with her, till they should consent to acknowledge, before the ambassadors of France and Spain, that they had received from her no encouragement: a concession which they meanly complied with. They were afterwards allowed to reside peaceably in England, and received from Elizabeth, who renewed her intercession in their favour with the Scottish queen, a secret supply of money.

Mary, determined to follow her blow, and wholly to crush the spirit of revolt, called a parliament, that a legal sentence of forfeiture might be denounced against the banished lords, who were summoned by proclamation to appear before the assembly. The duke of Chatelherault, on his humble solicitation, obtained a pardon, though opposed by the king, and prudently retired to France.

The extraordinary charges into which the queen had been led by the vigour of her proceedings in the late commotions, joined to the expenses attending her nuptials, had completely exhausted her finances: fines were in this exigence levied on the towns which were suspected of favouring the cause of the insurgents. A tax was also imposed on the boroughs throughout the kingdom; and a sum demanded of Edinburgh by way of loan. The citizens, alarmed at this unusual exaction, endeavoured to evade it by difficulties and delays. These being construed into acts of disobedience, several individuals were committed to prison. The spirit of liberty was not to be subdued by this severity. The queen was obliged to mortgage to the city the *superiority* of the town of Leith, by which she obtained a considerable sum. The thirds of ecclesiastical benefices afforded to her another supply. The protestant clergy about this period complained bitterly of their poverty; the army probably having exhausted a part of the fund destined for their maintenance.

The assembly of the church, in their meeting this year, influenced by some of the malecontent nobles, addressed the queen in a high strain, requiring not only the entire suppression of the Romish religion throughout the kingdom, but even in the royal chapel. They demanded also, that the protestant religion should be legally established, and that the queen herself should publicly embrace it. Mary, in reply, declared, that neither her conscience nor her interest would allow of her taking such a step, of the propriety of which she felt no conviction.

The prosperity of the queen's affairs at this period operated in favour of her religion: the earls of Lennox, Athol, and Cassils, openly attended mass; the catholics received a more avowed protection; and some of the ancient monks, by permission from the throne, preached publicly to the people.

As the time approached for the meeting of parliament, Mary deliberated with her ministers on the measures proper to be adopted with respect to the exiled nobles. While on the one hand many motives prompted her to a rigorous proceeding, urgent considerations pleaded on the other for lenity and mercy. The members of the congregation, not unmindful of their former union with Murray and his associates, supplicated the crown in their favour: Melvil, at that time possessed of the queen's confidence, joined in their solicitation. Even Rizzio, whom Murray had stooped to court, and who, having recently offended the king, was desirous of strengthening his connexions, exerted his influence on the occasion. But the arguments of Throgmorton, lately the ambassador of Elizabeth, in behalf of the banished nobles, proved still more availing. Throgmorton, in enmity to Cecil, the English minister, had espoused the cause of Mary, and her title to the succession. In the present juncture of her affairs, he ventured to address to her a letter full of judicious counsels. He recommended to her to pardon the exiles, as an act the most salutary and popular, which could not fail to redound to her honour, to render her popular in England, to favour her claim to the succession, and, while it re-animated their affection and zeal, restore harmony among her own subjects. These representations, added to the known judgment and attachment of Throgmorton, produced their effect on the mind of the queen. The king only remained inexorable. The courtiers, observing the disposition of Mary, used all their efforts to

strengthen and improve it, and at length prevailed on her to incline to their wishes. The parliament was with this view prorogued from the 4th of February to the 7th of April; while the queen employed herself in considering the form and manner in which her favour should be extended to the banished lords.

In this situation of things two envoys arrived from France, whose mission unfortunately gave a turn to affairs. The league entered into for the destruction of the protestants had been formed about this period between France and Spain, in the celebrated interview between Charles IX. and his sister the queen of Spain; when, amidst carousals and festivals, the execrable massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned. Mary was on this occasion conjured, in the names of the French king and the cardinal of Lorraine, not to restore to her favour the leaders of the protestant party, at the very moment when the catholic princes meditated to exterminate the sect with a blow. Passionately attached to popery, and deeply imbued with its principles and prejudices, Mary could not hear of a prospect so flattering to her wishes, and remain unmoved. The submission with which she had been accustomed to listen to the counsels of her uncles the princes of Lorraine, added to her desire of securing the friendship of Charles IX. to assist her in keeping Elizabeth in awe, whose insidious conduct she justly dreaded, combined to confirm her resolution. Thus influenced, in an evil hour she joined the confederacy against the protestants, and relapsed into severity against Murray and his adherents. Fatal was the determination, and bitter the expiation: the sun of her prosperity had set for ever, and over the remainder of her life tempests lowered.

In consequence of this change in the feelings of the queen, the interval of the prorogation of parliament was shortened, and the 12th of March appointed for its assembling. To proceed to the attainder of the rebel lords, and to take some steps towards the re-establishment of popery in Scotland, were the plans which now occupied the mind of Mary. The lords of the articles, by whom the business was to be prepared, were all devoted to the designs of the queen. The ruin of the exiles, and the overthrow of the church, appeared nearly inevitable; when, in the vicissitude of human affairs, an event took place by which new changes were produced.

It has been before observed, that to the personal graces of Darnly he owed the partiality of Mary, and his advancement to the throne. The youth and the sensibility of the queen, added to the circumstances in which he was introduced to her, will be considered by the candid as an excuse for her conduct. Darnly, not less vain and conceited than weak and inexperienced, attributed his elevation wholly to his extraordinary merits. The gentleness, good sense, and tenderness of Mary, failed to meliorate his ungovernable temper; nor could all her attention, in placing about him persons capable of directing his conduct, preserve him from acts of rashness and indiscretion. Abandoning himself to pleasure and the vices of youth, he became gradually careless and indifferent towards the queen, whose disappointment and mortification were in proportion to the fervour of her former sentiments. Their domestic chagrins, which were increased by the headstrong ambition of Darnly, became soon apparent to those who were around them. Insatiable of honours, unsatisfied with the title of royalty, and with a share in the administration of the states, he demanded, with arrogance and importunity, the crown matrimonial. In vain Mary declared the gift, which parliament only could bestow, was beyond the limits of her power: wanting either capacity to comprehend, or moderation to admit of this plea, Darnly continued to urge his request.

In these foibles Rizzio, whom he had taken into his confidence, did not support him, by which means he incurred his displeasure. The coldness of Mary's behaviour, which his conduct had provoked, and which was so unlike the softness of their early loves, was by Darnly in his wrath attributed to the insinuations of Rizzio. The familiarity and confidence with which this stranger was treated by the queen, and to which neither his merits nor his station appeared to entitle him, gave some colour to the suspicions of the king. His haughty and impetuous spirit disdaining such a rival, impatient of opposition, and restrained by no principle, urged him to rid himself of whatever annoyed him, without being scrupulous respecting the means.

Other persons also, and from other motives, conspired against the favour and life of Rizzio: Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and Maitland, whom a strict union had formerly united with Murray, though in the late insurrection they had thought proper to desert him. These noblemen, connected with the family of Darn-

ly, had approved of the queen's marriage, with the hope, under a king of their own blood, of being entrusted with the management of affairs. But the headstrong temper of Darnly, which rendered him inaccessible to advice, frustrated this expectation: while Mary, distrustful of men who had so long been connected with her enemies, gave herself up to counsellors who better knew how to flatter her inclinations. Thus circumstanced, the restoration of Murray appeared to these noblemen the only event by which their consequence could be restored. The rigour with which the exiles had been treated they imputed to the arts of Rizzio; who after having engaged to aid Murray with his influence, had, all at once, prompted by secret motives, which doubtless better accorded with his interest, appeared among those most active to complete his ruin. Roused by this duplicity and officiousness to vengeance, the conspirators, in the barbarous temper of the age, lost sight of justice and the conduct due to their own characters and dignity.

While these ideas were in agitation, the king communicated to Ruthven his designs against Rizzio, imploring his assistance and that of his friends. The advantages of such an associate, which might give to their scheme a new colouring, were instantly perceived by the confederates. Their own private views were now sunk in the pretence of obedience to the king; from whose interference they despaired not of obtaining, as the price of their compliance with his will, security for the protestant religion, and the return of their exiled friends. Yet, weighing the fickle character of Henry, they determined to proceed with caution; and to take care in the mean time not to suffer his resentment to cool. Morton, who excelled in the arts of intrigue and address, charged himself with the management of the affair. Availing himself of the ruling passion of Henry to obtain the matrimonial crown, he represented the credit of Rizzio with the queen as the only obstacle to his wishes. This favourite, he said, however unworthy, alone possessed her confidence, while, through complacence to him, her nobles, and even her husband, were excluded from any participation of her secret counsels. To these specious charges he added others, under pretence of a political confidence and zeal for the service of the king, still more delicate, dark, and unjustifiable.

Worked upon by these insidious intimations, the passions of

Henry were roused to madness: furious and impatient, he deprecated delay, and even threatened to strike with his own hand the meditated blow. Articles of mutual security being at length agreed upon, the king pledged himself to prevent the attainder of Murray and his associates, to consent to their return to Scotland, to obtain a remission of their crime, and to the utmost of his power to support the established religion of the kingdom. The nobles, on their part, undertook to procure for Henry the crown matrimonial, to secure his right of succession in case of the queen's demise, and to defend that right to the utmost against all who should dare to oppose it. The king also promised to acknowledge himself the author of the present enterprise, and to protect, whatever might ensue in its execution, those who were embarked with him. It remained now only to settle the plan, and to make choice of the actors for this abominable tragedy. In this appointment the barbarous manners of the times are apparent: the scene fixed for the murder was the bed-chamber of the queen, notwithstanding that she was advanced to the sixth month of her pregnancy; and though it would have been easy to have seized Rizzio in any other place. This appears to have been a refinement of the king's jealousy and cruelty. The director of this savage and lawless enterprise was the earl of Morton, lord high-chancellor of the kingdom, and the guardian of its laws. To the lord Ruthven, who had been three months confined to his bed by a dangerous distemper, and who was still so feeble as to be scarce able to sustain the weight of his armour, or to walk without support, the executive part was entrusted.

On the 9th of March, 1566, Morton, attended by an hundred and sixty men, entered the court of the palace, and, without resistance or noise, seized all its gates. The queen was at supper with the countess of Argyll, Rizzio, and a few domestics, when the king entered suddenly by a private passage. Behind him stood Ruthven, completely armed, while the fallen muscles, the sallow and ghastly hue of sickness, gave to his countenance additional horror. These were followed by several of their most trusty accomplices. The little party of the queen were seized with consternation at such an apparition. Rizzio, whose spirits presaged the fate prepared for him, rose in terror and retired behind Mary, in the vain hope of finding protection from her presence. Armed men now rushed into the chamber; encouraged

by their presence, Ruthven drew his dagger, and, with a ferocious mien and accent, commanded the unhappy victim to quit a place which he had occupied too long, and of which he was wholly unworthy. The tears, the entreaties, and the threats of Mary, proved alike fruitless to save her favourite. The conspirators had proceeded too far to recede. Rizzio was forcibly torn from the queen, about whom he clung, and dragged to the next apartment, where the fury of his enemies put an end to his existence by piercing his body with fifty-six wounds.

Bothwell, Huntly, and Athol, with the other confidants of the queen, who lodged in the palace, were filled with terror at the uproar and confusion, dreading to be involved in the same catastrophe: but the conspirators probably durst not thus shed the noblest blood in the kingdom: some of them were dismissed, and others suffered to escape.

Morton and his associates kept possession of the palace, in which they guarded the queen with the utmost care. A proclamation was in the mean time published by the king, prohibiting the parliament to meet on the day appointed; while measures were taken to keep the city tranquil. Murray and the banished lords, informed of what had passed, hastened to Edinburgh, where they arrived the evening succeeding to the affray; and were graciously received both by the king and queen. Mary hoped to prevail on Murray, by gentle treatment, to take part with her against the assassins; whose insult to her authority, to her feelings, and to her person, rendered the offences of the exiled lords light in the comparative scale. Gratitude however constrained Murray to labour for the safety of men who had hazarded their lives on his account. Mary, whose person was constrained, and to whom the liberty of acting was denied, was compelled by persuasions, which she had no choice to resist, to admit to her presence Morton and Ruthven; and to grant them a promise of pardon in whatever terms they should think it necessary to prescribe for her.

Astonished at the success of his own enterprise, the king remained uncertain what measures to pursue; an irresolution of which the queen failed not to avail herself. Conscious of his unjustifiable conduct, and of the insult he had offered to a woman who had raised him to the throne, Henry suffered himself to yield to the insinuations of his wife, who used all her address to

separate him from his associates. Having prevailed on him to dismiss the guards which the conspirators had set on her person, she found little difficulty in persuading him to escape with her. Attended by three persons only, they fled to Dunbar. The plan having been previously communicated to Huntly and Bothwell, they, with several other nobles, quickly joined the fugitives. Bothwell's estate laying near Dunbar, his followers crowded to their chief, and soon enabled Mary to set her enemies at defiance.

The conspirators were, by what had happened, filled with just alarm. It plainly appeared to them by the conduct of the queen, that the promise she had granted them of pardon was intended merely to amuse them, and to gain time. Having presumed to remind her of her engagement, and to demand its fulfilment, their messenger was detained a prisoner; while Mary, at the head of eight thousand men, advanced, threatening resentment and vengeance, towards the gates of Edinburgh. Murray and his associates were by her address separated from the conspirators: aware of the danger which would attend their union, she intimated her willingness to receive the former into her favour; while to the latter she declared herself inexorable. The conspirators thus deprived of resource, fled precipitately to Newcastle, the place which the exiled lords had but recently quitted. Basely deserted by the king, who denied by public proclamation his concurrence with their enterprise, and ungenerously abandoned by Murray and his friends, Morton found himself compelled to fly his country, to resign his offices, and forfeit his fortunes, which were among the most opulent of the kingdom.

On her return to Edinburgh, Mary commenced, with the utmost rigour of the law, a prosecution against the assassins of her favourite. Yet, to the praise of her clemeney, it ought to be observed, that two persons only, and those of inferior rank, suffered for the crime.

The tenderness of Mary, which for a time concealed the weaknesses and defects of her husband's character, had in the late transaction received its death-wound. His jealousy of Rizzio, by which he had degraded her; his cruel vengeance, and little consideration in its execution for the delicate and precarious situation of her health; his subsequent weakness, proclamation of innocence, and even desertion of his associates, inspired her with a just aversion and contempt. The power which her affec-

tion and generosity had conferred upon him he had employed only to outrage and insult her. To their former confidence and tenderness, coldness and distrust succeeded. The favours of Mary no longer passed through the hands of the king, whose perfidy and ferocity, whose weakness and levity, rendered him, when unsupported by her attachment, despised by the nobles and neglected by the court. The people also partook of the general sentiment, scandalised by the drunkenness and debaucheries of Henry, whose licentiousness exceeded the irregularities of youth. His indecent and provoking behaviour frequently drew tears, both in public and private, from the eyes of the queen; while her aversion and disgust received daily aggravation. Often absent from court, he appeared there without splendor, and was entrusted with no power. Contemned alike by all parties, he was left alone, solitary and deserted.

The heart of Mary, thus disappointed in its attachment; wanted an object: to her social and susceptible temper, affection and confidence seemed almost indispensable. James Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, observing the sensibility of the queen, and her forlorn and delicate situation, improved it to his advantage, and gained over her mind a fatal ascendency. At the head of one of the most ancient and powerful families in the kingdom, daring in his ambition, and bold in his expedients, he had, previous to the succession of Mary, though an avowed protestant, adhered to the French interest against the congregation, whose success had obliged him to retire to France. He had been at that time taken into the service of the queen, with whom he remained till her return to Scotland; and to whose cause, amidst the inconstancy of faction, he had steadily continued to adhere. When the conduct of Murray, in regard to her marriage, had given offence to the queen, she recalled Bothwell to Scotland, and confided the support of her authority to his abilities and zeal. Of the recovery of her liberty from the murderers of Rizzio, Bothwell had been the principal instrument; on which occasion his services, equally active and successful, had made on her gratitude a deep impression. She had since showered on him marks of her bounty and favour, raised him to offices of trust and importance, and consulted him on every occasion. By his complacence and assiduities, he had strengthened her predilection in his favour; and gradually smoothed the way for the accomplishment

of a project which flattered his daring ambition, and which circumstances had suggested to his mind.

As the hour of the queen's delivery approached, it was deemed imprudent to expose her, in so delicate a situation, to the alarms she might suffer from a factious people, while remaining in a palace which was but slightly guarded. She was therefore advised by her privy council to remove to the castle of Edinburgh, the strongest fortress in the kingdom. To render herself yet more secure, Mary laboured to extinguish the feuds which divided her principal nobility, whom repeated injuries had mutually exasperated. Murray and Argyll, Huntly and Bothwell, were at length reconciled by her authority and influence, and induced to promise to bury their discords in oblivion. On this condition, and on this only, Murray she declared should be received again into favour.

On the 19th of June, 1566, the queen gave birth to a son; an event more fortunate to the nation than to his unhappy mother, whose evil destiny received aggravation from a circumstance which appeared so flattering to her hopes. Melvil was dispatched to London to acquaint Elizabeth with the delivery of the queen, and to invite her to stand god-mother to the new-born prince, whose baptism was to be celebrated with magnificence and splendor. Invitations were also sent at the same time to the French king, and to the duke of Savoy.

The birth of her son appeared to make no difference in the sentiments of Mary towards the father of her child; whom she continued, on her recovery, to treat with neglect. The outrages which she had suffered from him were ever present to her mind; the gaiety and vivacity of her temper was no more; while she gradually sunk into pensive melancholy. The nobles in their treatment of Henry followed the example of the queen; whose disgust towards her husband became daily more apparent. The French ambassador laboured in vain to effect between them a reconciliation: love once extinguished can scarcely be revived.

A growing attachment to Bothwell alienated, it is probable, still farther, the heart of Mary from the ill-fated Darnly; who, accustomed to flattery and command, could ill brook the reverse of his fortunes. Universally hated and contemned, he perceived no means of forming a party, or of re-establishing his power. Deserted by his own country, he addressed himself to the pope,

and to the kings of France and Spain, mingling with professions of zeal for the catholic church, bitter reproaches and complaints against the queen, whom he accused of neglecting the interests of her religion. He soon after formed the resolution of abandoning the scene of his humiliation; and seeking in foreign parts concealment for his disgrace, or protection and succour from the catholic princes. This project he imparted in confidence to his father, the earl of Lennox, and to the French ambassador; who both of them endeavoured dissuade him from his design. The former, who appears also to have been seldom at court, and to have lost with his son the favour of the queen, communicated to her by letter the intention of her husband. The very day on which she received this intelligence, Henry, who had refused to accompany her from Stirling to Edinburgh, thought fit to come to court, where his conduct was more than usually wayward and capricious. He scrupled to enter the palace unless certain lords who were in waiting were dismissed; Mary met him herself at the gates, and persuaded him to suffer her to lead him to her apartment. She there endeavoured to draw from him the reasons of the resolution he had taken, and to divert him from putting it in execution. To her entreaties and remonstrances he preserved an inflexible silence. The next day, by the direction of the queen, the council expostulated with him on the same subject. He still remained sullen and silent, nor deigned to enter with them into any explanation. Turning towards the queen as he left her apartment, he told her she should not see his face again for a long time. He wrote to her a few days afterwards, complaining that she no longer treated him with any confidence; that she had deprived him of all power; and that the nobles, after her example, behaved towards him with open neglect; that thus he was compelled to appear in every place without the dignity and splendor of a king.

The intended flight of her husband, which would have spread through Europe their domestic quarrels and differences, was peculiarly mortifying to Mary. Nor was she free from apprehension, that compassion for his apparent ill-treatment and exiled state might excite in the minds of the princes on the continent prejudices unfavourable and disadvantageous towards herself: under these anxieties, she caused a narrative of all that had past to be drawn up by the privy-council, and transmitted to the king of France. This memoir was of course conceived in terms the most

favourable for the character of the queen, which it justified with ability and address.

The licentiousness of the borderers, about this period, obliged Mary to hold a court of justice at Jedburgh, and to summon the inhabitants of the adjacent counties to attend their sovereign in arms. The most important office in the kingdom, that of lieutenant-warden of all the marches, which had usually been divided into three distinct governments, was bestowed, by the favour of the queen, on Bothwell alone. To display his courage and activity in the discharge of this trust, he attempted to seize a gang of banditti, who, lurking among the marshes of Liddesdale, infested the country round. By one of these desperate outlaws he was wounded in several places, and carried from the fray by his followers to Hermitage-castle. On being informed of this circumstance, Mary, with a precipitation that betrayed the interest she took in his safety, hastened to see him, slightly attended: but finding that his wounds were accompanied by no dangerous symptoms, and repenting probably of this public manifestation of her sentiments, she returned to Jedburgh on the same day. The fatigue of this journey, added to the perturbation of her spirits, brought on a fever, and her life was despaired of for some days. During the continuance of her illness, the king, who resided near Stirling, came not once to visit her; and when, after her recovery, he thought fit to appear, the coldness of his reception gave him but little encouragement to stay. Mary, on the restoration of her strength, returned to Dunbar along the eastern borders of the kingdom.

The transactions in England here attracted her attention. Elizabeth, notwithstanding her professions and promises, encouraged Morton and his associates to remain in her kingdom: Mary also afforded her protection to several English fugitives. While both queens, with mutual jealousy and distrust, secretly endeavoured to disturb the administration of each other, Melvil, the Scottish ambassador, contrived by his intrigues to excite a spirit in the English parliament, which threatened the domestic tranquillity of Elizabeth, and which it required all her address and vigour to allay. A severe illness, from which her recovery had appeared doubtful, alarmed the nation respecting the uncertainty of the succession. The claim of the Scottish queen was sufficiently apparent; but its acknowledgment was attended with many dangers.

By refusing to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, Mary had plainly manifested her ambitious purposes. Her present title had many partisans, whose number had been increased by her secret negotiations. By the catholics her succession was unanimously desired; the gentleness of her administration had also removed in some measure the prejudices of the protestants. The union of the two kingdoms, to which the birth of the prince gave a prospect of perpetuity, was to all thinking men a desirable object. An act of parliament, recognizing the rights of the queen of Scots, would have been to her party a signal to arms; nor could all the prudence and popularity of Elizabeth have prevented her throne from being shaken to its foundation: while the present unsettled state of the succession, by leaving much in her power, held in awe the ambition of her rival, and checked the projects of those who espoused her cause.

Mary, informed by her ambassador of all that was passing, endeavoured to cultivate the dispositions which appeared in her favour. In a letter to the privy-counsellors of England, she attributed wholly to their good offices the friendship of Elizabeth, of which she expressed a grateful sense. She also declared her resolution to live in amity with England, without urging her claim upon the crown farther than should be agreeable to the queen. Yet, as her right of succession was undoubted, she hoped it would be candidly examined, and judged of with equal impartiality. To these letters, composed with much address, she gave the appearance of a declaration of her own gratitude and that of her people towards the queen of England. This extraordinary correspondence, in which the Scottish nobles joined, between one prince and the privy-council of another, appeared evidently intended to encourage the spirit already displayed by the English, nor was it otherwise understood by Elizabeth. The circumstances which ensued, and the misconduct of her rival, fortunately for the English queen put an end to these manœuvres.

The solicitude of Mary to promote the interest of her religion, however stifled for a time by political prudence, was never wholly extinguished. About this time (1566), encouraged by the combination of the catholic princes, she ventured upon bolder measures. The re-establishment of the Romish faith was her darling passion, which she pursued with cautious measures, but with persevering zeal. Having corresponded secretly with the court of Rome, she

now determined to admit his nuncio to enter publicly into her dominions. Cardinal Laurea, bishop of Mondovi, was the person on whom this office was conferred by Pius V. who sent by him to the queen a present of twenty thousand crowns. The papal court was not accustomed to open its treasures upon chimerical or distant views. The business of the nuncio in Scotland was to reconcile the kingdom to the papal church. Mary herself seems thus to have understood it, when, in answer to a letter received from the pope, after expressing her sense of his paternal liberality, she promises to use all her efforts towards the re-establishment and propagation of the catholic faith: also, that she would receive the nuncio with all possible demonstrations of respect; and concur in all his designs towards promoting the honour of God, and restoring peace to the kingdom: that she would celebrate the baptism of her son according to the Romish ritual, in the hope that her subjects would be taught by this example to reverence the sacraments of the church, which they had so long contemned: and that she would be careful to instil into the prince the principles of a sincere attachment to the catholic faith.

The nuncio, already arrived in Paris, had sent over his attendants with a part of the money; when Mary, influenced by the circumstances of the times, contrived to defer a little longer his visit. The queen of England was preparing, on account of the baptism of the prince, to send into Scotland a magnificent embassy: on such an occasion, and at such a juncture, it would have been impolitic to offend her by the presence of the pope's envoy. The troubles into which the kingdom was afterwards plunged, threw a still greater obstacle in the way of his mission.

While secretly negotiating for the subversion of the reformed church, Mary scrupled not to employ her authority for the better maintenance of its ministers; for which purpose several proclamations and acts of council were issued. This duplicity belongs to the system of courts, in whose code of morals integrity has no place.

The continental ambassadors being not yet arrived, the baptism of the prince was from time to time deferred. Mary, in the mean while, retired to Craigmillar; a retreat which suited the disposition of her mind. Her aversion towards her husband had become altogether incurable, while a deep melancholy had seized

upon her heart. The ingratitude and obstinacy of the king, and the levity and imprudence of her choice, covered her at once with humiliation and grief. The sensibility of her temper, and the strength of her feelings, aggravated the disappointments she had experienced, and rendered them alomst intolerable. Torn by contending passions, and hopeless of relief, she sickened at existence, and wished for death as a refuge from despair.

Murray and Maitland having observed the dejection of the queen, sought to avail themselves of it for the advantage of the murderers of Rizzio, against whom her resentment had continued unabated. Her inclination to be separated from her husband would, they flattered themselves, overcome her anger, and prepare the way for the return of their exiled friends. To find reasons in the behaviour of the king on which to ground a sentence of divorce was far from difficult: this sentence they had interest to obtain, and to procure the ratification of it in parliament. As a recompense for this service, they purposed to stipulate with the queen for the pardon of Morton and his associates. Argyle, Huntly, and Bothwell, willingly acceded to the plan, and employed all their efforts to render it acceptable to Mary. But, however desirable it was to the queen to obtain a deliverance from the caprice of her husband, various motives combined to induce her to reject the measures proposed to her. Her claim on the English succession had been strengthened by the birth of her son, which had emboldened her adherents to act with greater vigour. A divorce from her husband would probably throw an imputation on the birth of the prince, which might give rise to new disputes, and put it in the power of Elizabeth to call in question his legitimacy, or at least subject it to the delays and cavils of law. These considerations determined Mary rather to endure her present sufferings than to seek to emancipate herself by so hazardous an experiment.

On the arrival of the sponsors she set out for Stirling, for the purpose of celebrating the baptism of her son. The earl of Bedford, attended by a numerous and splendid retinue, brought presents from Elizabeth suited to her dignity, and the respect with which she affected to treat the Scottish queen. Great preparations had been made for this occasion, the magnificence of which exceeded whatever had been previously known in the kingdom. The ceremony was performed in conformity to the ritual

of the Romish church. Neither Bedford nor the protestant nobles entered the interior of the chapel: the spirit of the times forbade them to witness rites which they deemed idolatrous.

The behaviour of the king on this occasion was perfectly characteristic of the caprice of his temper. He chose to reside at Sterling, where he confined himself wholly to his own apartment, in which, as every nobleman who ventured to converse with him incurred the distrust of the queen, he was left solitary and alone. This conduct, by which he exposed himself and their domestic vexations to the observation of so many foreigners, was peculiarly mortifying to Mary. She deeply felt the insult, and though, when in public, she tried to acquit herself in a manner suited to her dignity, she was frequently obliged to retire, and give vent to her tears and chagrin. Henry still persisted in his resolution of quitting the kingdom, a design which he daily threatened to execute.

The instructions of the earl of Bedford comprehended other business beside that of witnessing the baptism of the prince, business which respected the treaty of Edinburgh. Elizabeth, alarmed by the spirit which had manifested itself in parliament, and by the power and activity of the party of the Scottish queen, was willing to come to a compromise with her rival, of whom nothing was now demanded, but that she should renounce, during the life of the English queen, and those of her posterity, her title to the throne; in return for which Elizabeth engaged to take no step that might prove injurious to her claim on the succession. This equitable and reasonable proposition could not in decency be absolutely rejected. Mary however insisted that her right should be legally examined and publickly recognized; also more particularly, that the testament of Henry VIII. whereby he had excluded the descendants of his eldest sister the queen of Scotland from the place due to them in the order of succession, should be produced and considered by the English nobility. The ministers of Mary had persuaded themselves, without just grounds, that this testament, so injurious to their mistress, must be a forgery. Hence the urgency of Mary on this occasion, a compliance with which by Elizabeth would have injured her cause, the testament being undoubtedly genuine. But it was not the intention of the queen of England to set aside the title of the house of Stuart; she merely wished for the present, from political considerations, to keep the question perplexed and undecided.

Through the solicitations of Bothwell, the conspirators against Rizzio received, a few days after the baptismal ceremony, their pardon from the queen, with permission to return to Scotland. The ambitious projects meditated by Bothwell required that he should draw aid from every quarter. By obtaining the pardon of Morton and his associates, he trusted to procure himself a faithful band of adherents.

The king still remained in his solitude at Stirling, till, impatient of his situation, and alarmed by the rumour of a design to seize his person, he thought fit to retreat abruptly, and retire to his father at Glasgow

The protestant clergy, in two assemblies of the church, which were held during this year (1566), continued to complain with reason of the poverty in which they languished. Scanty as was the allotment for their support, they had not received any part of their dues for the preceding year. The treasury had been exhausted by the extraordinary expenses attending the baptismal ceremony; and the sums appropriated for the subsistence of the clergy had been diverted into other channels; it became therefore necessary to provide some other method for the relief of the church. No liberality was however shown on this occasion: a sum which scarce equalled nine thousand pounds was deemed sufficient for the maintenance of the national church. The ecclesiastics however submitted to these personal deprivations with a true christian spirit; but, when danger threatened the doctrines they had adopted, their zeal became loud and vehement. An occasion of this kind now presented itself. Mary, among the few acts of parliament to which she had paid any regard, had confirmed the authority of the commissaries, to whom she had given instructions for directing their proceedings. From that time they had continued in the uninterrupted exercise of their functions, when on a sudden a proclamation was issued by the queen, depriving them of all authority, and restoring to the archbishop of St. Andrew's* his ancient jurisdiction. This rash measure, which had been prompted by Bothwell, was a considerable step towards the re-establishment of the Romish religion, of which Mary had never lost sight. The motives which had influenced Bothwell, and which will hereafter appear, were still more crimi-

* A Romish ecclesiastic.

mal. The protestant clergy beheld with alarm an event which threatened their church with inevitable ruin: despairing to obtain redress from the queen, they addressed their remonstrances, full of ardour and force, to the body of the protestant nobles. The attention of the nation was however soon after turned to a still more interesting and important event.

The king, on his journey from Stirling to Glasgow, was seized with a dangerous distemper, respecting the nature of which historians are divided. A violent eruption, attended with unusual symptoms, threatened his life, and gave rise to various conjectures. By some it is asserted, that this disorder was the small-pox; by others, that it was the effect of the profligate life he had led; while a third party have attributed the symptoms to poison. After languishing for some weeks, the strength of his constitution triumphed over the malignity of the malady, and he began to recover, though by slow degrees. The neglect with which he was treated by Mary in this situation was not more pointed than that which she had herself previously experienced from him in her illness at Jedburgh: disdaining to affect a tenderness which she no longer felt, she suffered a month to elapse, during which she amused herself with various excursions, before she thought proper to visit Glasgow. By this time the disorder had abated, and Henry, though weak and languishing, was no longer in danger.

Perhaps there is no aversion so bitter and vehement as that which succeeds to love; as there are no disappointments so agonizing and acute as those in which the affections are interested. Increased strength and activity must, in every struggle of the passions, be necessarily acquired by that which finally prevails. To a virtuous and amiable mind, the sentiment of affection is too congenial and dear to be relinquished without regret: nor can it possibly give place to hatred till after repeated injuries, and a thorough conviction of the worthlessness of the object, once so fondly and tenderly cherished. The disgust of Mary for her husband had not been lightly conceived: his ingratitude, his profligacy, his weakness and brutality, had combined to destroy the illusion which, created by her imagination, had for a time misled her judgment. The foundation of esteem removed, love has but a slight support: though it should survive indifference, neglect, and even outrage, it cannot fail to be extinguished by contempt

for its object. In proportion to the sensibility of Mary was her disappointment, her humiliation, her abhorrence, and her despair. In a letter written with her own hand to her ambassador in France, just before she set out for Glasgow to visit the king in his illness, she speaks of him with mingled bitterness and scorn.

Under the influence of such feelings, so recently manifested and expressed, how extraordinary then does her conduct during this interview appear! To those acquainted with the human heart, and with the irritable nature of domestic wounds, the sudden transition of sentiment by which Mary was, on her arrival at Glasgow, led to address her husband in the language of sympathy and endearment, cannot but suggest unfavourable doubts. If the weak and credulous Henry was imposed on by the marks of tenderness which she profusely lavished upon him, suspicions of artifice, justified by the stronger character of the queen, must to every other person necessarily occur. In two of the letters attributed to her, addressed to Bothwell, and said to be written on the present occasion, this scene of dissimulation is sufficiently explained.

When the situation of Mary is considered, her youth, her sensibility, her education in a relaxed and voluptuous court, it would appear but little wonderful if the address of Bothwell, and the services he had rendered her, contrasted by the incapacity and misconduct of her husband, had acquired over her mind a dangerous ascendancy. Accustomed to the gallantry of the French manners, to the vices which lurked beneath an exterior polish, to the incense of flattery, and the enchantments of pleasure, a new passion, which, while it soothed her grief and gratified her pride, promised to efface from her heart the remembrance of its former wrongs, could not have been without its powerful fascinations. Resentment might also have concurred in justifying to her own heart a breach of those engagements from which, by the conduct of the king, she might conceive herself to be freed. All the ardour of passion, and the tenderness of love, are, in the letters to Bothwell, pourtrayed in glowing colours. On the supposition that they are genuine, a fact that admits of controversy, and respecting which, it must be confessed, much on either side may be urged, the duplicity of her conduct at Glasgow is, with its motives, but too apparent.

But the over-acted tenderness of Mary appears to have deceived no one. Daily and exaggerated accounts, which were but too readily received, assailed her ears, respecting the misconduct of the king, his folly, his caprices, and his criminal intentions. By some she was informed that it was his design to seize the person of the prince, and in his name to usurp the sovereign power. Others assured her that he had resolved immediately to leave the kingdom, and that a vessel hired for the purpose, and prepared to receive him, lay in the river Clyde. This event was particularly dreaded by the queen, whom it would have covered with dishonour in the eyes of foreign nations. The schemes of Bothwell would also have been wholly disconcerted by the flight of the king. To avert a step of this nature, it became necessary to remove Henry from his present residence, where the interest of his family might enable him with facility to execute his design. Mary on this occasion employed all her address to regain his confidence, and to induce him to remove to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he might, she alleged, with convenience avail himself of medical aid, and where she could herself attend him without being separated from the prince their son. Henry, overpowered by her intreaties, suffered himself to be prevailed upon to adopt a measure so fatal in its consequences: unable to bear the fatigue of travelling, he was removed in a litter to the capital of the kingdom.

Kirk of Field, a house belonging to the provost of a collegiate church, was prepared for the reception of the king. The situation, on a rising ground and in an open field, was recommended for the salubrity of its air. In opposition to this advantage the solitude of the place was, it must be confessed, but too favourable to the tragedy which ensued. Hither Mary caused her husband to be carried, and here she attended him with the most assiduous care. She seldom left him through the day, and, for several nights, took her repose in an apartment under the chamber in which he slept. The tenderness and confidence with which she treated him, quieted the distrust by which he had so long been haunted. While felicitating himself on this reverse of his fortunes, he beheld not the precipice on the brink of which he tottered.

On Sunday, February 9th, 1567, an hour before midnight, the queen left her patient, for the purpose of being present at a

masque given at the palace. At two the ensuing morning, the city were alarmed by a sudden explosion. The house in which the king resided was blown up with gunpowder. The people ran to the place whence the shock and noise proceeded; when the dead body of Henry, with that of a servant who slept in his room, were found lying in an adjacent garden, without marks of violence and untouched by fire.

Thus perished Henry Stuart, lord Darnly, in his twenty-first year, a youth whom the indulgence of nature and fortune had combined to betray to his ruin. The heart which his personal accomplishments had gained he justly forfeited by his arrogance and folly. His levity, his weakness, and his licentiousness, which justified the contempt of Mary, rendered him the scorn of a people prepared to revere him as the descendant of their ancient kings. Had disease brought him to the grave, his fate had been unlamented, and his memory quickly effaced; but the cruel circumstances of his death, added to the negligence with which the murderers were pursued, have, by engaging the pity of generous minds, excited a sympathy to which he had otherwise no claim.

This execrable deed gave rise to various suspicions and conjectures, which, while they glanced at the queen from her known sentiments with regard to her husband, were, with a general consent, directed towards Bothwell. Two days after the catastrophe, a proclamation was issued from the throne offering to any person, who should discover the perpetrators of the murder, a considerable reward. Neither the power and greatness of Bothwell, nor his favour with the queen, screened him from the indignant sentiments of the nation. Papers, accusing him of the murder, and naming his accomplices, were affixed to the most public places of the city. Pictures appeared to the same purport; and voices were heard in the middle of the night loudly charging him with that barbarous and atrocious action. Insinuations were also mingled with these accusations, which involved the queen in the guilt of her minister. This attack upon Mary attracted the notice of her council, and, by engaging them in an inquiry after the authors of these libels, diverted their attention from the murderers of the king. The solicitude of Mary to discover the persons who had delivered her from an intolerable yoke, could scarcely be very great: it was the interest of Bothwell, in whose hands was the supreme direction of affairs, to stifle and confound

any evidence that might offer, and cover what had past under a veil of obscurity. Inquiries were however made, and some persons called before the council; but the examination was too negligent and loose to throw much light on the transaction.

The circumstances of the king's murder spread quickly through Europe, in which it excited universal horror. The disagreements between the queen and her husband had too long been a subject of general animadversion not to give rise, on this occasion, to opinions injurious to the honour of the former. Her friends implored her, in this delicate and critical situation, to prosecute with rigour the conspirators, as the best vindication of her own innocence. The earl of Lennox also, with incessant importunity, implored her vengeance on the murderers of his son, in whose disgrace he had been a sharer, but whose death roused him from the inactivity into which he had sunk. In a letter which he ventured to address to the queen, he pointed out what appeared to him the most effectual methods of bringing the assassins to light, and convicting them of the crime. Having urged her to prosecute the guilty with vigour and to bring them to immediate trial, he declared his suspicions of Bothwell, and those who were named as his accomplices; while he required that, from regard to decency, and to encourage those who were able to bring evidence against them, the persons charged with so atrocious a crime should be committed to custody, or at least excluded from the sovereign presence and the court.

After the burial of the king, whose body was deposited in a private but decent manner among those of his predecessors, the monarchs of Scotland, Mary had retired to Seaton, where she still remained. On the receipt of Lennox's letter, the former part of whose demand could not be eluded, it was determined to put Bothwell on his immediate trial. But in the mean time he remained at large, was admitted into all the councils of the queen, and continued to enjoy his dignities and exercise his powers. The offices which he already possessed gave him the command of all the southern parts of the kingdom. To this was added the castle of Edinburgh, a place of too much strength for him not to covet its possession. In order to prevail on the earl of Mar to surrender it, the queen consented to put into his hands the person of the young prince, and immediately bestowed the fortress upon Bothwell.

No direct evidence of the murder had yet appeared against him; it became therefore important to hurry over the trial while only general suspicions and uncertain surmises were likely to be produced. In a meeting of the privy council, held on the 28th of March, 1567, the twelfth day of the ensuing month was appointed for the occasion. This short interval was afterwards contracted, contrary to the laws and usages of the times. Eleven days' warning were only allowed to Lennox to prepare himself for accusing his powerful adversary. The earl, whose paternal estate had, during his exile, been considerably impaired, was in no condition to withstand the wealth and influence of the accused; his authority over his vassals had been weakened by absence, nor was he supported by any of the existing factions. With Murray and his adherents he had an open breach; the partizans of the house of Hamilton were his hereditary and mortal enemies; Huntly was linked in a confederacy with Bothwell. Thus Lennox, in the cause of humanity and justice, to the disgrace of the nobles, stood singly and alone. In the meeting of the privy council, which gave directions respecting the time and manner of the trial, the accused was himself present; nor did the queen (a high degree of imprudence) refuse to admit him to her presence, with her former distinguished familiarity.

Lennox, distressed by the precipitation with which every thing was conducted, foreseeing the issue of the business, and dreading the perils with which he was environed, complained loudly of the injury done to him. Again he represented the impropriety of allowing Bothwell personal liberty, and his former influence over the royal councils; and again required the queen, as she regarded her own honour, to give evidence of her sincerity in the persecution of the murderer by confining the persons suspected of its perpetration. Till such measures were adopted, he signified his own resolution not to be present at a trial so irregular and illegal. He besought, at the same time, the interposition of Elizabeth, in order to obtain the delay he demanded. The queen of England, always pleased with a pretext for interfering with the Scottish affairs, wrote immediately to Mary, whom she advised to defer the trial, and on whom she forcibly urged the arguments of Lennox.

These representations, however, proved ineffectual: the trial took place on the day appointed, when Bothwell was attended

with so formidable a train, that all ideas of punishment, even should the court have had the temerity to condemn him, must have appeared impracticable. His numerous friends and vassals had assembled according to custom, beside which a band of hired soldiers, with flying colours, paraded the streets of Edinburgh. The court of justice being held with the usual formalities, an indictment was presented against Bothwell, and Lennox called upon to make good his charge. One of his dependents, coming forward in the name of his master, excused his absence on account of the shortness of the time, which had prevented him from assembling his friends and vassals, without whose support he could not with safety or prudence oppose himself to so formidable an antagonist. For this reason he desired the proceedings might be stopped, and protested against any sentence that should then pass, as illegal and void. Bothwell, on the other hand, insisted that the court should proceed instantly to trial. A letter written by Lennox was produced, in which he implored the queen to prosecute the murderers without delay. The objections of his emissary were over-ruled, and the jury, which consisted of nobles of the first rank, found Bothwell guiltless of the charge alleged against him.

No person appeared as his accuser, no witness was examined, nor any evidence produced. Under such circumstances the jury could not but acquit him; their verdict however failed to appease the murmurs of the people. Pasquinades and libels were fixed up in different places, expressive of the public sentiments. The jury, to obviate any censure against their proceedings, protested that no crime could be imputed to them in the acquittal of a man against whom no accuser had appeared, as no proof had been brought in support of the indictment. It appeared also, that the 9th, instead of the 10th of February, was mentioned in the indictment, as the day on which the murder had been committed. This inaccuracy, in a season of jealousy and distrust, tended to increase and confirm unfavourable suspicions.

Immediately after his acquittal, Bothwell himself, as if unable to rely on the judgment obtained in his favour, offered, in compliance with an obsolete custom, to engage in single combat with any gentleman of good fame who should dare to accuse him of being an accessory to the murder of the king.

By Mary he was still treated with the same favour and dis-

tinction, while his ascendency over her councils became daily more apparent. Lennox, conceiving himself, after what had passed, in an equivocal and perilous situation, fled precipitately from Scotland, and took refuge in England.

Two days after the trial a parliament was held, at the opening of which Bothwell was appointed to carry the sceptre before the queen. The majority of the acts passed in this assembly were calculated to strengthen his party. He obtained the ratification of all the possessions and honours which had been conferred upon him; while the strongest declarations were made by this act, of his faithful services to the crown in all times past. The surrender of the castle of Edinburgh by Mar was also confirmed. The law of attainder against Huntly was repealed, who, with his adherents, was restored to the honours and estates of his ancestors. A law was likewise passed, that pasquinades, which daily multiplied, should be instantly destroyed by any person into whose hands they fell; on penalty of being subjected, with the authors, to a capital punishment.

The queen, in the same session, gave her assent to an act in favour of the protestants, which was attributed to the ascendency of Bothwell over her mind. Not that her attachment to her faith was weakened, or her hopes of re-establishing it laid aside: for this purpose she had of late entered into new engagements, and taken in consequence some bold steps. Powerful motives prompted Bothwell to promote a law which could not fail of proving popular: he had acquired the detestation of the people by the crimes imputed to him: he meditated yet farther outrages: it was his interest therefore to divert the public resentment, to silence the clamours of the clergy, and to conciliate the people by obtaining for their religion a legal and expected security. The act itself was so favourable to the cause of the reformation, that the parliament which met the ensuing year, under different leaders, could substitute in its place nothing more explicit. It was accordingly ratified word for word.

The success of Bothwell had thus far equalled his most sanguine wishes. He had acquired the confidence of the queen; the murder of the king had produced no popular commotion; he had been acquitted of any concern in the crime by his peers, and their decision had been in some degree ratified by parliament. Another measure remained to be taken, towards the execution of

which he bent all the powers of his mind. After the dissolution of parliament, he invited to an entertainment all the nobles who had been present, filled the house with his friends and dependents, and surrounded it with armed men. To the company assembled he communicated his intention of espousing the queen, whose consent, he informed them, he had already obtained: to this marriage, which he declared was not less acceptable to Mary than honourable to himself, he demanded their approbation and assent. Huntly and Seaton, privy to his plan, promoted it with ardour and zeal. The popish ecclesiastics, devoted to the queen, were immediately won over by the declaration of her wishes. The remainder of the assembly, dreading the power of Bothwell, and aware of his influence, were willing to make a merit of yielding to a measure which they believed it would be vain to oppose. A few only, confounded and indignant, dared to express their dissent. By mingled flattery, threats, and promises, their opposition was however at length overborne: the whole assembly were prevailed on to subscribe a paper, which left on their honour an indelible stain. This deed contained, in forcible terms, a declaration of the innocence of Bothwell, and of his services to the state. Also, should any accusation respecting the murder of the king be brought in future against their host, the subscribers bound themselves to stand by him as one man, and to risk in his defence their fortunes and lives. They likewise recommended him to the queen as a husband, as the most proper person on whom her choice could fall; and undertook, should she condescend to honour him with her favour, to promote the union, and join him with their forces against all by whom it should be opposed. Among the subscribers to this paper were men of all parties and sentiments, a motly and heterogeneous group, whom no common interest could be supposed to have united. In proof that the ambitious project of Bothwell was not unknown to Mary, it is alleged, that many of the persons who subscribed the paper were at the time in possession of the favour of the queen, which they afterwards continued equally to enjoy. To this it is added that Melvil, who kept up a secret correspondence with England in favour of Mary's pretensions, received a letter thence, where the rumour of what was transacting had begun to spread, which represented in strong terms, the fatal consequences which would result from a marriage with Bothwell. This letter, it is said,

he put into the hands of the queen, whose confidence he enjoyed, and enforced its contents with earnestness and warmth. That Mary, disregarding these remonstrances, communicated them to Bothwell, from whose resentment Melvil was obliged to fly. Also, that Elizabeth warned Mary of the danger and infamy to which she was about to expose herself, a caution which was treated with still less regard.

Three days after the rising of parliament, the queen went from Edinburgh to Stirling, for the purpose of visiting the prince her son; an occasion which Bothwell seized for the completion of his purpose. Under pretence of an expedition against the freebooters on the borders, he assembled his followers, and, marching out of Edinburgh with a thousand horse, turned suddenly towards Linlithgow, met the queen on her return (April 24, 1567), dispersed her slender train, seized on her person, and conducted her, together with a few of her courtiers, a prisoner to his castle at Dunbar. She expressed, it is said*, neither surprise nor terror at this violence, but submitted to the outrage without struggle or apparent reluctance. An officer by whom Melvil (at that time one of her attendants) was seized, assured him that nothing was undertaken without the concurrence of the queen. According to the letters attributed to Mary, and published in her name, the plan had been concerted with her participation and advice, as a decent pretext for all that followed.

Something was still wanting for the security of Bothwell, and for his entire vindication from the charge of murdering the king. By the laws of Scotland, in a pardon obtained under the great seal, the most henious crime was to be mentioned by name, after which a general clause was added, including *all other crimes whatsoever*. To seize the person of the sovereign was high treason: Bothwell therefore trusted, that a pardon gained for this offence would cover all his past misdemeanors.

Having got the person of the queen in his hands, he instantly commenced a suit to obtain a divorce from his wife, the lady Jane Gordon, sister to the earl of Huntly. The process was carried on at the same instant before protestant judges in the court of commissaries, and before the papists in the spiritual court of

* This account, in which the historians of Mary have concurred, has been contradicted by a late publication, which will be referred to hereafter.

the archbishop of St. Andrew's whose jurisdiction had been restored by the queen. The pleas brought forward on the occasion were frivolous or scandalous. Authority, and not justice, prevailed; sentence of divorce was pronounced by both courts with the same unprincipled and indecent precipitation.

During this transaction Mary was detained at Dunbar, where she was treated with great outward respect. On the third of May, Bothwell, with a train of dependents, conducted her to Edinburgh, of the castle of which he was governor. This precaution was rendered necessary by the discontents of the nation. From the castle of Dunbar, which was without fortification, the queen might have been rescued with little difficulty; at Edinburgh she was secured from every attempt. One difficulty however remained to be obviated: a marriage concluded while one of the parties was held in captivity, on the supposition of unfair methods being used, was not valid in law. Mary therefore was prevailed upon to appear in the court of session (May the 12th,) and in the presence of the chancellor and other judges, with several of the nobility, to declare that she was now at full liberty; and that though the traitorous Bothwell, in forcibly seizing her person, had at first excited her indignation, his respectful behaviour since had appeased her resentment, and determined her to confer on him higher honours.

The title of duke of Orkney was accordingly bestowed upon him; and, on the 15th of the same month, his nuptials with the queen were completed. The ceremony was on the same day performed in public, with the rites of the protestant church, by Adam Bothwell, bishop of Orkney; and in private, according to the forms of the church of Rome. Craig, the minister, who was commanded to publish the bans, boldly remonstrated against the marriage: but a small number of nobles were present at the celebration, which the French ambassador refused to attend. Mary, on her subsequent appearance in public, was received by the people with a sullen and disrespectful silence,* that sufficiently demonstrated their disapprobation of what had passed. The first care of the queen was to extenuate her conduct to the courts of

* Without entering into the controversy upon this subject, which would exceed the limits of the present work, it would be injustice to the queen of Scots wholly to omit noticing a late publication, in which the narration of this

England and France: her instructions to her ambassadors for this purpose were drawn up by a masterly hand.

The title of king was still withheld from Bothwell: it was however agreed, that he should put his signature, in token of consent, to all the public writs issued from the throne. With this form he possessed the substance of power: the person of the queen, whom his dependents surrounded, was in his hands: no evidence could be obtained of her without his permission; nor, excepting in his presence, or in that of his confidants, was any person allowed to converse with her. These precautions, with armed guards stationed at the doors of the royal apartments, were circumstances unprecedented in the annals of the Scottish monarchs.

It yet remained to make himself master of the person of the prince, without which he esteemed his power to be precarious. James had been committed by his mother to the care of the earl

transaction wears a different aspect; and in which her character is ably defended. According to this writer (Mr. Whitaker) it appears that the murder of Darnley was originally planned and devised between Elizabeth, Cecil, Morton, and Murray; that Bothwell was their agent to set fire to the mine; that, with a view of throwing odium upon Mary, and accomplishing her ruin, she was forced into a marriage with Bothwell, that the charge of the murder might the more effectually rest upon her. The evidence of this plot, as it regards Murray and Morton, it must be confessed, is very strong; nor is the presumption against Elizabeth without weight. To this it is added, that, far from regarding Bothwell with the partiality attributed to her, Mary rather beheld him with dislike and disgust; that it was during her imprisonment at Dunbar that Bothwell first pretended to address her as a lover; that she rejected his proposal with indignant scorn; that, to enforce his suit, he produced the bond, recommending him to her as a husband, subscribed by the principal nobility of the kingdom; that, though convinced by this that she was betrayed and abandoned, her resolution remained unshaken; that to effect his purpose, Bothwell found himself compelled to have recourse to stupifying potions and brutal violence. That, at length, thus dishonoured, humbled, and degraded, deserted by her people, and in the power of a ruffian, upon the supposition of the validity of the bond, she suffered herself to be prevailed on to accept the faith of a man, whom she believed to be unanimously supported by her nobles. But that, afterwards, on finding the treachery practised against her, when an armed force appeared to vindicate her cause, she cheerfully abandoned the wretch by whom she had been thus vilely insulted and outraged; and to whose proposals compulsion only, and the deplorable state of her affairs, could have induced her for one moment to attend. The same writer, to whom the reader is referred, very successfully endeavours to shew that the letters attributed to Mary were forged by her enemies.

of Mar, whose loyalty and fidelity were well established. It was not likely that such a man should trust his charge in the hands of a person suspected of having imbrued them in the blood of his father. Bothwell laboured this point with a solicitude that redoubled the repugnance of Mar, whom neither his address nor authority could bend to a compliance.

The transactions which had passed during the last three months in Scotland were beheld by Europe with horror and detestation. The murder of the king, the impunity with which his assassins were suffered to escape, and the marriage of the queen with the man accused of being their chief, with a series of incidents which, for their atrocity and rapid succession, were scarcely to be paralleled in the page of history. A general infamy fell upon the Scotch nation, which was regarded, from these circumstances, as a people void of decency, humanity, and honour.

The nobles, whom Bothwell had alternately beguiled and awed, were roused by this scorn from their shameless acquiescence. His abuse of the power he had usurped, his eagerness of gaining possession of the person of the prince, added to some rash expressions which he let fall on the occasion, quickened their sense of what had past. A considerable body of them assembled at Stirling, where they associated for the defence of the infant James. Among the heads of this confederacy were Argyll, Athol, Mar, Morton, Murray of Tullibardin, Kirkaldy of Grange, and Maitland the secretary. Though remarkable for his bigoted attachment to popery, the indignation of the earl of Athol at what had passed, and his concern for the safety of the prince, united him on this occasion with the most zealous of the protestants.

The queen and Bothwell were, by the information of this league, filled with consternation. Since their marriage had not met with public opposition, they had flattered themselves that the nation would become reconciled to it by degrees. From this storm, which murmured at a distance, and which in proportion as it had been suspended had gained strength, they already presaged the most direful consequences. In some measure to prepare for the bursting of the cloud, Mary, by a proclamation (May 28th,) required her subjects to assemble in arms, and to attend her husband on a day appointed. She also at the same time, published a manifesto in answer to the reflections which

had been thrown on her government, and in which she employed the strongest terms to express her concern for the safety and welfare of the prince her son. Her proclamation was ill-obeyed, and her manifesto was received with cold incredulity.

The activity of the confederated lords proved more successful: warlike, powerful, and popular, they found little difficulty in assembling an army, which, before the queen was in a situation to oppose it, was ready to take the field. By shaking the fidelity of sir James Balfour, the deputy-governor of the castle of Edinburgh, Mary was deprived of this place of refuge, whence she might have braved the malecontents. She was therefore conducted by Bothwell to Brothnick; whence, on the appearance of lord Home with a body of his dependents, Bothwell fled precipitately to Dunbar, whither he was followed by the queen, disguised in man's apparel. The confederates, marching towards Edinburgh, entered it without opposition, Huntly having endeavoured in vain to rouse the citizens against them.

To animate the public indignation against Bothwell, the nobles published a declaration of their motives for appearing in arms, in which, after enumerating and aggravating his crimes and ambitious projects, they earnestly called upon every true Scotsman to unite in avenging the former and preventing the latter.

Bothwell, in the mean time, had collected his forces at Dunbar, where, from the number of his dependents, he soon gathered strength, and whence he ventured to advance against the confederates. The army of the nobles was not numerous; their distant friends, from the suddenness of their enterprise, had not had time to join them, neither does it appear that they were supported by the queen of England. Thus circumstanced, they could not have long remained in a body; neither durst Bothwell, on the other hand, risk a delay. His people, who, on this occasion, followed him with reluctance, served him without zeal or attachment: his only hope was in surprising his enemy, and striking a blow before the nation had time to reflect or recoil. Urged by this consideration, he proceeded forward with fatal speed.

The confederates, on the first intelligence of the approach of the queen, advanced to meet her, July 15, 1567. The royal forces were drawn up on the ground occupied by the English before the battle of Pinkie. The inequality between the two armies

consisted in discipline rather than in numbers. That of the queen was composed of a multitude, assembled in haste without courage or experience. The confederate troops were gentlemen of rank and character, followed by their brave and trusty dependents.

The French ambassador, who was present in the field, endeavoured by negotiation to prevent the effusion of blood. To the confederates he represented the queen's pacific inclinations, and her willingness to pardon the offences committed against her. Morton, in reply, warmly protested, that they had not taken arms against the queen, but against the murderer of her husband: that if he were given up to justice, or banished her presence, they were ready to yield to her the obedience due from loyal and faithful subjects. To this it was added by Glencairn, that they did not come to ask pardon for offences, but to punish offenders. Convinced by these haughty answers that his mediation would be fruitless, the ambassador was obliged to relinquish his purpose.

The army of the queen was advantageously posted on a rising ground. The confederates advanced to the attack slowly, but with resolution. The followers of Bothwell perceived their approach with alarm, and discovered no inclination for the engagement. The tears, the menaces, and the reproaches of Mary, to stimulate their drooping courage, proved equally vain. A few only of the immediate attendants of her husband appeared eager for the encounter; the remainder stood irresolute, while some began to steal out of the field. The endeavours of Bothwell to inspirit them proving equally fruitless, he offered in single combat, with any one of his enemies, to decide the quarrel, and vindicate his innocence. Murray of Tullibardin, Kirkaldy of Grange, and lord Lindsay, contended for the honour of entering the lists against him; when he shrunk from his purpose, unnerved by the consciousness of guilt, or overcome by the importunity of the queen, who, by her authority, forbade the combat.

In this situation, to have risked a battle would have been madness on the part of the queen, nor was a retreat more practicable. Nothing remained but to throw herself into the hands of her subjects who were in arms against her. Having demanded an interview with Kirkaldy, a brave and generous man, he, with the consent and in the name of the leaders of his party, promised, on condition that she should dismiss Bothwell from her presence,

and govern the state by the advice of her nobles, that they would return to their allegiance, and honour her as their sovereign.

Bothwell, during this parley, took his last farewel of Mary, and, attended by a few followers, rode from the field. Thus, exactly one month after his marriage, he lost the fruits of so many hazards and crimes.

On his retiring, the queen surrendered to Kirkaldy of Grange, by whom she was conducted to the confederate armies. She was received by the leaders with apparent respect; while Morton, in the name of his associates, made lavish professions of their future loyalty and obedience. But from the common soldiers she experienced less courtesy. The most opprobrious names were poured upon her as she passed along: wherever she turned her eyes, a standard was presented to them, on which were portrayed the dead body of Darnley, and the young prince kneeling beside it, with the following words proceeding from his mouth: "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!" From this affecting spectacle she turned with horror, while she already tasted all the bitterness of her fate. Scarcely could she be prevented from sinking on the ground, as, drowned in tears, she uttered the most heart-rending complaints. In this situation she was conveyed towards Edinburgh; while, with the fond credulity of the miserable, she looked in vain for some extraordinary and unforeseen relief. Multitudes, whom zeal or curiosity had collected, assembled to gaze on their queen; who, exhausted by emotion and fatigue, covered with dust, and disfigured by grief, was exposed to her subjects a sad and affecting spectacle. The same standard was by these unrelenting barbarians, whom no distress could move, no humiliation appease, still suspended before her, and the same brutal insults repeated with aggravation. Neither the youth, the beauty, the sex, the rank, nor the distress of the unfortunate victim, had power to soften the hearts of a ferocious multitude; or to procure for her that sympathy to which the miserable, whatever may have been their offences, have always a claim.

Having proceeded to such extremities against their sovereign, the situation of the confederated lords became delicate and critical. Many of the nobles had refused to concur in their measures, which others openly condemned. The tide of popular opinion, the principal foundation of their power, might quickly turn, and leave them without support. Influenced by these con-

siderations, some of them proposed to treat the queen with indulgence. But if on the other hand they should allow her to resume her authority, Bothwell, for whom she had suffered so much, and to whom she had plighted her faith, might be recalled; while they had every thing to dread from the resentment of both. Under these apprehensions, and believing themselves absolved by the unfortunate marriage of Mary, and her supposed attachment to her husband, from the engagements by which she had been induced to yield herself a prisoner, and from the allegiance which they owed to her as their queen, they carried her the ensuing evening, on their own authority, under a strong guard, to the castle of Lochleven; where, by a signed warrant, they empowered its owner to detain her a captive. William Douglass, to whom the fortress (situated in a small island in the midst of the lake) belonged, was nearly related to Morton, and had married the mother of the earl of Murray. In this place, in strict custody, with but few attendants, and exposed to the insults of a haughty unfeeling woman, who boasted of having been the lawful wife of James V., the unhappy Mary suffered all the rigours of captivity.

The confederates, after the steps they had taken, anxious to form new and stronger bonds of association, assumed the title of *lords of the secret council*, under which they arrogated to themselves the regal authority. As one of the first and most popular acts of their power, they caused the city of Edinburgh to be searched for those concerned in the murder of the king. This appearance of zeal and justice, by obliquely reflecting upon the queen, answered a double purpose. Several persons were seized, among whom captain Blackadder and three more were condemned and executed; whether with sufficient evidence, it would be difficult at present to determine.

A circumstance now occurred which has given rise to an important controversy, the examination of which would exceed the limits of the present plan. Bothwell, it is asserted by historians, left in the castle of Edinburgh a casket, in which were deposited letters and sonnets, written in the queen's own hand. Having recollected, after his precipitate retreat, this precious treasure, he sent one of his confidents to secure it for him. The messenger, on his return, was intercepted, and the casket seized by Morton. These papers, whether authentic or fabricated, were

produced by the party as a justification of their own conduct, and an unequivocal proof of the guilt of the queen.

Notwithstanding their triumph, the confederates were still uneasy and anxious. It appeared to the body of the nobles both unprecedented and presumptuous, that a small number of their order should dare to dispose of the person of the sovereign, or, without the consent or concurrence of their peers, to assume the royal authority. Several of the malecontents assembled at Hamilton, to deliberate on the course it would be proper to pursue. The confederates made advances towards a coalition, but without success. Equally fruitless was their attempt to draw them to a personal interview, through the mediation of the assembly of the church. Nothing resulted from this show of opposition; however formidable appeared the number of the malecontents, their resolutions melted away through the want of unanimity and vigour.

But danger threatened the confederates, who had thus far triumphantly proceeded, from another and more distant quarter. Elizabeth, though secretly pleased with the distress of her rival, and the distractions of the kingdom, could not behold unmoved the attack made on the regal prerogative. The person of the sovereign she conceived to be sacred; in the conduct of the confederates she beheld a dangerous example; and in the outrage suffered by Mary the common cause of princes. With these feelings and ideas, she dispatched Throgmorton into Scotland, with powers to negotiate with both parties. Throgmorton was devoted to the Scottish queen, to whose liberty and reputation his instructions appeared favourable. The confederates, dreading the effects of this interference, prohibited the ambassador from having access to their prisoner, while they rejected or eluded all his propositions. They deliberated in the mean time respecting the settlement of the nation, and the future disposal of the queen.

Thus defeated, Throgmorton turned towards the nobles assembled at Hamilton; whom, with a promise of assistance, he endeavoured to incite to arm in defence of their queen. But the same disunion and inactivity pervaded their councils, while they tamely allowed an usurpation, which they wanted spirit or determination to resist. Among the confederates different opinions and projects were agitated; while some were desirous of adhering to the plan on which the confederacy was first formed, to punish the murderers of the king, dissolve the marriage of the

queen, provide for the security of the prince and the church, and afterwards re-establish the queen in her rights: others, with less temper and more fiery zeal, proposed the trial, condemnation, and punishment of Mary herself, as the principal criminal in the assassination of her husband, and the conspirator against the safety of her son. The former was the system of Maitland; the latter that of the clergy, and warmly adopted by many of the laity. But the nobles either would not, or dared not, execute so sanguinary a plan. It was at length agreed, that Mary was to be persuaded or compelled to resign the crown; the prince was to be proclaimed king; and Murray to be appointed to the government, during his minority, with the title and powers of regent. But nothing was decided respecting the disposal of the queen: it seems to have been the design of the party to detain her in perpetual captivity, and still to reserve to themselves, for the purpose of breaking her spirit, or intimidating that of her friends, the power of proceeding to greater extremities.

By the difficulties attending the practice of this plan, the confederates were not dismayed. To induce a woman, young, aspiring, high spirited, and accustomed to command, to acknowledge her own incapacity to reign, and to renounce the dignity she inherited from her birth, to become a dependent on her own subjects, to consent to her own perpetual bondage, to invest with her honours the authors of her calamities, were concessions so humiliating as scarcely to be expected. Yet such the confederates determined to demand, nor were they without the means of insuring success. Mary had for many weeks suffered the terrors of a prison; of her deliverance there seemed but little prospect; no one had appeared as her defender or advocate; not a person in whom she could confide was admitted to her presence; even the ambassadors of foreign powers were refused access to her. Thus solitary, deserted, and distressed, her persecutors reckoned on her fears and on her sex. Lord Lindsay, the fiercest zealot of the party, was employed to communicate their plan to the queen, and to obtain from her a subscription to the papers with which he was charged. In the execution of his commission, he spared neither harshness nor brutality; certain death was offered to the unhappy victim as the alternative of her refusal. She was also, at the same time, informed by sir Robert Melvil, in the names of Athol, Maitland, and Kirkaldy, the most moderate among the

confederates, that a resignation extorted by fear and under confinement, was void in law, and might be afterwards evaded. In a note secretly conveyed to her, Throgmorton suggested the same idea. Thus urged and advised, she yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and put her signature to the papers presented to her by Lindsay. By one of these papers she resigned the crown, renounced all share in the government, and consented to the coronation of the young king. By another, she appointed Murray to the regency, and vested him with the powers and privileges of the office. By a third, in case of the refusal of Murray, another nobleman was substituted in his place. Pierced with grief, and bathed in indignant tears, she signed the deed of her own humiliation, and afforded to her adversaries the instrument of her abasement.

To give validity and weight to the act, the confederates, without delay, proceeded to the coronation of the prince. The ceremony was performed at Stirling, July 29, 1567, in the presence of the nobles of the party, a number of lesser barons, and a large assembly of the people. The government was from this time carried on, and all public writs issued, in the name of James VI.

The nation beheld with astonishment, and with various emotions, this extraordinary and rapid revolution. The friends of the captive queen argued with reason, that, excepting in extreme cases, where no other means remained of securing the liberty and happiness of the kingdom, the person of the monarch ought to be regarded with reverence. That even on those occasions a majority of the society ought at least to come forward and judge of the existence of such a necessity. That by no action of her reign had Mary invaded the rights or the property of her subjects; neither had she formed against the liberty and constitution of the nation any projects. For her deposition and imprisonment, suspicions and surmises could only be alleged. A queen to whom the crown had descended through a long race of their monarchs, was thus denied the justice which the vilest criminal might claim. Since the author of her supposed misconduct was already driven from her presence, surely it would have been possible to punish the murderers of the late king, to have secured the safety of the prince, and of the protestant religion, without wresting the sceptre from the hands of their sovereign, or condemning her to waste

her youth in imprisonment. Whatever might be the rights of the parliament in sanctioning so rigorous a procedure, the act of a few nobles, upon their own authority, and without the consent of the nation, could only be construed into conspiracy and rebellion.

The party of the confederates of course reasoned differently. From the attachment of Mary to Bothwell, from the powers and honours which she conferred upon him, from the glaring partiality with which his trial was conducted, and the indecent precipitation with which she made him her husband, it appeared evident, they alleged, that if she gave not to the murder of Henry her previous consent, she afterwards approved the deed. To have suffered the supreme power to remain in the hands of a man stained with so many crimes, and, in the pursuit of his ambitious purposes, capable of the most atrocious violence, would have been not less dishonourable to the queen, than disgraceful to the nation, and injurious to the safety of the prince. If Mary had been compelled to abandon this unworthy husband, to whom she was still attached, was there not cause to apprehend, that by the restoration of her authority, they should arm her with powers to recal Bothwell, to destroy his adversaries, and to put in execution plans that would prove fatal to the liberties of the nation? By one bold action the country was delivered from all it had to dread: the measure they had adopted was not less respectful to the royal blood than expedient to the public safety. If one prince was set aside as incapable of holding the reins of government, another, on whose head the diadem was placed, was the undoubted representative of the line of their ancient monarchs.

These arguments, however hypothetical, were, as far as they respected the safety of the confederates, undoubtedly unanswerable. A great part of the nation joined in approving their conduct: the accession of the king to the throne of his ancestors was every where proclaimed; and his authority submitted to without opposition. An association for the support of the government was formed, and signed by so many persons of weight and influence, as effectually to discourage the attempts of the malecontents.

The return of the earl of Murray about this period, added strength to the party, and gave to it a regular form. Murray had, soon after the murder of the king, retired to France, whence

he had held a correspondence with the chiefs of the confederacy, and at their request he now returned. If he affected unwillingness to accept the regency, he hesitated but to gain time, while he viewed with attention the foundation of his elevation, and balanced the strength of the contending parties.

Before his resolution was fully declared, he paid a visit to Mary at Lochleven, where, with a rough uncourteous manner, he expostulated with her on her misconduct, without sparing her delicacy or her feelings, or respecting her calamitous situation. The unhappy captive was by this ungenerous and unbrotherly treatment thrown into tears and despair. Her fate wanted not aggravation; nor is it possible to regard this barbarous insult, which could produce no advantage, or answer any political purpose, without mingled sentiments of indignation and disgust. Soon after this interview, in which Murray had given a proof of his severe and unrelenting character, he accepted the office of regent, August 22, 1567, and was invested with its powers and privileges.

During these transactions, Bothwell had wandered from place to place, now lurking among his vassals, and now seeking refuge with his friends. At length, cast off and abandoned by every one, excepting a few retainers not less desperate than himself, he endured all the miseries of infamy and famine. Urged by distress and want, he armed several small vessels which had accompanied him from Dunbar, and with which, attacking every ship that fell in his way, he endeavoured by piracy to subsist himself and his followers. His small fleet was afterwards scattered by vessels sent out by the confederates against him, and himself obliged to fly with a single ship towards Norway. Having here fallen in with a vessel richly laden, which he immediately attacked, the Norwegians, sailed to its assistance in armed boats. Bothwell, after a desperate conflict, was, with his crew, taken prisoner, and, his person and quality being unknown, treated with the rigour due to his depredations. The discovery of his name and character saved him from the fate of his associates, who suffered an ignominious death: his destiny however proved not less severe. Ten years he languished in captivity, till, by melancholy and despair deprived of reason, unpitied and unassisted, he ended in a dungeon his wretched life. It is thus that ambition rewards her votaries! Under the influence of a strong

passion, the mind knows no repose; every principle in its progress is gradually weakened; guided by an unnatural stimulus, the imagination becomes morbid, and beholds every object through a distempered medium; a partial insanity ensues, which, if not timely checked by virtuous habits and honourable feelings, leads its unhappy victim to depravity and ruin.

To the popularity and capacity of the regent every obstacle yielded. The party of the queen, feeble, irresolute, and discouraged, were divided and scattered. They began to treat separately with Murray, while many of them acknowledged the authority of the king. Their councils were without harmony, and their actions without vigour; Elizabeth was discouraged by their weakness from affording to them any succours. The regent, availing himself of their situation, obliged them without conditions to submit to the government. Nor was he less successful in getting into his hands the places of strength. The castle of Edinburgh was surrendered to him by the deputy governor; who, as the reward of his treachery in deserting Bothwell, his patron, obtained for himself terms of great advantage. Dunbar was forced to capitulate; while some other small forts surrendered without resistance.

The nation thus tranquillized, a parliament was called, Dec. 15, 1567. To the success of the confederates, the sanction of this assembly was only wanting. The meeting, which was numerous, was opened with solemnity, and its acts passed with unanimity. Every thing which could tend to the personal safety of the confederates, or to the security of the form of government which they had established, was granted: Mary's resignation was accepted and declared valid: the authority of the king and the election of Murray were recognised and confirmed. The imprisonment of the queen was pronounced lawful, as were also all the measures of the confederates. The letters attributed to Mary, and addressed to Bothwell, were produced, and the queen was declared accessary to the murder of the king. The acts passed in 1560, in favour of the protestant religion, were ratified; and new statutes enacted to the same purpose. Nothing was omitted that could forward the progress of the reformation, or check what yet remained of the ancient church. But little however was done for the relief of the protestant clergy; a spirit of parsimony still appeared to prevail.

Shortly after the dissolution of parliament, four of the dependents of Bothwell were convicted for the murder of the king, and suffered death as traitors. Many circumstances relative to the manner in which the crime was committed came to light on their trial; though, being of inferior rank, they seemed not to have been admitted into the secrets of the conspiracy.

Notwithstanding the power and success of the regent, secret murmurs against his authority still prevailed in the kingdom. By the partizans of the house of Hamilton his promotion was accounted injurious to the rights of the duke of Chatelherault, first prince of the blood. The severe and protracted sufferings of Mary began to excite sympathy. The zeal and ability of Murray, who possessed not talents of conciliation, was dreaded by the catholics, whose prejudices he disdained to soften by address: his virtues were austere, and his deportment towards his equals haughty and reserved. The deserted party of the queen began gradually to re-unite, while they were secretly encouraged by some who had hitherto zealously concurred with the confederates.

Such was the disposition of the nation, when the queen contrived, by an unforeseen circumstance, to effect her escape. Every attempt of her friends towards procuring her liberation had, by the vigilance of her keepers, been rendered abortive; when means, equally unexpected by her adherents and her enemies, at length presented themselves. George Douglas, a youth of eighteen, the brother of her keeper, was frequently admitted to the presence of the royal captive, who employed all her address to gain him to her interest. Her beauty, the insinuation of her manners, and the distinction with which she treated him, could not fail of proving resistless to the sensibility of a youth. Nor did Mary neglect to interest his ambition by distant intimations of the most flattering nature. Having yielded to her fascinations, he drew others into the plot. On Sunday, May 2, 1568, while his brother in whose chamber the keys were kept, sat at supper, and the rest of the family had retired to their devotions, one of the accomplices of young Douglas found means to purloin the keys, which, after having opened the gates to Mary and one of her maids, and closed them behind her, he threw into the lake. Mary ran precipitately to a boat prepared for her, and, on reaching the shore, was joyfully received by her deliverer, lord Seaton, and sir James

Hamilton, who, with a few attendants, waited her coming. Instantly mounting on horseback, she rode with them, at full speed, towards Niddrie, the seat of lord Seaton, in West Lothian, and arrived there that night without interruption or pursuit. After resting for three hours, she pursued her flight towards Hamilton, which, travelling at the same rate, she reached the next morning.

Her friends, on the first news of her escape, were roused to arms. Her court was in a few days filled by a train of great and splendid nobles, who, with their followers, formed an army of more than six thousand strong. In their presence she declared, that the deeds signed during her imprisonment, and the resignation of her crown, were extorted from her by fear. This declaration was confirmed by sir Robert Melvil. A council of the nobles and chiefs of the royal party accordingly pronounced the transactions to have been illegal and void. An association was, at the same time, formed for the defence of her person and authority, and subscribed by nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of distinction. Among these were found several who had been present at the last parliament, and signed the counter-association in defence of the king. In turbulent and factious times, such levity, whether real or apparent, is by no means uncommon.

The regent had, during these transactions, been holding a court of justice at Glasgow. From events so unexpected, and so fatal to their hopes, his adherents received a considerable shock. Many of them were staggered; some began in secret to negotiate with the queen, and some openly revolted to her party. Even the most faithful associates of Murray were divided in their opinion; while several of them counselled him to retire to Stirling. The army of the queen, already approaching, was scarcely eight miles distant; the friends and dependents of the house of Hamilton filled the surrounding country. Glasgow was a large unfortified town, and the train of the regent consisted of no greater number than was usual in times of peace. But, on the other side, the citizens of Glasgow were well affected to Murray; the vassals of Glencairn, of Lenox, and of Semple, numerous and full of zeal, lay near at hand. From other parts of the kingdom succours might arrive in the course of a few days: success in battle depends not always on numbers; fame is gained or lost by the first step taken; and retreat, in the present circumstances of

the regent, would be branded with the ignominy of a flight, would dispirit his friends, and encourage his enemies. In this exigency of his affairs, the genius of Murray was displayed; he chose with wisdom, and acted with vigour. Having declared against a retreat, he fixed his head-quarters at Glasgow, where he for some days amused the queen by pretending to negotiate. During this interval his adherents were, with industry, collected together from all parts of the kingdom. Confiding in the experience and valour of his troops, who were soon in a condition to take the field, he determined, though still inferior to the enemy in numbers, to break off the conferences and hazard a battle.

The generals of the queen had also commanded their army to move (13th May), with an intention to conduct her to Dunbarton castle, a place of great strength, which the regent had not been able to wrest from the hands of its governor, lord Fleming. Should the enemy attempt to interrupt their march, they had imprudently resolved not to decline the engagement. A part of the forces of Mary was only assembled: the northern clans, under Huntly and Ogilvie, were daily expected: the sufferings of the queen had softened the prejudices of the people; the address she had manifested in her escape dazzled and interested them; the nobles who flocked to her defence threw a lustre on her cause; on the friendship of France she might depend; while a support from England was reasonably to be expected: from adopting prudent measures she had every thing to hope; from rashness and precipitation, every thing to fear.

By the sudden transition of her affairs, the lively passions, and sanguine spirit of the queen, were unfortunately flushed to presumption and confidence. With an army doubling in numbers that of her adversaries, success appeared to her certain. Of these troops, which consisted chiefly of the Hamiltons and their dependents, the archbishop of St. Andrew's had the principal direction. By a victory, he trusted, not merely to crush the regent, the ancient enemy of his house, but to get into his hands the person of the queen, and to gain to himself the chief direction of her affairs: an ambition which proved fatal to all whom it concerned.

Between the two armies, on the road towards Dunbarton, was an eminence called Langside-hill, which the regent had the precaution to seize. His troops were posted in a small village,

and among the gardens and adjacent enclosures. Thus advantageously situated, he waited the approah of the enemy, whose superiority in cavalry, on such broken ground, could but little avail them. The vanguard, composed of the Hamiltons, put themselves out of breath, as, leaving the main body behind them, they ran eagerly to the attack. The conflict between the spearmen was fierce and desperate: exposed on one side to a confined fire from a body of musqueteers, attacked on the other by the choicest troops of the regent, and unsupported by the remainder of the army of their friends, the Hamiltons were compelled to give ground: the rout immediately became general. Three hundred fell in the field: scarce any were killed in the flight. The regent, with his principal officers, besought the soldiers to spare their countrymen. A number of prisoners were taken, among whom were many persons of distinction and rank. Murray marched back to Glasgow, and returned public thanksgivings to God for this great and almost bloodless victory.

During the engagement Mary stood on a hill, and beheld with strong emotion all that was passing. When she saw the issue of the battle, on which her last hopes were suspended, her courage, which through all her troubles had hitherto sustained her, utterly sunk. In confusion and horror she began her flight; and so terrible was the trepidation of her spirits, that she stopped not till she reached the abbey of Dunrenan, in Galloway, full sixty Scottish miles from the field of battle. In the space of eleven days she had beheld herself a prisoner, at the mercy of her greatest enemies; at the head of a powerful army, with a numerous train of nobles devoted to her service; and a fugitive, at the hazard of her life, driven, with a few attendants, to lurk in a corner of her kingdom. Still anxious and agitated in her retreat, she was impelled by her fears to an irretrievable step, fatal to all her future hopes.

The regent had, after his victory, marched to Edinburgh, ignorant of the course taken by the queen: some days passed before he thought of pursuing her. Concealed in her retirement, among people devoted to her interest, Mary might have remained in safety, till her dispersed friends had again collected and assembled themselves for her defence. Any hazard perhaps was preferable to that of throwing herself into the hands of a rival, of whose perfidy she had already experienced repeated proofs,

and who was prompted to betray her both by inclination and interest. It is true, that, during the captivity of Mary, Elizabeth had declared against the proceedings of her subjects; had solicited for her deliverance from captivity; and offered to her a refuge in England. She had even promised to meet her in person, and to give her such a reception as was due to a queen and an ally. No longer an object of jealousy, but of compassion, Mary trusted in the generosity of a sister queen, that she would not take an advantage of her calamitous situation. With the horrors of a prison fresh in her memory, she dreaded falling a second time into the hands of her own subjects, who had proved themselves incapable of pity; and who, exasperated by what had past, might proceed to extremities. To escape into France was dangerous, if not impracticable, while many affecting recollections rendered the idea of appearing as an exile and a fugitive in the scene of her former pleasures, altogether intolerable. England seemed to offer itself as the only asylum. In vain her attendants, with the lords Herries and Heming, implored her on their knees not to confide in Elizabeth: her resolution was not to be shaken; and to England she fatally resolved to fly. Herries, by her command, wrote to Lowther, deputy-governor of Carlisle, to inquire what reception he would give to the Scottish queen: but, before the answer could arrive, so impatient were her apprehensions, she got into a fisherman's boat, and, with about twenty attendants, landed at Workington in Cumberland; whence, with marks of respect, she was conducted to Carlisle.

She addressed, on her arrival in England, a letter to the queen, in which she painted, in glowing colours, the injuries she had sustained, and implored the sympathy and assistance which her present situation so pressingly required. Elizabeth and her council deliberated upon the measures, which, on this extraordinary event, it would be proper to pursue. Three alternatives presented themselves, either to reinstate the fugitive queen in her authority, which generosity seemed to demand from Elizabeth; to allow her to retire to the continent; or to retain her in England. Each of these resolutions would have drawn after it consequences, of which the ministers of Elizabeth were but too well aware.*

* See life of Elizabeth.

After many deliberations, and a minute and accurate examination of the question, the political interests of Elizabeth triumphed over the dictates of a more magnanimous sentiment, and she determined, in despite of justice and humanity, to avail herself of the advantage given her by the confidence of her rival. But, still solicitous to save appearances, and to veil the conduct she meditated under an appearance of necessity, she dispatched lord Scroope, warden of the west marches, and sir Francis Knollys, her vice-chamberlain, with letters to Mary, filled with prostituted expressions of condolence and sympathy. These gentlemen had orders, at the same time, to watch the motions of the Scottish queen, and to prevent her withdrawing from the kingdom. Mary, on their arrival, demanded a personal interview with the queen, that she might lay before her the injuries she had suffered, and receive from her those offices of friendship which she had been taught to expect. This honour, she was told, must, with whatever reluctance, be at present denied to her, since the imputation of the crime under which she laboured must bring a stain upon the reputation of their mistress, to whom she was so nearly allied: but that, whenever she should clear herself she might be assured of receiving aid proportioned to her distress, and a reception suitable to the dignity of her rank.

By this pretence, Mary was entangled in the snare spread for her. She expressed her astonishment at this evasion of her request, and, confiding in the professions of friendship which she had received, agreed to submit her cause to the cognizance of Elizabeth, while she undertook to produce proofs so convincing of her innocence, and of the malice and falsehood of her enemies, as should fully satisfy the delicacy of her sister queen. By this appeal, the very point to which the plans of Elizabeth were directed, she became the umpire between the queen of Scots and her subjects, and found it wholly in her power to protract, to perplex, or to involve the inquiry in endless mazes and difficulties: while, at the same time, she had a decent pretext for keeping Mary at a distance from her court, and withdrawing her assistance towards replacing her on the throne. It appeared not impossible, from the presumptions of her guilt, that her subjects might be able to make good their charge against her; and, even in failure of this, it seemed little probable, that proofs of her innocence could be brought by Mary sufficiently incontestible, as to

leave the English queen altogether without an excuse. Her impatience of restraint, and indignation at the measures practised upon her, might also provoke her to such cabals as should seem to justify the rigour with which she was treated.

While Elizabeth contemplated the advantages which were likely to arise to her, she was not without apprehensions, that, should Mary discover her purpose too soon, she might recede from the offer which she had so frankly made: still determined not to drop the inquiry, she deliberated on expedients for its better execution. The countess of Lenox, believing Mary to have been accessary to the murder of her son, and thirsting for vengeance, with a mother's fondness, implored with tears, both in her own name and in that of her husband, the pity of Elizabeth; and that the Scottish queen might be brought to justice. To this accusation of the parents of Darnly, Elizabeth, their nearset kinswoman, could not but listen. The nobles of Scotland likewise openly charged Mary with the same crime, while they pretended they had sufficient evidence to establish their charge. Thus circumstanced, it could not be difficult to induce them to petition the queen of England to take cognizance of their proceedings against their sovereign; in which case, it was the opinion of the council, that it would be just to comply with their request. The obsolete claim of the superiority of England over Scotland was also alleged; it was therefore inferred, that the contest between Mary and her subjects belonged of right to the jurisdiction of Elizabeth. While these expedients were revolving in her mind, the English queen reserved them to be used as occasion should require: she was desirous that, for the present, the inquiry into the conduct of Mary should appear as if undertaken for the vindication of her innocence, and in compliance with her own request: while this remained as an ostensible pretence, every other expedient was to be held in reserve.

In submitting her cause to Elizabeth, as to an equal, for whose satisfaction she was willing to explain her conduct, Mary was far from suspecting the consequences that ensued. She had no intention of acknowledging superiority in the queen of England, who she expected would, as a friend, herself receive and examine her defences. But Elizabeth chose to construe differently the offer into which Mary had been ensnared: while considering herself as umpire in the cause between the Scottish

queen and her subjects, she began to act in that capacity. She proposed to appoint commissioners to hear the pleadings of both parties, and wrote to the regent of Scotland, to empower proper persons to appear, in his name, and produce what could be alleged in vindication of his proceedings.

Mary, who had hitherto relied on the professions of Elizabeth, was by this proposal at once undeceived. Perceiving the artifice to which she had been a victim, and the diminution which her honour would suffer in appearing at the bar of a judge with her rebellious subjects, she retracted the offer which she had made, and which had been so grossly misconstrued and perverted. Re-urging her demands to be admitted into the presence of the English queen, she expressed herself with mingled grief and indignation: "In my present situation" says she, "I neither will nor can reply to the accusations of my subjects. I am ready, of my own accord, and out of friendship to you, to satisfy your scruples, and to vindicate my own conduct. My subjects are not my equals; nor will I, by submitting my cause to a judicial trial, acknowledge them to be so. I fled into your arms, as into those of my nearest relation, and most perfect friend. I did you honour, as I imagined, in choosing you, preferably to any other prince, to be the restorer of an injured queen. Was it ever known that a prince was blamed for hearing, in person, the complaints of those who appealed to his justice, against the false accusations of his enemies? You admitted into your presence my bastard-brother, who had been guilty of rebellion; and you deny me that honour! God forbid that I should be the occasion of bringing any stain upon your reputation, to which, I expected, your manner of treating me would have added lustre. Suffer me either to implore the aid of other princes, whose delicacy on this head will be less, and their resentment of my wrongs greater, or let me receive from your hands that assistance, which it becomes you, more than any other prince, to grant; and by that benefit bind me to yourself in the indissoluble ties of gratitude."

Though somewhat disconcerted by this letter, Elizabeth was not diverted from the prosecution of her purposes. Having laid the matter before the privy-council, it was there determined, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Scottish queen, to go on with the investigation into her conduct; till the conclusion of

which, it was agreed, Elizabeth could not, in consistency with her own honour, and the safety of her government, either give to Mary the assistance which she asked, or allow her to retire from the kingdom: lest, while residing too near the borders, she should find an opportunity to escape, it was thought proper to remove her to a place of greater safety.

During these transactions in the English court, the regent neglected not to improve his victory. The queen was driven out of the kingdom; while her adherents, dispersed and without a leader, were left to the mercy of their adversaries.

Mary, in despite of her remonstrances and complaints, was, according to the decision of the English council, conducted to Bolton, a castle of lord Scroope's, on the borders of Yorkshire (July 13, 1568). Her correspondence with her friends in Scotland became in this situation attended with difficulties, while all hope of escaping was wholly cut off. Though still treated with the respect due to her rank, her real condition she felt to be that of a prisoner. The recollection of her former sufferings in confinement, aggravated the terrors of her present fate. While these emotions were still fresh and lively, Elizabeth renewed her propositions, that she would permit the regent, and his adherents, to be called into England, and consent to their being heard in their own justification. Whatever might prove the issue of this inquiry, she promised, on her part, to exert all her power and influence towards replacing Mary, with a few limitations, in the seat of her former authority. This assurance, so soothing to the hopes of the captive queen, induced her, under the present agitation of her spirits, to yield at length a reluctant assent. The more effectually to conciliate Elizabeth, and to draw closer the union between them, Mary, we are told, showed a disposition to relax in a point, with regard to which she had hitherto remained uniformly inflexible. She affected a veneration for the liturgy of the church of England, while she frequently was present during the performance of the rites of the reformed church: she even made choice of a protestant clergyman as her chaplain; listened to his sermons against popery with attention and seeming pleasure, and discovered all the symptoms of an approaching conversion. The attachment of Mary to her religion cannot be doubted; this dissimulation, therefore, upon a supposition of the truth of the account, strongly marks the apprehensions that had seized on her mind.

The regent, about this time, August 18th, called a parliament, for the purpose of proceeding to the forfeiture of those who refused to acknowledge the government of the king. Alarmed by this step, Argyle and Huntly, whom Mary had appointed her lieutenants, the one in the south and the other in the north of Scotland, began to assemble their forces, with a view to obstruct the meeting. The regent would, perhaps, have found it difficult to withstand their attack, had not Mary commanded them to lay down their arms, and to wait patiently for the decision of her cause in England, to which she had agreed to refer it. This concession, by which a seasonable relief was given to the party of the regent, the captive queen could not refuse to the request of Elizabeth.

Murray, however, would not consent to put off the meeting of parliament; but the most violent opponents of the king only suffered forfeitures; the rest were allowed to hope for favour: this moderation may be attributed to the interference of the queen of England, and also to the instances of Maitland, who laboured to prevent his countrymen from exterminating each other.

No sooner had Mary submitted her cause to her rival, than the regent was required by Elizabeth to send deputies to York properly instructed, to vindicate the steps he had taken. Murray, whose authority Scotland had already established and confirmed, consented to this measure with anxiety and hesitation. While he felt mortified to be subjected to a foreign jurisdiction, he shrunk from the odious task of accusing his sovereign before strangers, the ancient enemies of his name and country. Either success or failure appeared alike disgraceful. Yet, dreading the interposition of the French king, and aware of the strength of the adverse faction, which seemed daily to increase, the commands of Elizabeth he felt were not to be disputed. The necessity of repairing in person to York, his associates having declined the office, unless he would consent to share with them the peril, rendered the step he was compelled to take still more humiliating. Among those appointed to join him in the commission, were the earl of Masten, Bothwell bishop of Orkney, and lord Lindsay. Two eminent civilians also accompanied him, with George Buchanan, his faithful adherent; a man whose talents reflected honour upon the age: also Maitland, who owed his distinction

to the fears of the regent, and who had warmly remonstrated against the measure. Murray dared not leave behind him a man who was desirous of re-establishing the queen in some degree of power, that might not interfere with that possessed by her son, and whose superior abilities had acquired an influence in the nation.

Lesley bishop of Ross, lords Livingston, Boyd, Herries, &c. were empowered by Mary to appear in her name.

Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk, was nominated by Elizabeth, with Ratcliff earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler, as commissioners to hear the parties. The opening of the conference was fixed for the 4th of October. This singular transaction seemed to elevate Elizabeth to an important rank: at her tribunal appeared a rival and independent queen, the heir of a race of monarchs, and a prisoner in her hands. The regent, who, with the authority of a king, represented the majesty of Scotland, stood in person at her bar; while the fate of a kingdom, so much dreaded by her ancestors, was wholly at her disposal.

The views proposed by each party in this conference were very different. The object of Mary, in consenting to a measure which she had so long opposed, was the recovery of her former authority, for which the promises of Elizabeth afforded her a ground of hope: to attain this end, urged by impatience under her present situation, she was ready to make the faction of the king many concessions. The aim of the regent, who had no thoughts of coming to a composition with Mary, was to obtain for his party the protection of England. The projects of Elizabeth were more various and more difficult to fathom. The intention of the conference, she pretended, was to remove from the character of Mary those imputations which stained her honour, and respecting which she affected great concern. While she eluded the solicitations of the French and Spanish ambassadors in behalf of the fugitive queen, she contrived to divert her anxiety by repeated promises of assistance, whenever she should espouse her cause without disgrace to herself. But, under this mask of friendship and generosity, she cherished sentiments of a very opposite nature. In the expectation that the regent would accuse Mary as an accessary to the murder of her husband, she gave him every encouragement, without violating appearances, to adopt so desperate a measure. Nor was she unprepared for the issue: should

the charge appear to be well founded, she had determined to pronounce Mary unworthy of a crown; and to declare, that she could not burthen her conscience by the guilt of restoring her to her kingdom. If, on the contrary, the evidence of her accusers should not amount to a proof of the crime, she designed to set on foot a treaty for her restoration, but with such conditions as should render her the slave of her own subjects, and the dependent of England. Nor did she forget that it remained in her power to protract the cause by endless delays, and involve it in entanglements and perplexities.

At the very commencement of the conference, which was opened with much solemnity (October 8th), it appeared to be the design of Elizabeth to inflame rather than extinguish the animosity of the parties. No efforts of conciliation were made, nor any concession demanded on either side. The commissioners of Mary, in their complaint preferred against their adversaries, were allowed to use the most exaggerated terms, and to demand such a speedy and effectual redress, as the justice of one sovereign owed to another. In reply to this, it was expected that the regent would have brought forward his charge against Mary, as being accessary to the murder of her husband, and that he would have entered into the circumstances and evidence of the crime: but far from accusing Mary, he even answered not the complaints urged against himself. He discovered a reluctance to the office imposed upon him, and started many scruples and doubts, of which he demanded the solution from Elizabeth herself. The English commissioners, and his own associates, were equally surprised at this reserve: the vindication of his conduct depended on his substantiating the charge against the queen, respecting whom he had hitherto discovered but little delicacy or forbearance. This mystery was sufficiently elucidated by a secret negotiation which was carrying on at York.

The duke of Norfolk, the most powerful and popular nobleman in England, had already formed a project of a marriage with the queen of Scots, whom he was desirous to save from the humiliation which threatened her, and which might prove prejudicial to her claims on the English succession. With this view, he had applied to Maitland, to whom, with a compliment to his reputed wisdom, he expressed his astonishment, that he should concur with the regent in a measure so disgraceful to

themselves, and to their country; that they should submit the transactions of their nation to the judgment of foreigners; and expose the faults of their sovereign, which they were equally bound in policy and in honour to conceal. The sentiments of Maitland differed not from those of the duke, nor did he find it difficult to vindicate his own conduct. He assured him, with truth, that he had tried to save his countrymen from the step they were about to take, and that he would still, to the utmost of his power, persist in that endeavour. Thus encouraged, Norfolk addressed himself to the regent, to whom he repeated and enforced the same argument, while he warned him of the danger to which he was about to expose himself. Should Mary, he observed, ever recover any degree of power, she could never forgive the infamy of the transaction, and his destruction must be inevitable. Nor could Elizabeth screen him from her just resentment by a public approbation of his conduct; since, whatever evidence he might produce of the guilt of the queen, she was determined not to give a definitive sentence. Let him demand that the business should be brought to a decision, immediately after the proof was produced, and he would be fully convinced of her insidious intentions. The truth of these remonstrances, and the candor with which they were made, forcibly impressed the mind of the regent: the impression was strengthened by daily assurances of the willingness of Mary to forgive his offences against her, on condition that he should abstain from this odious imputation; with menaces should he pursue a contrary conduct. Thus circumstanced, he resolved, before he should proceed, to try the expedient suggested by the duke.

He demanded, therefore, to be informed, whether the English commissioners were empowered, by a judicial act, to declare the queen guilty; whether they would engage to pass sentence without delay; whether Mary should be kept under such constraint, as should prevent her from disturbing the government in Scotland; and whether Elizabeth would engage, should she approve of their proceedings, to protect in future the party of the king? These demands, signed by himself alone, were communicated only to Maitland and Melvil. Natural as was the solicitude of the regent, Elizabeth seemed not to have foreseen the objection, nor had she empowered her commissioners to give the requested satisfaction. It became necessary

to transmit the articles to herself, when Norfolk endeavoured to impress their importance on her mind. 'Think not,' said he, 'the Scots over-scrupulous—the game they play is deep; their estates, their lives, their honours, are at stake. It is now in their own power to be reconciled to their queen, or to offend her irrecoverably; and, in a matter of so much consequence, the utmost degree of caution is not excessive.'

The regent, while the English commissioners waited for fuller instructions, gave in an answer to the complaint of the Scottish queen in terms conformable to the system he had adopted. No insinuation was given respecting the murder of Darnly; the infamy of the marriage with Bothwell was only pleaded as an excuse for having taken up arms to dissolve it; nor even on this subject was more said than what self-defence rendered absolutely necessary. The commissioners of the queen failed not to reply: but, while the article of the murder remained untouched, these distant skirmishes were followed by no consequences.

By the necessity of consulting Elizabeth upon every difficulty that occured, and the distance between York and London, much time was necessarily consumed. The negotiation of Norfolk with the regent, which had hitherto frustrated the views of the English queen, and suppressed the discoveries of which she had been in expectation, could scarcely escape her sagacity and penetration: she therefore resolved to remove the conferences to Westminster, and to appoint commissioners more worthy of confidence. It was not without difficulty that Mary and the regent were brought to approve of this change in the plan. The advantage of the commissioners of the former had been manifest, and striking, during the conferences at York. The participation of Mary in the crime of the king's murder, could only justify the proceedings of her subjects: while, therefore, this circumstance was industriously kept back, her cause could not but acquire strength. At Westminster she could not hope to enjoy the same advantages, of which Elizabeth was resolved to deprive her. For this purpose, she deliberated with anxiety how she might best overcome the scruples of the regent. The promises by which it might be necessary to allure him could scarcely be concealed from the Scottish queen, whom she therefore determined to guard more narrowly. Lord Scroope, in whose charge she at present resided, was brother-in-law to the duke of Norfolk, a circumstance

which would alone have inclined Elizabeth to remove her. Mary was accordingly carried to Tuthbury in Staffordshire, and committed to the keeping of the earl of Shrewsbury.

Notwithstanding the satisfaction expressed by the Scottish queen at seeing her cause more immediately under the eye of Elizabeth, she was not without distrust respecting this second conference. Her instructions to her commissioners were so framed, as, should her subjects be induced to exhibit a charge against her, to avoid the necessity of replying to their accusations. A mortifying circumstance confirmed her apprehensions. The regent, on his arrival in London, was immediately admitted into the presence of Elizabeth, from whom he received a cordial and respectful reception. Mary, under the first impulse of her feelings at this conduct, which she justly considered as a declaration of hostilities, wrote to her commissioners, and ordered them to complain in the presence of the English nobles, and before the ambassadors of foreign powers, of the treatment she had experienced, and the further injuries which she had cause to dread. While she languished in captivity, and laboured under every disadvantage, her rebellious subjects were allowed access to the queen, and encouraged to prefer their accusations against her. Thus circumstanced, she once more demanded to be admitted to the presence of Elizabeth, and declared, in case of a refusal, that she retracted the consent given to the conference of Westminster, and protested that she should hold as null and invalid every thing which should be there transacted.

Whether the commissioners of Mary received not this letter in due time, or whether they suffered themselves to be beguiled by the professions of Elizabeth, it appears that they gave their consent that the conference should be opened, November 25th.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, with the earls of Arundel and Leicester, lord Clinton and sir William Cecil, were added by the queen of England to her commissioners, when the difficulties, which had at York obstructed their proceedings, appeared no longer to exist. To the demand of the regent a satisfactory answer was given; his negotiation with Norfolk had been discovered to Elizabeth, on whom his personal safety, and the continuance of his power, entirely depended. By favouring Mary, she might ruin him at any time; nor would it have been difficult for her, even without restoring the queen, to deprive him of the supreme direction of

the state. Thus tempted, and thus urged, the scruples of the regent were vanquished, and he at length determined to become the accuser of the queen. To lessen the disgrace of the transaction, he affected a reluctance to the task he undertook; his party, he declared, had long submitted to the most injurious imputations rather than expose to the eyes of strangers the guilt of their sovereign, till, forced by the importunities and insolence of the adverse faction, self-defence at length compelled them to come forward. Notwithstanding the decent covering which these pretences afforded, no liberty of choice had been left to the regent: the artifices of Elizabeth, and the necessity of his affairs, compelled him to the alternative of either owning himself a rebel, or throwing on Mary the charge of murder.

This accusation was conceived in strong terms. The queen of Scots was not only said to have consented to the murder of her husband, but to have been an accessory to its contrivance and execution. She was also charged with having sheltered Bothwell from the pursuit of justice, with designs dangerous to the life of the prince her son, and projects which went to the subversion of the liberties of the nation. In confirmation of these accusations, ample evidence was offered by the regent.

On the next meeting of the commissioners, November 29th, the earl of Lenox presented himself before them, imploring the justice of Elizabeth against the queen of Scots, whom he charged upon oath with the murder of his son. This opportune appearance is not to be imputed to chance: Elizabeth spared no effort that should tend to criminate her unhappy victim.

The commissioners of Mary, surprised and indignant at the conduct of the regent, demanded, in compliance with an article in their instructions, to be allowed an audience of the queen, to whom they renewed the request of their mistress for a personal interview; and protested, should it be denied to her, against all future proceedings. They also, before their introduction to Elizabeth, acquainted Leicester and Cecil, that as their mistress had, from the beginning, wished to effect an amicable accommodation of the differences between herself and her subjects, so, notwithstanding the audacity and turpitude of the regent, she was still solicitous for such a termination.

In reply, Elizabeth informed the commissioners, that nothing could be more dishonourable to Mary, in the present junc-

ture of her affairs, than such a procedure, which would wear the appearance of having huddled up the affair for the purpose of suppressing discoveries: nor was it possible that she could be admitted into her presence, while she laboured under the infamy of a public accusation.

On this repulse the commissioners withdrew. But the purpose of Elizabeth was not yet complete: while Mary declined to answer to the charge of the regent, the proofs, which he pretended to hold in his hands, could not with propriety be produced. The project of Elizabeth to get over this difficulty, was in entire consistency with the rest of her conduct. She commanded her commissioners to testify to the regent, her indignation at his presumption in throwing on his sovereign the imputation of a vile and odious crime: when he, as she foresaw, to deprecate her wrath, offered to convince her of the foundation of his charge. For this purpose, the acts of the Scottish parliament, in confirmation of the regent's authority, the resignation extorted from the queen, the confessions* of the persons executed for the murder of the king, and the fatal casket of letters, addressed to Bothwell, and said to be written by Mary, were produced, and delivered to the English commissioners. When in possession of these documents, the style of Elizabeth to her prisoner was wholly changed. As if convinced of the certainty of her guilt, she blamed her for forbearing to vindicate herself from an accusation which could not be left unanswered without injury to her character; while she plainly hinted, that, unless the imputation should be removed, she must hope for no change in her present situation.

By such an intimation, she thought to intimidate Mary, to force her to confirm her resignation to the crown, to ratify the authority of Murray, to consent to accept her protection, and to reside, with her son, in England. In support of this plan, which she proposed both to Mary and her commissioners, she omitted no argument nor artifice by which it might be enforced and recommended. The captive queen, who perceived the stroke aimed at her reputation, her pretensions, and even at her personal safety, rejected it with indignation. "Death," said she, "is less dreadful than a step so ignominious. Rather than give away, with my own hands, the crown which descended to me from

* These confessions do not certainly appear to involve the guilt of Mary.

my ancestors, I will part with life: but the last words I utter shall be those of a queen of Scotland."

But sensible at the same time of the imputations which tarnished her fame, she empowered her commissioners, though the conference was now dissolved, to present a reply to the allegations of her enemies, in which, in strong terms, she denied the crimes laid to her charge, and recriminated on the adverse party, by declaring, that it was to themselves that the murder of the king was to be attributed. Murray and his associates asserted their innocence with warmth. Mary continued to insist on a personal interview with the queen, and Elizabeth to urge her to the vindication of her honour.

The regent became impatient of his detention in England, his adversaries, in his absence, having endeavoured to stir up commotions. Before he set out on his return, he was summoned to the privy council, to receive from Elizabeth her final sentiments. As, on the one hand, he was informed by Cecil (in the name of his mistress) nothing had been objected to his conduct, which she could deem detrimental to his honour, or inconsistent with his duty; nor, on the other, had he produced any thing against his sovereign, on which she could found an unfavourable opinion of her actions; she had, for these reasons, left the affairs of Scotland precisely in the situation in which she had found them. The commissioners of Mary were dismissed in a similiar manner. December 24th.

This conclusion of an affair which had, for upwards of four months, engrossed the attention of both nations, cannot but appear, on a superficial view, equally extraordinary and ridiculous; but the future conduct of Elizabeth rendered her purposes apparent. The neutrality which she professed existed only in words. She supplied the regent, before his departure, with a considerable sum of money, and engaged to support the party of the young king. The behaviour of Mary strengthened her in this resolution. Incensed at the duplicity with which she had been treated, and despairing of any real succour from Elizabeth, she endeavoured to rouse her own adherents in Scotland, by imputing to Murray, and to the queen of England, designs which could not fail to incense every Scotchman. She pretended, that the prince was to be conveyed by Murray into England, to which the places of greatest strength in the kingdom were to be surrendered,

and that the dependence of the Scottish upon the English nation was to be acknowledged. Also that, in return for these services, Murray was to be declared the lawful heir to the crown of Scotland, while the English succession was to be decided in favour of the earl of Hartford, who had engaged to espouse one of the daughters of Cecil. These reports were circulated widely among the Scots. Elizabeth, who perceived their tendency, and whose aversion to Mary they could not fail to increase, laboured to prevent their effects by a counter proclamation.

On the return of the regent to Scotland, which had remained tranquil during his absence, the suspended rage of the queen's faction threatened to break out anew, and to involve the kingdom in the horrors of a civil war. They were encouraged to resistance by the appearance of the duke of Chatelherault, a leader whose high quality entitled him to authority, who had for some years past resided in France, by the court of which he was now sent over. He had, in England, been invested by Mary with the dignity of her lieutenant-general in Scotland, together with the title of her adopted father. But the regent, without giving the duke time to regulate his proceedings, hastily assembled an army, with which he marched to Glasgow. By the rapidity and vigour of his movements, the strength and spirit of his adversaries were broken, and the duke compelled to come to an accommodation, at the peril of the destruction of his vassals and estates.

In this treaty Argyll and Huntly refused to be included. The affairs of the captive queen, in whose favour an intrigue was carrying on in England, began to assume a better aspect, and to open a prospect of her return to her kingdom. The advantages gained by the French king over the huguenots, promised to restore the tranquillity of France, and to enable it to afford to Mary its protection. Influenced by these circumstances the duke began to waiver, and exhibit marks of irresolution, as if desirous to evade the accomplishment of the treaty. The regent, who saw the danger which menaced him, instantly adopted a bold resolution. By his order, Chatelherault was seized in his own house at Edinburgh, whither he had come to attend the convention, and committed, with lord Herries, a prisoner to the castle. By this blow, audacious as unexpected, his party was wholly dispirited. Argyll submitted to the king, and, on easy terms, made his peace with the regent; while Huntly, thus left

to stand alone, was compelled to lay down his arms (April 16th, 1569). Lord Boyd, soon after these events, returning into Scotland, brought with him letters from the two queens, for the consideration of which a convention was held at Perth. Three different proposals were contained in the letter of Elizabeth: either that Mary should be restored to her former authority; that she should be admitted to reign jointly with her son; or be allowed in some decent retreat to reside in Scotland, without any share in the administration of affairs. These overtures had been extorted by the importunity of Fenelon, the ambassador from France. The two former of these propositions, as foreseen by Elizabeth, were immediately rejected; while, respecting the latter, many delays and difficulties must of necessity intervene.

In the letter of Mary, she demanded that her marriage with Bothwell should be reviewed by proper judges, and, if found invalid, should, by a legal sentence, be dissolved. The dissolution of these nuptials, the source of all her calamities, could only heal the wounds of her reputation, and repair the injuries she had sustained: but the convention, who chose to impute to other motives her wish for a divorce, thought proper to reject her request.

A marriage between Mary and the duke of Norfolk, was the object of the intrigues in England; a scheme conceived by the genius of Maitland, and communicated by him, during the conference at York, to the duke himself, and to the bishop of Ross. A project so flattering to his ambition, readily obtained the concurrence of the former; while the latter perceived in it a probable device for restoring his mistress to prosperity and power. Nor did Murray, who held a correspondence with Norfolk, by the means of his sister, lady Scroope, shew any aversion from the measure proposed. By the removal of the conference to Westminster, the intrigue had been suspended, but not broken off. Maitland and Ross still prompted the duke, whom they served as agents; while many letters were exchanged between Norfolk and the queen.

To deceive Elizabeth, and, by an appearance of candor, to remove her suspicions, the duke complained to her of the rumour respecting his marriage with the Scottish queen, which he disclaimed as a groundless calumny. In this negotiation, which was renewed with greater activity, several new associates were

admitted, among whom was the regent himself, then on the point of departing for Scotland. The influence of the duke in the northern parts of England was extensive and great. The earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, the most powerful noblemen of the North, threatened vengeance upon the regent for his conduct towards Mary, by which he also gave offence to Norfolk. In the view of procuring for himself a safe retreat, he apologised to the duke for his past conduct, insinuated his approbation of the projected marriage, and his intention of concurring in so desirable an event. Norfolk, rendered credulous by the eagerness of his wishes, fell into the snare spread for him. He wrote to the two earls to suffer Murray to pass unhurt, and protected him by his influence from every hostile design.

Elated with his success in having gained over the regent, the duke next essayed his power among the English nobles, whom he sought to draw over to his party. The nation, despairing of the marriage of Elizabeth, whose jealousy kept undecided the question of the succession, and affected by the remembrance of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, whose dissensions had deluged the kingdom with blood, dreaded the idea of a disputed title. The right of the Scottish queen to the succession was generally acknowledged: by espousing a foreigner or a papist she might endanger the liberty and the religion of the country: while her marriage with an Englishman, and zealous protestant, the most powerful and the most beloved among the nobles, appeared an effectual remedy against the evils apprehended. Influenced by these considerations, the majority of the nobles gave their direct, or tacit, approbation to the views of the duke. To a letter written by Leicester, addressed to Mary, and recommending the alliance, the earls of Arundel, Pembroke, Leicester, and lord Lumley, subscribed their names. It was however insisted, as a preliminary, that nothing should be attempted against Elizabeth or her posterity; that a league offensive and defensive should be formed between the two kingdoms; that the present religious establishment in Scotland should be confirmed; and that Mary should receive into her favour such of her subjects as had appeared in arms against her. On her consent to the marriage, and ratification of these articles, it was engaged, that the English nobles should restore her immediately to the throne of her ancestors, and secure to her in reversion the crown of England. These

proposals, excepting the second, with regard to which she demanded time to consult the king of France, met with a ready acquiescence from the Scottish queen.

This negotiation was carefully preserved from the knowledge of Elizabeth, whose approbation of the measures proposed could scarcely be expected: yet, as nothing was to be concluded without her consent, the confederacy believed themselves to have preserved their duty and allegiance. While the inferior associates were thus beguiled, the conductors of the intrigue extended their views. The advantages of the treaty to Mary appeared sure and present, and the engagements she bound herself to observe both uncertain and distant. The kings of France and Spain, to whom the scheme had been early communicated, had given to it their approbation. To a combination so strong and powerful, it was hoped that Elizabeth would find it necessary to yield. In confidence of success, a plan was even concerted for the rescue of Mary out of the hands of her keepers. But Norfolk, who feared lest, in the recovery of her liberty, her sentiments in his favour might suffer a change, earnestly dissuaded his associates from the attempt.

Such was the situation of affairs, when lord Boyd arrived in Scotland. Beside the letters publicly produced, he was the bearer of others, written in cyphers, from Norfolk and Throgmorton to the regent and Maitland. These, full of the most sanguine hopes, briefly narrated all that had been done. Every preliminary appeared to have been adjusted; nothing seemed wanting to the scheme but the concluding ceremony, which it depended on the regent to hasten by procuring a sentence of divorce. This expectation was founded on the promise made to Norfolk by Murray, whose situation had, since that period, become greatly changed.

He perceived in the success of the duke, the certain downfal of his own power; nor could he reasonably expect from the queen, the author of whose misfortunes he had principally been, to find either favour or impunity. Thus circumstanced, he withheld the consent demanded; a refusal by which some delay was necessarily occasioned. A contract of marriage between Norfolk and the queen of Scots, had been signed and entrusted to the ambassador of France.

A secret confided to so many persons could not remain long concealed. That Elizabeth should be made acquainted with what

was passing, was more particularly the interest of the regent. Whispers and rumors spread through the court. The duke was summoned into the presence of the queen, and warned to lay aside his dangerous schemes. Leicester, a short time afterwards, fully revealed to Elizabeth the whole transaction. Pembroke, Arundle, Lumley, and Throgmorton, were examined and confined. Mary was more strictly guarded, while Hastings, earl of Huntingdon, who pretended to dispute with her the title to the succession, being joined in commission with Shrewsbury, rendered her captivity more rigorous and intolerable. The regent, threatened with the displeasure of Elizabeth, put into her hands the letters of the duke. Norfolk retired first to Howard-house, whence, being summoned to appear before the privy-council, he fled to his seat in Norfolk. Discouraged by the fate of his associates, unprepared for rebellion, and coldly received by his friends, after hesitating some days, he thought fit to comply with a second summons, and repaired to Windsor. Having been sent a prisoner to the Tower, and detained there six months, he was at length liberated, on his humble submission to the queen, promise of future allegiance, and of renouncing all farther correspondence with Mary.

During these transactions, the party of the queen of Scotland, of whom Maitland was the soul, had indulged the most sanguine hopes. He had seduced from the regent several of his former associates, among whom were Kirkaldy and lord Home. Murray, dreading his activity and zeal, and irritated by the intrigues which he was perpetually fomenting, laid a train for his destruction, by employing one of his creatures to accuse him of having been an accessary to the murder of the late king. Under this pretence, he was carried prisoner to Edinburgh, with a design that he should take his trial. The friendship of Kirkaldy, governor of the castle, saved him from the perils by which he was beset: pretending a warrant from the regent, he rescued him from the hands of the person to whom he was confided, and, having conducted him to the castle, put it under his command. By the loss of this important place, and the defection of Kirkaldy, a man eminent for his military talents, the regent was brought into disrepute; for which, however, the success of Elizabeth, his ally, fully compensated.

On the discovery of the intrigue for restoring the Scottish queen, an attempt was made by her friends to liberate her by

force of arms; an enterprise that proved not more successful. The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, more distinguished for their rank than their personal merit, attached to the Romish religion, and dissatisfied with the court, had, since Mary's arrival in England, warmly espoused her cause. Having contrived to baffle the vigilance of her keepers, they held with her a close correspondence, and communicated to her all their designs. The liberty of the captive queen was not their sole object; neither, though acquainted with the plans of Norfolk, did the caution of his proceedings accord with the ardour and extent of their purposes. They possessed in the North large estates, and an hereditary influence over the inhabitants. Their aim was to bring about, with a change of religion, a revolution in the government of the kingdom. To this end they had solicited the assistance of the king of Spain, the avowed and bigotted patron of the papal church. Philip, delighted with the idea of involving England in a civil war, gave his promise to the earls of money and troops, whenever they would take the field with their forces, surprise any place of strength, or rescue the queen of Scots. Even the ports had been sounded where a landing could be best effected; while, under commercial pretences, an able officer was dispatched into England, that the rebels might be sure of a leader of experience. In the conduct of this project, frequent messages and meetings passed between the two earls; circumstances which were faithfully reported to Elizabeth. Unconscious of their real purpose, and suspecting merely a connexion with the schemes of Norfolk, she summoned the earls to appear in her presence. Upon their hesitation to obey the call, a second was issued still more peremptory. Aware of their designs, and dreading a discovery, the earls believed that no alternative remained: instantly setting up their standard, they prepared, by alleging their motives, to justify their rebellion. The re-establishment of the catholic religion; the settling the order of succession; and the defence of the ancient nobility, were the pleas they urged in defence of their conduct. From among the lower ranks numbers flocked to them; but the leaders wanted capacity to render their enterprise formidable. The prudence and vigilance displayed by Elizabeth on this occasion, was equalled only by the ardour with which she was served. Mary, on the first rumour of what was passing, was removed to Coventry, a place which to be taken would require

a regular siege. A detachment from among the insurgents sent to rescue her, returned without having effected their purpose. As the troops of the queen, assembled from different parts of the kingdom, advanced to meet the rebels, they retired from before them. In these retreats, their spirits sunk as their numbers gradually melted away. Despair, and uncertainty whither to fly, kept for a time a small body among the mountains, who were at length obliged to disperse. The two chiefs, with the countess of Northumberland, took refuge on the Scottish borders, where they wandered some days in the wastes of Liddisdale, till, plundered by banditti, and exposed to the rigours of the season,* they were left destitute of the necessaries of life. Westmoreland, having been concealed by some friends, was afterwards conveyed to the Netherlands; while Northumberland fell into the hands of the regent, who had advanced with some troops towards the borders.

Elizabeth at length became weary of her dangerous captive, whose detention formed a pretence for perpetual cabals. She determined, therefore, to resign her into the hands of the regent, whose interest was so nearly involved in her security. A negotiation for this purpose was commenced, and carried to some length, when it was discovered by the watchfulness of the bishop of Ross, who, joined by the French and Spanish ambassadors, remonstrated earnestly against the infamy of the act. An accident, in the mean time, for ever prevented a revival of the plan. The regent fell a victim to private resentment, by the rage of a man whom he had mortally offended, who assassinated him at Linlithgow, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. His administration had been popular; he had dispensed justice with impartiality, repressed with courage the licentiousness of the borderers, and established tranquillity in the country. He was long remembered among the commons by the title of the Good Regent.

The party of the king was by this unexpected blow filled with consternation, nor was Elizabeth less affected; while the adherents of Mary, to whom the assassin fled, received him with joy and triumph. By their indecent exultations they drew upon themselves suspicions of having been accessary to the murder. On the day succeeding to the catastrophe, Scott and Ker, two zealous friends of the queen, entered England in arms, and plundered and burnt the surrounding country.

* December 21st, 1569.

During the anarchy which followed the death of Murray, every species of irregularity was practised with impunity. To restrain these evils, a convention of the nobles assembled themselves to deliberate respecting a successor to the regent. The adherents of the queen refused to be present at the meeting, and protested against its proceedings. The faction of the king were also divided in their opinions. Maitland, who had been liberated by Kirkaldy, laboured to bring about a coalition between the parties, and proposed to admit the queen, jointly with her son, to a share in the government. Elizabeth, on the contrary, still adhering to her ancient system, sought to perpetuate disorder and animosity, and to multiply the factions by which the kingdom was torn. The convention broke up without any decision, and a new meeting, to which all parties were invited, was appointed on the 1st of May (1570). Maitland and Kirkaldy, who were most active in their endeavours to heal the wounds of their bleeding country, and who both acknowledged the authority of the king, were themselves divided in opinion, respecting the propriety of admitting Mary to a share in the administration.

At this juncture an envoy arrived from France, with promises of a powerful succour to the friends of the queen. The earl of Sussex, on the other hand, who was assembling an army on the borders, added strength and spirits to the party of the king. The rage of the adverse factions, which had been in some degree suspended by the attempt towards a coalition, revived, on the failure of this plan, with its ancient fury. Morton the most able leader on the side of the king, solicited the interposition and aid of Elizabeth. The chiefs of the faction of the queen marched to Edinburgh, within whose gates, by the influence of Kirkaldy, they were reluctantly admitted. The earl of Atholl and Maitland, together with Kirkaldy, embraced, almost openly, their party; while the duke and lord Herries resumed their places in the councils. They published a proclamation, declaratory of their intention to support the authority of the queen; nor did they seem inclined to quit the city before the approaching convention, in which they trusted to secure a majority of voices.

The nobles, who still remained faithful to the king, though weakened by the defection of many of their friends, met at Edinburgh, on the day appointed (May 1st) and issued a counter-proclamation, by which they declared the adherents of the queen

to be traitors to their country, and charged them with the murder both of Darnley and the regent. The assistance of Elizabeth was necessary to enable them either to elect a new regent, or to take the field against their adversaries; nor did she suffer them long to implore her in vain. Sir William Drury, by her order, marched into Scotland, with a thousand foot and three hundred horse; when, on being joined by the adherents of the king, he advanced towards Glasgow, from which he forced the adverse party, who had already begun their attacks, precipitately to retire. Having plundered the neighbouring country, which belonged to the Hamiltons, seized some of their castles, and razed others, he returned with his forces to Edinburgh.

Under the protection of Drury, Lenox returned into Scotland, whom it was the secret wish of Elizabeth to raise to the regency. To this dignity his relation to the young monarch, his illustrious birth, and royal alliances, appeared to give him a natural claim. An open support of the title of Lenox might have proved to his patroness of dangerous consequences; nor did she venture to act decisively in his favour, till encouraged to be explicit by a singular event. A bull was issued by pope Pius V., by which Elizabeth was excommunicated, deprived of her kingdom, and her subjects absolved from their oath of allegiance. Felton, an Englishman, had the temerity to fix this mandate on the gates of the bishop of London's palace. This step, imputed by the queen to a combination of the catholic princes against her, led her to suspect some plot in favour of Mary. Thus circumstanced, and convinced that on her influence in Scotland the safety of her own kingdom depended, she renewed her promises of protection to the party of the king, encouraged them to proceed to the election of a regent, and even pointed out the earl of Lenox as having the best title. By a convention of the whole party, on the 12th of July, this dignity was accordingly conferred upon him.

His first act, on his elevation, was to prevent the meeting of a parliament, summoned by the party of the queen to assemble at Linlithgow. He marched afterwards against the earl of Huntley, Mary's lieutenant in the North, and forced the garrison placed by him in Brechin to surrender at discretion. He also made himself master of some other castles. Emboldened by this successful commencement of his administration, and by the army

of Sussex, hovering on the borders, he deprived Maitland of his office of secretary, and proclaimed him with the duke, Huntly, and other leaders of the party, traitors and enemies to their country.

Since her captivity in England, Mary had corresponded with the king of Spain, to whom, in the present situation of their affairs, her adherents addressed themselves. By their persuasions, the duke of Alva was prevailed upon to grant them a small supply of money and arms, and to send two of his officers, to take a view of the country, and examine its coasts and harbours, But this assistance so inadequate to their relief, would have availed them but little, had not their safety been secured by another circumstance, a treaty carrying on by Elizabeth, under pretence of restoring Mary to her throne. But little progress had been made in this negotiation, till the peace concluded in France, between the catholics and the protestants, by awakening her fears respecting the interposition of Charles, quickened the motions of Elizabeth. Having affected to treat her prisoner with greater lenity, and to listen to the solicitations of the foreign ambassadors in her behalf, she laboured, in proof of her sincerity, to procure between the contending parties in Scotland a cessation of hostilities. Lenox, elated with his success, and flattering himself with a triumph over his enemies, whose forces and estates were discouraged and exhausted, refused at first to accede to this measure, till compelled by considerations which affected his own safety. A cessation of arms was agreed upon for two months, to commence on the 3d of September: this truce, renewed from time to time, continued till the 1st of April in the ensuing year.

Cecil and sir Walter Mildmay* were sent by Elizabeth to the captive queen, the hour of whose deliverance appeared to be really approaching. The propositions which were made to her, though advantageous to Elizabeth, were not derogatory to the dignity of Mary. It was required that she should ratify the treaty of Edinburgh; that she should renounce any pretensions to the English crown, during the lives of the present sovereign and those of her posterity; that she should adhere to the alliance between the two kingdoms, and pardon those subjects who had taken up arms against her. Also, that she should engage to hold

* The former prime-minister, the latter chancellor of the exchequer.

no correspondence, and to countenance no enterprise, that might tend to disturb the government of Elizabeth. Some persons of rank were demanded as hostages for the accomplishment of this engagement; and a few castles on the borders required to be put into the hands of Elizabeth. To some of these propositions Mary agreed, while others she endeavoured to evade. Copies of them were in the mean time transmitted by her to the pope, to the kings of France and Spain, and to the duke of Alva: to these potentates she intimated, that, without a timely and vigorous interposition in her behalf, she should be obliged to purchase liberty at the price proposed to her. But the pope had exhausted his treasury by efforts against the Turks. Charles was meditating a conspiracy against his huguenot subjects. Philip was engaged in hostilities against the infidels, and involved in disputes with his own subjects. For these reasons Mary was advised, without depending on foreign aid, to conclude for herself the best terms she could procure.

Thus circumstanced, she consented to the majority of Elizabeth's demands, while she seemed to promise still farther concessions. But however solemnly this treaty had been carried on, it was intended, on the part of the English cabinet, only to gain time, and to amuse the allies of the Scottish queen. After her ungenerous treatment of Mary, who, notwithstanding her confinement, had found means to excite in England dangerous commotions, Elizabeth durst not dismiss her: the probable effects of her resentment were too formidable to be hazarded. Could it be supposed that she would hold herself bound by any engagements extorted from her by the necessity of her situation? What security could she give for her future conduct? or what benefits could efface the remembrance of the injuries she had suffered? One act of injustice involves others in its train; one prevarication may entangle us in endless falsehood.

While these reasonings passed in the mind of Elizabeth, she suffered them not to appear in her conduct. Seven of her privy-counsellors were commissioned to settle the articles of the treaty: the bishops of Ross, of Galloway, and lord Levingstone, were appointed, as her ambassadors, by Mary; while the regent was required to name proper persons to appear on the part of the king. The earl of Morton, the abbot of Dunfermling, and sir James Macgill, were the persons chosen by Lenox. The pro-

tracted preparations for their journey accorded with the wishes of Elizabeth: they however at length arrived in London, where they met the commissioners of the rival queens, February. 19th, 1571. The ambassadors of Mary discovered by their compliances a sincere desire to accommodate every difference, and to accomplish the deliverance of their mistress. In vindication of their conduct, and in justification of their treatment of their queen, Morton and his associates spoke of the limited power of princes, and the natural right of subjects to resist and control them, in terms that could not fail of shocking Elizabeth, whose notions of the regal prerogative are sufficiently known. They also declared, that, with regard to the authority of the king, they neither had nor could have instructions to consent to any treaty by which it might be subverted, or even impaired in the smallest degree. Nothing could be more absurd than this reply: the hand of Elizabeth had seated James on the throne, where her power upheld him: to whatever conditions she should think proper to prescribe, he could have no choice but submission. She however affected to consider this frivolous objection as altogether insuperable, and, furnished with a pretence, put a stop to the negotiations, till the regent should think proper to send ambassadors with greater powers. After having been deluded with the hope of liberty for ten months, the unhappy Mary beheld herself more strictly guarded with no prospect of escape remaining to her: the friends who still adhered to her cause, were, without an ally or a protector, exposed to the fury of enemies, whom success had rendered insolent and ferocious.

The loss of Dunbarton followed, and the capture and death of Hamilton, archbishop of St. Andrew's, a severe blow to the faction of the queen, to which it afforded a pretence for the renewal of hostilities, which recommenced with additional fury. Kirkaldy, who, during the truce, had been careful to strengthen his garrison, declared, by a proclamation, the authority of the regent to be illegal and usurped. To this he added a command, that within six hours the favourers of Lenox should quit the town. He then seized the arms belonging to the citizens, planted a battery on the steeple of St. Giles, repaired the walls, fortified the gates of the city, and held out the metropolis against the regent. The duke, with other chiefs of the party, hastened with their followers to Edinburgh; and, having received from France

some ammunition, with a small sum of money, formed an army within its walls. On the other side, Morton seized and fortified Leith, where the regent joined him with a body of troops. Daily skirmishes, with various success, took place between the armies.

A parliament had been, some time previous to these events, summoned by the regent to assemble in the liberties, though without the walls of Edinburgh, when Kirkaldy had endeavoured in vain to disturb their deliberations. Having passed an act, whereby Maitland, and some others, were attainted, they had adjourned from the 14th of May, 1571, to the 28th of August. The opposite faction, with the same show of authority, followed this example. A declaration of the queen was produced on this occasion, of the invalidity of the deed by which she had resigned the crown; and an act was passed, pronouncing the resignation to have been extorted by fear, to be null in itself, and in all its consequences; and enjoining the nation to acknowledge the queen as their lawful sovereign, and to support those who acted in her name. By another statute the establishment of the protestant religion was confirmed; and, in imitation of their adversaries, a new meeting appointed on the 26th of August.

During these transactions the kingdom was desolated by civil dissensions: friends and families were divided, and arranged under different standards: *king's-men* and *queen's-men* were the terms of political distinction, under which the ties of nature, and the sympathies of affection, were outraged and violated. To civil fury, religious rage, more bloody and unrelenting, added its terrors. The two great parties were subdivided by numberless distinctions and shades of difference, which their several chiefs sought to soften and unite. By Morton, the most able and powerful of the adherents of the king, a particular course was held: prompted by the court of England, he moved only according to its dictates, and thwarted every measure that might tend to conciliation; while, from the protection of Elizabeth, whom he served with fidelity, his power and credit received daily accession.

The time drew near for the meeting of the several parliaments: in that held in the name of the queen, which assembled at Edinburgh, three peers and two bishops only appeared. With an authority so contemptible, they presumed to pass an act for the attainder of two hundred persons of the opposite party. The meeting at Stirling was numerous and splendid. Three earls,

Argyle, Eglinton, and Cassils, who were among the most powerful nobles of the kingdom, and lord Boyd, who had been a commissioner of Mary at York and Westminster, zealous in her cause, and admitted to her most secret councils, were prevailed on by the regent to acknowledge the authority of the king. In turbulent periods, amidst the change of interest and the shifting of principle, when temptation abounds and varies its form, fidelity is rare, and consistency still rarer. This defection, which added strength to the regent, and reflected reputation on his cause, injured in proportion that of the queen. The parliament of Stirling, after the example of that of Edinburgh, framed acts against the faction of their adversaries. But, in the midst of their security, while confiding in their numbers, they were, early one morning, suddenly roused by the cries of the enemy in the centre of the town. The houses of every person of distinction were in an instant surrounded, while the regent, Argyle, Morton, Eglinton, Cassils, and other noblemen, were seized as prisoners, and mounted behind troopers, prepared to carry them with speed to Edinburgh. This daring blow, struck by Kirkaldy, might have for ever terminated the contest, and restored peace to his bleeding country, but for the too great solicitude of his friends respecting his personal safety. Having been prevailed on to decline conducting the enterprise, four hundred men, by his directions, set out from Edinburgh, and, commanded by Huntly, lord Claud Hamilton, and Scott of Buccleugh, marched towards the south, whence, wheeling to the right, horses being provided for the infantry, they rode straight to Sterling, on whose walls, which they reached by four in the morning, not a single sentry was posted, neither was any man awake about the place. From Morton only, among those whom they seized, did they meet any resistance. The obstinate courage with which he defended his house, obliged them to set it on fire; nor did he surrender till forced out by the flames. Some time necessarily elapsed in his siege, during which the private men, unused to discipline, left their colours, and began to rifle the shops and houses. The uproar quickly reached the castle, whence the earl of Mar sallied, with thirty soldiers, and fired briskly upon the enemy, of whom the officers only had kept together. The townsmen flew to arms in aid of their governor, and struck into the assailants a panic dread. While some fled, others surrendered themselves to those who

had recently been their prisoners: the borderers, who followed Scott, by carrying off all the horses prevented a pursuit, or not man of their party would have escaped. The loss on the side of the king was inconsiderable, excepting by the death of the regent. Among the soldiers of the queen—"*Think on the archbishop of St. Andrew's*," was the word; and to his memory Lenox was made a sacrifice. The officer to whom he surrendered lost his life in his defence: that he was slain by the orders of lord Claud Hamilton was generally believed. This enterprise had been planned by Kirkaldy with consummate skill, prudence, and secrecy; its failure must be attributed to the desperate valour of Morton, and to the licentious irregularity of the troops of the assailants.

The assembled nobles proceeded without delay to the election of a new regent, for which office, Morton, Mar, and Argyle, were the candidates. A majority prevailed in favour of Mar, who had distinguished himself by his moderation, disinterestedness, and humanity: his power was inferior to that of Argyle, his talents to those of Morton; circumstances which, by rendering him less formidable to the nobles, contributed to his elevation. His recent merit also, in having rescued the party from certain destruction, added strength to his claim.

During these transactions in Scotland, the proceedings in England, not less interesting to Mary, proved more fatal to her cause. An act had been passed in the English parliament, by which, to claim any right to the crown while the queen was living, to prefer to her the title of any other person, or to maintain that the parliament might not settle and limit the order of succession, were declared to be high treason. This statute was a blow aimed at the captive queen and her adherents. A treaty of marriage was also carrying on between Elizabeth and the duke of Anjou, a prince of the blood-royal of France; during which negotiation the French court could not, with propriety, give open succour to the cause of the Scottish queen.

Thus circumstanced, Mary considered France, which she had hitherto looked to as her most powerful support, as already united to her enemy. Under this conviction, she turned her views towards Spain; with which, through the bishop of Ross, she already held a secret correspondence; and which had, from time to time, supplied both herself, and her friends in Scotland,

with small pecuniary sums. Ridolphi, a Florentine gentleman, residing in London under the character of a banker, but privately acting as an agent for the pope, was the person entrusted with this intrigue. The duke of Norfolk, on his promise of forbearing all farther intercourse with the queen of Scots, had been lately restored by Elizabeth to freedom. It was to him, without whose concurrence she took no step of importance, that Mary thought it necessary to communicate the secret of her negotiation with Spain. In a long letter, written to him in cypher, she complained of the desertion of the French court; declared her resolution of imploring aid from Spain, now become her only resource; and recommended the Florentine to his confidence, as a person capable of advancing the scheme. This letter, which, after having decyphered, Norfolk commanded his secretary to burn, was, together with other treasonable papers, hid under the duke's own bed.

Norfolk had by a variety of motives and many arguments been induced to enter into the plot of Ridolphi, of which the English court had, from an intercepted agent, received some intimation; and which an accident at length completely discovered.* Betrayed by his own servants, on whose fidelity he relied, Norfolk, while confidently asserting his innocence, was confounded by the appearance of the hidden papers; and induced, by this unexpected treachery, to acknowledge his guilt, and throw himself on the clemency of the queen. But his offence was of too high a nature, and had been too frequently repeated, to hope for pardon. Elizabeth wished to give an example to her subjects, and to deter them from intriguing with the captive queen. Norfolk, tried by his peers, was found guilty, and expiated his offences on the scaffold. The bishop of Ross, the prime agent of Mary, was also taken into custody, his papers searched, and himself committed to the Tower, whence, after along confinement, and rigorous treatment, he was liberated only on condition that he should quit the kingdom. The affairs of Mary suffered great detriment from these transactions; nor was she suffered, from that time, to have an ambassador at the English court. The Spanish minister received a command to leave England. A stricter guard was set over the captive queen, the number of her domestics abridged, and no person permitted to see her but in the presence of her keepers.

* See Memoirs of Elizabeth.

Irritated by the attempt of Mary against her government, and foreseeing a tempest gathering on the continent, Elizabeth determined, without disguise, to embrace and assist the party of the king. To the leaders of both factions this resolution was intimated. Henceforth, she told them, that she should consider Mary, who had conspired against her crown and life, as unworthy of protection, nor would she consent to restore her to freedom, far less to replace her on the throne. Having exhorted them, therefore, to unite in acknowledging the authority of the king, she engaged, by her mediation, to procure equitable terms for those by whom it had been hitherto opposed. To these promises, she added threats against those who should still remain refractory. Though an immediate effect was not produced by this declaration, it is certain, that, by so explicit a discovery of the sentiments of Elizabeth, the hopes of one party was animated in the same proportion as those of the other were depressed.

Kirkaldy still held out the town and castle of Edinburgh, while the forces of the regent lay at Leith. Both parties, avoiding a decisive engagement, harassed each other by skirmishes and attacks; till, by the perpetual exercise and agitation of their passions, they were wrought up to a degree of savage fury. The laws of war and of humanity were alike trampled under foot; nor was the animosity of the different factions confined to the field: the prisoners taken on either side were, whatever might be their quality or rank, hanged without mercy and without a trial. Fifty of these wretched victims were led at a time to execution; the country seemed in danger of depopulation; nor was it till after both sides had severely suffered, that this barbarous practice was discontinued. The inhabitants of the town and castle began at length to suffer for want of provisions; the enemy having destroyed all the mills in the neighbourhood of the city, and planted in every house of strength small garrisons. A suspension of hostilities, procured by the mediation of the English and French ambassadors, could only have preserved them from the misery of famine.

A defensive alliance had been entered into between the crowns of England and France: the two kingdoms, in consequence of this treaty, affected to act in concert in the affairs of Scotland. The truce procured by them, while it afforded a seasonable relief to the friends of Mary in the south, proved fatal to her ad-

herents in the north, where a superiority had been still maintained by the efforts of sir Adam Gordon. That part of the kingdom would in a short time probably have submitted to the queen, but for the suspension of hostilities.

But notwithstanding the gallantry and success of Gordon, the interest of Mary was evidently declining, both in her own country, and in that of her rival, whose jealousy of foreigners made them regard with abhorrence her negotiations with the court of Spain. The parliament, which met in May, 1572, having proceeded against the queen of Scots as the most dangerous enemy to the kingdom, brought in a bill to declare her guilty of high treason, and to deprive her of the right of succeeding to the crown. To the mortification suffered by Mary from these severe proceedings in England, was added that of the neglect of her continental allies. The duke of Montmorency, who came over from the French king, for the purpose of ratifying the league with England, contented himself with demanding for the captive queen only a slight mitigation of the rigours of her imprisonment; and even this request was urged with so little warmth, that it was productive of no consequence.

Elizabeth, gratified by the alliance with France, from which she promised herself an increase of security, turned her whole attention towards Scotland. But while she laboured to effect an agreement between the contending parties, an event took place in France which filled Europe with horror. The hugenots, whom promises of safety and favour had allured to the court and capital of the kingdom, were, in one barbarous and undistinguishing carnage, devoted to general destruction.* By the protestants this massacre was considered but as the prelude to some more effectual blow, in a general conspiracy against their sect, by the princes of the Romish church. This notion was supported by too many facts not to operate against the cause of Mary: her attachment to a religion by which its votaries were allowed to violate their faith with the enemies of their church, could not fail to lay a foundation of just distrust. Against the league formed to overthrow the reformation, a general confederacy of its adherents could only be opposed: a strict union with Elizabeth, and the concurrence of both nations, appeared necessary to a defence of the common cause.

* See Memoirs of Catherine de Medicis.

Of this conjuncture of affairs, the regent availed himself, for the purpose of negotiating a general peace; nor could his efforts have failed of success, but for the jealousy of Morton, whose pretensions to the regency having suffered a disappointment, he had never forgiven his rival the defeat: by his wealth, his abilities, and the patronage of England, he was enabled but too successfully to thwart every pacific and conciliating measure. With him all those of the queen's party, who were in the possession of lands, gladly concurred. The miseries of civil war were thus protracted by the ambition and avarice of an interested few.

The regent, who loved his country, and whose integrity had even procured him the confidence of his enemies, beheld the odious selfishness of his party, which still frustrated his most patriotic plans, with a grief and mortification that seized on his spirits, and gradually conducted him to the tomb. On the 29th of October, 1572, he fell a victim to the difficulties of his situation, and expired, regretted and esteemed by the virtuous of both factions, who united in the acknowledgment of his honour and his worth.

Morton, supported by Elizabeth, and against whom no competitor ventured to appear, was, notwithstanding the fears of the people and the jealousy of the nobles, put in possession of the vacant office, and made the fourth who, in the space of five years, had been elected to the regency.

Knox, the prime instrument of the establishment of the reformation in Scotland, expired towards the latter end of this year, on the 27th of November, and in the sixty-seventh year of his age. His eulogium was pronounced by the earl of Morton, who was present at his funeral, and who had often smarted from his temerity, in a few words: 'There lies one,' said he, 'who never feared the face of man.'

Morton, though not from the generous motives that had influenced the former regent, began at length to labour in earnest for peace. Those calamities and confusions to which he had heretofore owed his power, had in his present station become detrimental to his interest. His authority as regent, while so many of the nobility continued in arms against him, was necessarily enfeebled and rendered precarious. Nor was Elizabeth less earnest to extinguish the fires she had kindled. Her confidence in France had been broken by the late event: to this was added

a warning by her ambassador, that the French held correspondence with the adherents of Mary in Scotland, whom they encouraged in their disaffection to the existing government. The duke of Alva also, with less disguise, carried on his intrigues, and meditated an invasion of the kingdom. To unite the two parties, appeared to Elizabeth the only safe method by which these projects could be frustrated.

The friends of Mary were divided into two factions, at the head of one of which were Chatelherault and Huntley; while Maitland and Kirkaldy were the leaders of the other. The first overtures were made by the regent to the latter, with whom he laboured to renew the negotiation, which, by his own artifices, had been formerly set aside. His purposes and system of government were known to Kirkaldy; while by Maitland he was considered as a personal and implacable enemy. With a view to gain time, and to put in practice other plans, they entouraged the advances of Morton, and proposed conditions which his interest prompted him to reject. The regent saw through their designs, and the snares which beset his path. All hopes of accommodation of course vanished.

Kirkaldy, at the expiration of the truce, began to fire on the city of Edinburgh, which, by the return of its expelled inhabitants, was once more in the cause of the king. But with Chatelherault and Huntley, with whom a treaty was now set on foot, the cessation of arms still continued. Less scrupulous than the other party, they had listened eagerly to the overtures of the regent. The approach of old age had increased the natural instability and indolence of the duke. Five years had civil war desolated Scotland, nor had its ruinous consequences served the cause of the queen. Neither party had gained honour, and both had been sufferers: in wasting the estates of their adversaries, they had exhausted and destroyed their own. The misery of the people led them to long for a peace. Towards this desirable end, a great step was taken by the treaty concluded at Perth, between Chatelherault and the regent, under the mediation of Killegrew the English ambassador. All parties comprehended in this treaty were to declare their approbation of the reformed religion; to submit to the government of the king, to own the authority of the regent, and to acknowledge that every thing, since the coronation of James, done in opposition to it was illegal. The prisoners on

both sides were to be liberated, and the lands restored to their proper owners. The act of attainder passed against the adherents of the queen was to be repealed, and indemnity granted for all the offences of which they had been guilty since June, 1567. The treaty was also to be ratified in parliament, by the common consent of both parties, February 23, 1573.

Though abandoned by his associates, Kirkaldy lost not his courage, nor did he entertain any thoughts of accommodation. Though all Scotland had now submitted to the king, he still resolved, in the name of the queen, to defend the castle, and to wait for the arrival of foreign succours. The regent was not provided for carrying on a siege, till Elizabeth, anxious to terminate the dissensions in Scotland before France should find leisure to interfere, supplied all his wants. Sir William Drury, with fifteen hundred foot, and a train of artillery, marched into Scotland, and joined the forces of Morton; when the trenches were opened by the combined troops, and approaches regularly made against the castle. The gallant Kirkaldy, notwithstanding the loss of a sum of money, remitted to him from France, and betrayed by treachery into the hands of Morton, defended himself with a spirit augmented by despair. The efforts of the besiegers, who, with emulative courage, pushed on their attacks, were for three-and-thirty days, bravely resisted: nor did the besieged demand a parley, till the fortifications were battered down, one of the wells in the castle dried up, and the other choaked with rubbish. Even then the mind of Kirkaldy was unsubdued, and he determined rather to fall gloriously behind the last entrenchments, than to yield to his inveterate enemies. This heroic, though rash, resolution was opposed by a mutiny in his garrison, which, rising up in a body, forced him to capitulate. Kirkaldy surrendered himself, May 29th, to Drury, the English general, who, in the name of his mistress, promised him favourable treatment. James Kirkaldy his brother, Maitland, lord Hume, Sir Robert Melvil, a few citizens of Edinburgh, and about one hundred and sixty soldiers, were made prisoners on this occasion.

Thus was the civil war brought to a termination; and even the shadow of sovereignty, which amidst all her sufferings, had still remained to Mary, totally destroyed. She was no longer allowed to have an ambassador in England, the only dignity which she had for some time retained. Henceforth she must be

considered as an exile, stripped of all the ensigns of royalty, guarded with jealousy in one kingdom, and deserted and forgotten in the other.

Kirkaldy and his brave associates remained in the hands of Drury, by whom they were treated with respect and humanity, till their fate should be determined by Elizabeth. By the regent it was insisted, that they should be given up to the punishment due to their obstinacy and rebellion; nor should he, he declared, think himself in safety so long as they were allowed to live. Without regarding the honour of Drury, or his promises made in her name, Elizabeth basely yielded these heroes, so deserving of a better fate, into the hands of their implacable enemy, who first confined them in separate prisons, and then, with the consent of the queen of England, condemed the Kirkaldys to an ignominous death. Maitland, who expected not more favourable treatment, disappointed the malice of his persecutors by withdrawing himself from their rage. "He ended his days," says Mervil, "after the old Roman fashion."

Mary bewailed in prison, with vain lamentations, those friends whom the regent sacrificed to his vengeance; while confinement, sorrow, and hope deferred, gradually undermined her health. At the intercession of the French ambassador, lord Shrewsbury, her keeper, was permitted to carry her to Buxton-wells, which were at no great distance from the place of her imprisonment. In the course of that year, 1573, the recal of the duke of Alva from the Netherlands, whence he had negotiated with the captive queen, relieved Elizabeth from the portion of her disquietudes.

Notwithstanding the tranquillity which now took place in Scotland, it required all the ability and vigour of the regent to re-establish order and security in the kingdom. But the reputation due to this salutary service was sullied by the extortions mingled in its performance: these exactions became even more pernicious than the evils which they restrained. Spies and informers were employed and encouraged, old offences revived, small trespasses exaggerated, and crimes compounded for by the payment of exorbitant fines. The current coin was also debased, and all the refinements of oppression brought into practice. The grievances of the clergy, which had before been of sufficient magnitude, were aggravated and multiplied; while the scanty fund allowed for their support was seized on by the insatiable avarice of the regent.

The death of the duke of Chatelherault, which took place in the beginning of the year 1575, proved an additional misfortune to Mary: his title, as next heir to the crown, had served to counterbalance the ascendancy of the regent, the weight of whose oppressions began now to extend to the nobles, whose dignity was unable to defend them from his power. A contest between two of their order, in which he had thought proper to interfere, made a deep impression on their minds, and drew on him future vengeance. The Scottish nobility, whose power had vied with that of their monarchy, beheld with indignation the arbitrary proceedings of a regent; while the people, little accustomed to the burthen of taxes, loudly complained of his rapacity. All eyes were turned for a redress of their grievances towards the young king, and the return of a milder and more equal government.

James, now in the twelfth year of his age, had, soon after his birth, been committed to the care of the earl of Mar, and had resided during the civil wars in safety at the castle of Stirling. Under the celebrated Buchanan, and three other preceptors, the most eminent which the nation afforded for their skill in the sciences, the prince made a considerable progress in learning, for which he early displayed a predilection. The Scotch already beheld in their future monarch all those talents and virtues, which the people, with fond credulity, are prone to discover in princes during the period of their minority. The youth of James prevented the regent from attending to the popular sentiment, or calculating on its probable consequences. He neglected to conciliate the friendship of those whose offices fixed them near the person of James, and even exasperated some of them by personal injuries. By this impolitic conduct, an early jealousy of his power and intentions was infused into the mind of the young king. The rigour with which Morton swayed the reins of administration, was unknown to the ancient monarchs of Scotland: the nation, groaning under his oppressions, were ready to welcome a milder government. These with other arguments were assiduously suggested to James, upon whose mind they failed not to make a strong impression. A plot was set on foot by the enemies of Morton for the purpose of effecting his overthrow.

The commons, the clergy, and the city of Edinburgh, had been alike alienated from him by his multiplied oppressions. Elizabeth, occupied by the affairs of the Netherlands, had little leisure to

attend to Scotland; in which, having nothing at present to fear from France, she was not displeased to behold the rise of new factions. The falling fortunes of Morton were abandoned by the nobles of his party; the people rejoiced in the prospect of his disgrace; while a variety of circumstances combined to his ruin. In the presence of the assembled nation he resigned to the king the ensigns of his power: the acclamations of the multitude testified their satisfaction, and convinced him that he had forfeited the confidence of his country. Having obtained from James an act of indemnity for the past, he retired to one of his country seats, to which the people gave the name of the *Lion's Den*, with a mind deeply wounded by deserved humiliation. His wealth and abilities still rendered him formidable; while, guided by disappointed ambition, and intent on schemes for the re-establishment of his power, he cherished a restless and gloomy disquietude. A council of twelve peers was appointed to assist the king in the administration of affairs: impatient to strip the fallen regent of his last remains of power, they required him to surrender the castle of Edinburgh, of which he still retained the possession. He refused a compliance with this requisition, and began to prepare for defence and resistance, when the citizens of Edinburgh took up arms, and obliged him for the present to submit to his destiny.

On the assumption of the government into his own hands, James dispatched an envoy to inform Elizabeth of the event, to offer a renewal of the alliance between the two kingdoms, and to demand possession of the estates of his grandmother, the countess of Lenox, lately deceased.

Mary, about this period, sent, by Naué her secretary, a letter to her son, with a present of jewels, and an embroidered vest. But as the title of prince of Scotland only was given him, the messenger was dismissed without being admitted to the royal presence.

On Morton's resignation of the regency, the act of indemnity which he had obtained of James was worded with a scrupulous exactness, that seemed to preclude any future danger. The only crime which could not with decency have been inserted in a pardon granted by his son, was the murder of the late king; a circumstance of which the enemies of the regent failed not to avail themselves. Captain Stewart, a favourite of James, a man

of profligate morals, and shameless effrontery, having entered the council-chamber, before the king and the assembled nobles, fell on his knees, and charged Morton with being an accessary in the conspiracy against their late monarch; while he offered, under the usual penalties, to verify this accusation. Morton, who was present, and who had in a great degree retained his ascendency, heard the charge with firmness, and replied to it with disdain; declaring, 'that his known zeal in punishing those who were suspected of that detestable crime, might well exempt him from such suspicions: nevertheless, he would cheerfully submit to a trial, either in that place or in any other court; when he doubted not but his innocence, and the malice of his enemies, would appear in the clearest and most unequivocal light.' Stewart, still kneeling, was proceeding in his allegations, when the king put a stop to the contest.

Morton was first confined to his own house, and afterwards committed to the castle of Edinburgh, of which his enemy, Erskine, was governor. He was soon after removed to Dunbarton, where Lenox held the command. The kinsmen of Morton, believing a conspiracy formed against their house, were ready to take up arms in his defence; but declaring, that he would rather suffer ten thousand deaths than, by seeming to decline the trial, bring an imputation on his own character, he strictly forbade their interference.

Elizabeth, alarmed by these circumstances, and the contempt with which her former interposition had been treated, warmly interested herself in the fate of Morton, to whom she owed so many essential services. Having dispatched Randolph as her ambassador to Scotland, she ordered a considerable body of troops to assemble on its borders. Randolph, after a forcible remonstrance, and an enumeration of the benefits owed by James to England, declared in the name of his mistress, that if any zeal for religion remained among the nobles of Scotland, if they wished for the continuance of the friendship of England, or if they valued the privileges of their own order, they must remove Lenox from the presence of the king, rescue Morton from the hands of his avowed enemies, and secure to him a fair and impartial trial. To this he added, that if force were necessary towards the accomplishment of a design, so salutary to the king and kingdom, he was commissioned to promise them the aid and protection of his mistress

Nor were these the only means essayed by Elizabeth to preserve Morton from the destruction which menaced him. But every attempt proving unavailing, the English ambassador was compelled to abandon Scotland, while both kingdoms wore an hostile aspect. The greater the solicitude displayed by Elizabeth for the deliverance of Morton, the more inveterate became the rage of his adversaries: to the fate that he had reason to expect, was added the bitter mortification of beholding Stewart, his enemy and accuser, as a recompence for the malice which had contributed to his ruin, laden with high and undeserved honours.

The whole proceedings during the trial appear to have been equally irregular, violent, and unjust: large bodies of armed men were drawn up by his adversaries in different parts of the city: the jury was composed of the prisoner's avowed enemies, and, though he challenged some of them, his objections were overruled. After a short consultation, he was found guilty of concealing, and of being *art and part* in the conspiracy against the late king. At the first part of the verdict he seemed not surprised, but, having twice repeated with vehemence the words *art and part*, 'God knows,' exclaimed he, 'it is not so!' The doom decreed by the law against traitors was pronounced; but the cruel and ignominious part of the sentence was remitted by the king, who appointed that he should be beheaded on the ensuing day.

During this interval, Morton displayed the force of his mind; he supped cheerfully, passed a part of the night in sleep, and employed the remainder in acts of devotion. To the minister who attended him, and who dealt plainly with him respecting his offences, he made the following confession in regard to the crime for which he suffered. On his return from England, after the death of Rizzio, Bothwell, he acknowledged, had informed him of the conspiracy against the king, which the queen, he assured him, knew of and approved. That, being solicited to concur in the execution of the project, he absolutely declined any interference. That, soon after Bothwell himself, and Archibald Douglass in his name, had renewed their importunity to the same purpose: that he had then required from them a warrant, under the queen's hand, authorising the attempt: that this warrant having never been produced, he had refused to have any farther concern in the business. 'But,' added he, 'since I neither con-

sented to this treasonable act, nor assisted in its commission, it was not possible for me either to reveal or to prevent it. To whom could I make the discovery? The queen, they told me, was the author of the enterprise. Darnly was such a changeling, that to him no secret could be safely communicated. Huntley and Bothwell, who bore the chief sway in the kingdom, were themselves the perpetrators of the crime.'

When Morton was told by his keepers, that the guards were attending, and that all things were in readiness for the closing scene of his life, 'I praise my God,' said he, 'I am ready likewise.' These guards were commanded by Stewart; an insult which his enemies might well have spared. The behaviour of the prisoner on the scaffold was calm; his countenance and his voice unaltered. After some minutes spent in devotion, he suffered death with a courage which reflected honour upon his memory. His head was exposed on the public gaol of Edinburgh; and his body, after lying till evening upon the scaffold, was covered with a cloak, and, by common porters, cast into the usual burial-place for criminals. His friends dared not accompany it to the grave, or show any marks of respect to his remains.

While Scotland was rent by faction, and disturbed by new revolutions, the rumour of a project for setting Mary at liberty awakened the fears of Elizabeth. Among the papers of Francis Throgmorton, a gentleman of Cheshire, who had been taken into custody on suspicion, were found two lists; one of the principal harbours of the kingdom, their situation, depth of water, &c.; the other, of all the eminent Romanists in England. Throgmorton at first boldly averred his innocence, and endured the rack with fortitude. But brought a second time to this horrid engine, his courage failed him: having confessed a secret correspondence with the captive queen, he made a discovery of a design for the invasion of England, an enterprise that was to be conducted by the duke of Guise. By command of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, who was the soul of the party, he had made the two lists, the copies of which had been found in his possession. Having retracted this confession at his trial, and returned to it again after sentence passed on him, he once more retracted at the place of execution.

The close understanding which at that time subsisted between Philip and the house of Guise, rendered this project credible to

Elizabeth, however improbable it may appear in the present age, when history and time have thrown upon the subject many new lights. To the queen of England, conscious how ardently her downfal was desired by all the parties mentioned in the confession of Throgmorton, it appeared a part of prudence to guard against their designs. By the zeal of the English exiles her fears were increased. Not satisfied with declaiming against her severity to Mary, and her persecution of her catholic subjects, while one pope had threatened her with the excommunication, which another had actually pronounced, they began to disperse books and writings, in which to take away the life of Elizabeth was represented as meritorious, and even her maids of honour were openly exhorted to treat her as Judith did Holifernes, and by a deed so beneficial to render their own names illustrious. Thus instigated, Elizabeth punished Throgmorton as a traitor, and commanded the Spanish ambassador instantly to leave the kingdom. To preserve herself from the danger of internal attacks, she determined to regain her influence over the Scottish council; which she effected by gaining Stewart to her party. A man so unprincipled, hated by his fellow-subjects, and holding his power on the precarious favour of a prince, was glad to avail himself of the protection offered to him, for which he promised the most perfect devotion.

Fruitless negotiations were still carrying on in England between Elizabeth and her captive, whom she continued to amuse with the prospect of liberation, and by this means to elude the interference of foreign powers. These treaties, which a pretence was never wanted to break, were alternately revived and lost. The negotiation now on foot, perhaps not more sincere than those by which it had been preceded, was however interrupted by more ostensible reasons.

Crichton, a Jesuit, sailing from Flanders towards Scotland, was chased by pirates, which frequently infested those seas. He tore in pieces, in his confusion, some papers intrusted to his care, and threw them from him. By a singular accident, the wind blew them back into the ship, where they were taken up by some of the passengers, and carried to Wade, the clerk of the privy-council. Having with great patience joined the fragments together, Wade found them to contain the account of the plot said to have been formed by the duke of Guise for the invasion of England.

The people, not yet recovered from their panic respecting the confessions of Throgmorton, considered these papers as a confirmation of the plot. Every former apprehension was renewed, while a general consternation pervaded the kingdom. The pity which the situation of Mary had excited, became diminished by these repeated alarms, of which she was continually the subject or the source. Hatred in the minds of the English, thus continually agitated by fear, succeeded to a generous compassion: under the wise and pacific reign of Elizabeth, the people enjoyed advantages unknown to their ancestors; their prosperity had endeared to them their queen; while in her safety their own interest was involved. Thus irritated against the Scottish queen and her adherents, it was judged necessary, by some public deed, to convince the enemies of Elizabeth of the attachment of her people, and the danger which must attend every attempt formed against her. With this view, an association was formed, October 19, 1584, the subscribers to which bound themselves, by a solemn oath, "to defend their queen against all her enemies, foreign and domestic; and, if violence should be offered to her life, with a view of favouring the title of any pretender to the crown, they not only engaged never to allow or acknowledge such persons, but vowed, in the presence of the eternal God, to prosecute them to the death, and to pursue them, with vengeance, to their utter extirpation." This combination was, with great eagerness, subscribed by persons of every rank.

Mary, justly concluding this measure to be the forerunner of her destruction, made such efforts as still remained in her power to avert the threatened danger. Naué, her secretary, was sent to court, with offers of resignation to the will of Elizabeth, which not all her former sufferings had been able to extort. These concessions were, however, of little avail: by a rival predetermined in her judgment, and conscious of having exceeded the bounds of forgiveness, the sincerity of her resignation was doubted, as her firmness had beeen previously imputed to obstinacy. Yet such was the nature of her present offers, that even Walsingham urged his mistress to come to an accommodation. But Elizabeth, who imputed the conduct of Mary to the spirit excited by the late association, who suspected her of a dangerous correspondence with the catholics, and who saw in her actions a mysterious duplicity, was deaf to every solicitation in her favour.

Nor were her suspicions altogether unfounded. A letter had, about this period, been written by the queen of Scots to sir Francis Inglefield, in which she pressed him to accelerate the execution of the *great plot or designment*, without hesitating respecting any dangers in which it might involve her life, which she would willingly sacrifice, if by that means relief could be procured for the oppressed children of the church.

Far from mitigating the hardships under which her captive suffered, Elizabeth took her out of the hands of the earl of Shrewsbury, who, while he had discharged his trust with fidelity, during fifteen years, had uniformly treated his prisoner with gentleness and respect. Sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury, men of harsher manners and inferior rank, were now appointed to be her keepers. Their severe vigilance was, perhaps, their only recommendation to the employment conferred upon them, and the only claim which they had to preferment.

The master of Gray, a new favourite of James, was, in the mean time, employed as his ambassador to England, and entrusted with a negotiation against the banished nobles, whom his master wished to deprive of the protection of Elizabeth. For this honour he was indebted to the jealousy of Stewart, who wished to send him from the court. Gray, who to a boundless ambition added an intriguing spirit, had, during a residence in France, been admitted to the confidence of the duke of Guise; to gain whose favour he had embraced the Romish religion, and declared himself a partizan of the captive queen, with whom he maintained a secret correspondence. On his return to Scotland he had, by his graceful person, accomplishments, and address, made a forcible impression on the heart of the king, to whom he had been introduced by Stewart, who quickly began to dread his growing favour. Elizabeth having, by her penetration, discovered the character of the master of Gray, availed herself of his versatility, his vanity, and his profuseness, and easily secured him in her interest. Under her direction, to which he abandoned himself without reserve, he undertook to secure the king under the influence of England, and to act as a spy upon the captive queen, whose secrets he basely betrayed to her oppressor. Elizabeth, by whom the banished nobles were no longer regarded, yielded their interests to the solicitations of Gray, who thus advanced the purposes of James, and increased his own reputation.

While Scotland groaned under the tyranny of Stewart, its sister-kingdom was in perpetual alarms. No sooner had one conspiracy against Elizabeth been detected and rendered abortive, than another sprang up in its place. Parry, a member of the house of commons, and a doctor of laws, a man recently reconciled to the church of Rome, and filled with the zeal of a new convert, determined, by the murder of a heretic queen, to demonstrate his attachment to his new faith. His plan being at length revealed, by the only person in England to whom he had voluntarily confessed it, he suffered the punishment of his frantic folly.

The indignation of the English parliament, awakened by the repetition of these tragic farces, produced an extraordinary statute, which terminated in the destruction of the queen of Scots. The association in defence of the life of Elizabeth was ratified by this law, which father enacted, "that if any rebellion should be excited in the kingdom, or any thing attempted to the hurt of her majesty's person, *by or for* any one pretending a title to the crown, the queen should empower twenty-four persons, by a commission under the great seal, to examine into, and pass sentence upon such offences; and, after judgment given, a proclamation should be issued, declaring the persons whom they should find guilty excluded from any right to the crown; and her majesty's subjects may lawfully pursue every one of them to the death, with all their aiders and abettors," &c. &c. Mary was by this act, which was evidently levelled against her, made not only accountable for her own actions, but unjustly responsible for those of others.

Books were also suffered to be published, in order to persuade the nation of the propriety and justice of this barbarous measure, which was justly considered by Mary as a warning to prepare for her fate. Even the short period which remained of her days was embittered by multiplied hardships and indignities. Her servants were almost all dismissed; she was no longer treated with the respect due to a queen; and her health, broken by the rigour of seventeen years of captivity, exposed to suffer from the inclemency of the elements, in two ruinous chambers, scarcely habitable in the midst of summer, to which she was confined. She had been accustomed, notwithstanding her narrow revenue, to distribute regular alms among the poor inhabitants of the vil-

lage which adjoined to the castle. This humane office, from which, amidst her own sufferings, she had derived some amusement and consolation, was now denied to her. The fortress in which she resided was converted into a common prison, and a young man, suspected of popery, confined and treated, under her own eye, with a severity that occasioned his death. It was in vain that, as a woman and a queen, she complained to Elizabeth of these injuries and indignities: no longer obliged by political reasons to amuse her by false hopes, or mitigate the hardships she endured, her complaints and her remonstrances were alike disregarded. The solicitations of the king of France, who depended on Elizabeth for assistance, in behalf of the unhappy Mary, were feeble, formal, and without effect. But Castlenau, his ambassador, whose compassion for the captive queen supplied the defects of his instructions, remonstrated against the indignities to which she was exposed, with a force and importunity that compelled, at length, a degree of attention. Though detained the greater part of another winter in her present wretched abode, Mary was, in compliance with his intreaties, removed afterwards to Tuthbury.

But neither the insults of her enemies, nor the negligence of her friends, touched the heart of Mary so deeply as the ingratitude of her son. He had hitherto treated his mother with respect, and even given umbrage to Elizabeth by negotiating in her favour. This good correspondence between the mother and son was not to the interest of the rival of the former, who found means, through the influence of Gray, on his return to Scotland, when his favour with the king greatly increased, to prevail upon James to change his conduct. A letter from her son, harsh and undutiful, in which he refused to acknowledge her title as queen of Scotland, or to consider his affairs as connected with hers, completed the sorrows and despair of Mary. "Was it for this," said she, in a letter to the French ambassador, overwhelmed by this cruel blow, "was it for this that I have endured so much, in order to preserve for him the inheritance to which I have a just right? I am far from envying his authority in Scotland. I desire no power there; nor wish to set my foot in that kingdom, if it were not for the pleasure of once embracing a son, whom I have hitherto loved with too tender an affection. Whatever he either enjoys or expects, he derived it from me. From him I never received assistance, supply, nor benefit, of any kind. Let not my

allies treat him any longer as a king; he holds that dignity by my consent; and if a speedy repentance does not appease my just resentment, I will load him with a parent's curse, and surrender my crown, with all my pretensions, to one who will receive them with gratitude, and defend them with vigour." James had been taught to consider his mother as an unprincipled and abandoned woman, an adulteress and a murderer, it cannot therefore be supposed that he regarded her with respect or affection. Whether attachment to the Romish religion, or indignation at the conduct of her son, really prompted Mary to any serious idea of disinheriting him, it would not at present be easy to determine.

The *League* which took place about this period (1585) in France, and which had for its end the destruction of the reformation, rendered the situation of Elizabeth peculiarly critical, and determined her to proceed with rigour against the captive queen, whose sufferings afforded a pretence for the invasion of her kingdom. With this view, she endeavoured to draw closer the union between England and Scotland, and to extend her influence over the councils of the latter. The Scottish courtiers were with little difficulty induced to promote her designs; while, to direct and quicken their motions, Sir Edmund Wotton, a gay and accomplished man, well fitted for the purpose of his mistress, was dispatched by her to the court of James, with orders to insinuate himself into the favour of the young king. Wotton, who beneath a polished and specious exterior, concealed a dangerous and intriguing spirit, and who had resided a long time in foreign countries, amused the monarch by the relation of his adventures; while, excelling in all the exercises for which James had a passion, he quickly acquired his friendship and confidence.

The rapid progress of the *League* seemed to call on the protestants for union and firmness; nothing therefore could be more acceptable to the Scots than the proposal of Wotton for an alliance between the two kingdoms, in support of the principles of their common faith. James having embraced the overture with fervour, the convention of the states, which empowered him to conclude the treaty, engaged to ratify it in parliament. Elizabeth had, on this occasion, to conciliate her young ally, and as a mark of her maternal affection, settled on him an annual pension of five thousand pounds, the sum allotted by her father to herself before she ascended the throne. This present, far from [redacted]siderable

in those times, could not but prove acceptable to a monarch, whose revenues had, during a long minority, been nearly dissipated.

But the ruin of Arran, whose government was odious to the nation, and in whose character Elizabeth could place but little confidence, was the principal object of the intrigues of Wotton. This, with the assistance of the banished lords, who were still attached to England, he earnestly endeavoured to effect.

A plot was also set on foot for seizing the person of the king, whom it was the design of Wotton to carry forcibly into England. The discovery of this atrocious design, obliged him to depart precipitately from the kingdom, to avoid the punishment due to his treachery.

In the mean time the banished lords, who had by the permission of Elizabeth returned to the borders, entered Scotland, and were joined by their friends and vassals. Welcomed wherever they came, as the deliverers of their country, the most fervent prayers were offered up for their success. At the head of ten thousand men they proceeded towards Stirling, without loosing a moment. The king, the loyalty of whose troops, though superior in number, was more than doubtful, dared not advance to meet the insurgents. Neither the town nor castle was provided for a siege; the gates, however, of both were closed. On the same night the town was betrayed into the hands of the lords; and Stewart, who had been restored to freedom, and who had undertaken the defence of the place, compelled to save himself by flight. The castle, which was invested on the ensuing morning, had not provision for four-and-twenty hours. James, therefore, found himself compelled to listen to terms of accommodation. A pardon was obtained by the lords for all their offences, and the principal forts in the kingdom placed as securities in their hands; when a parliament was called to establish tranquillity in the nation. (Dec. 10, 1785.) Satisfied with procuring an act by which they were restored to their ancient honours and possessions, the confederated nobles behaved with moderation, seemed willing to forget all former offences, and to spare their king unnecessary mortification. Stewart only was deprived of his honours, and stripped of his ill-gotten spoils: being declared an enemy to his co[illegible] by public proclamation, he sunk back into his original ob[illegible]ty. His prosperity had been wholly unmerited, and his fall was b[illegible]held without sympathy or pity.

In all these revolutions, the grievances of the clergy were yet unredressed: the nobles forgot their promises in their fear of disgusting the king; while to the interest of the laity, the claims of the church, notwithstanding its loud and vehement complaints, still continued to be made the sacrifice.

The alliance between England and Scotland, proposed the preceding year, met with no interruption, in the present state of affairs, but from the French minister. James himself offered to renew the negotiation; nor did Elizabeth suffer the opportunity to escape, but instantly dispatched Randolph to conclude the desired treaty. Both parties bound themselves to defend the reformed religion against the popish powers combined for its overthrow; and mutually to assist each other, offensively and defensively, against all who should endeavour to disturb or invade them. Elizabeth, at the same time, assured the Scottish monarch, that no step should be taken in any degree derogatory to his pretensions to the English succession. The violence of national antipathy was so far abated, by religious zeal, and the advantages of peace which both kingdoms had of late enjoyed that the conduct of James in this alliance appeared every where acceptable to his own people.

A conspiracy took place, not long after these events, through the blind affection of the English catholics to Mary, and their implacable hatred against Elizabeth; that, while it proved fatal to the life of one queen, has left on the memory of the other an indelible stain. An extravagant notion had been adopted by some priests,* that the bull, fulminated by Pius V. against Elizabeth, had been dictated immediately by the Holy Ghost. This notion they had instilled into Savage (for what is too absurd for fanaticism to impose or to receive?), an officer in the Spanish army, more famed for zeal and courage than temper and good sense. This man suffered himself to be persuaded by the priests, that, to take away the life of an excommunicated heretic, would be performing to Heaven an acceptable service. To obtain the crown of martyrdom, Savage bound himself in a vow of murder: Ballard, another priest, who was solicitous for the invasion of England, and persuaded that, to render the attempt successful, Elizabeth must first be cut off, was concerned in the plot,

* Dr. Gifford, Gilbert Gifford, and Hodgson.

which he revealed in confidence to Anthony Babington, a young gentleman of Derbyshire, possessing a large fortune, and many amiable qualities, whom the archbishop of Glasgow had recommended to the notice of Mary. This young man concurred in opinion, that the death of Elizabeth was a necessary preliminary to any invasion. To him Ballard imparted the vow of Savage, who waited in London an opportunity to strike the blow. Babington, believing that for an enterprise of such importance it would be rash to rely on a single arm, proposed that five resolute gentlemen should be joined with Savage; while he engaged to find persons worthy of the trust. The project was accordingly unfolded to Edward Windsor, Thomas Salisbury, Charles Tilney, Chidise Tichbourne, Robert Gage, John Travers, Robert Barnwell, John Charnock, Henry Donne, John Jones, and Robert Polly; all of them, excepting the latter, whose forward zeal had recommended him to the associates, men of good families, united in the bonds of friendship, to which the tie of religion gave additional strength. After various consultations, the plan of operation was at length settled, and the different parts assigned to the actors. Babington was appointed to liberate the captive queen; Salisbury, with some others, were to excite their friendships to arms; while to Savage and Tichbourne, with four associates, the murder of Elizabeth was assigned. This atrocious action, viewed through the medium of an imagination heated by frantic bigotry, appeared to men of rank and honour as just and honourable: such influence have the passions over the principles of mankind. In order to perpetuate the memory of the transaction, they imprudently caused a picture to be drawn, in which were the portraits of the six assassins, with that of Babington in the midst of them; and a motto intimating, that they were jointly embarked in some perilous design.

While the conspirators were thus confident of secrecy and success, every measure which they took was revealed to Walsingham. Robert Polly was one of his spies, who had joined himself to the band with a determination to betray his associates. Gilbert Gifford, also having been gained by Walsingham, gave him information of all that was transacting. The discovery was by the vigilant Walsingham immediately communicated to Elizabeth, who determined to wait, for the better understanding of the plot, till it should be more perfectly formed, and ready for execution.

August 4th, 1586, Ballard, the prime mover of the project, was arrested; when his associates, filled with surprise and dismay, endeavoured to save themselves by flight. But all of them, excepting Windsor, were seized within a few days, in different parts of the kingdom, and committed to the Tower; where, influenced by fear or hope, they made a full confession. Their trial was hastened by the impatience of the people; when they suffered the punishment due to their offences.

The views of Elizabeth and her ministers respecting this transaction, extended beyond the destruction of these fanatics, whom they represented to the people as the instruments of the captive queen. Letters ascribed to Mary, in proof of this charge, were produced, which had fallen into the hands of Elizabeth through the treachery of Gifford. In these letters, two of which were addressed to Babington, with several to Mendoza, Paget, and others, Mary, it was given out, approved of the conspiracy, and even of the assassination of her oppressor. She directed them (it was added) to proceed with the utmost circumspection, and not to take arms till foreign auxiliaries were ready to join them: she also recommended to them the earl of Arundel, his brothers, and the young earl of Northumberland, as persons proper to conduct their enterprise; and advised them, at the same time, to excite, if possible, commotions in Ireland; while she besought them, above all things to concert with care the means of her escape; for which she suggested to them several different expedients.

At the trial of the conspirators, these circumstances were narrated, and received by the nation, in its present state of alarm, agitation, and prejudice, without distrust or investigation. The zeal of Mary for her religion was well known; nor were examples of a sanguinary intolerance rare in that age. Every cabal against the peace of the kingdom, had, for many years, been carried on in the name of the queen of Scots, whose safety now appeared to the people incompatible with that of Elizabeth. Why, said they, should the tranquillity of the people of England be sacrificed to a stranger? Why should a life so dear to the nation be incessantly exposed to the assaults of an exasperated rival? The sacred person of our beloved sovereign has been threatened, wherefore then should not an injured people execute the just vengeance which they have so solemnly vowed?

This reasoning, suggested by Elizabeth and her ministers, was sufficiently agreeable to their views, for which it could not fail to suggest an apology. In proportion to the injuries which Elizabeth had heaped on Mary, her fear and hatred of her victim were augmented. It is scarcely in human nature to love those on whose account we suffer abasement in our own eyes.

The consciousness of having sinned against Mary beyond forgiveness, persuaded her rival that she could find security only in her death. Burleigh and Walsingham, also, the most active agents of Elizabeth against the queen of Scots, had every thing to dread from her resentment, should she mount the throne of England. To confirm the wavering resolution of their mistress had therefore become their safety and their interest.

Great care was taken, in the mean time, to keep from Mary the knowledge of the late events, till the proper time for disclosing them should arrive. Sir Thomas Gorges was at length deputed to her from court; who, just as she was getting on horseback to ride out with her keepers, acquainted her with what had past, and with the imputation thrown upon her. Struck with astonishment, she would have returned to her apartment, but this was not permitted. Her private closet was, during her absence, broke open, her cabinet and papers seized, sealed, and sent to court. Her principal domestics were committed to different keepers; while Naué and Curle, her two secretaries, the one a native of France, the other of Scotland, were seized and carried prisoners to London. All the money in her custody, which amounted to little more than two thousand pounds, was taken away and secured. For several days she was led from one gentleman's house to another, till she was at last conducted to Fotheringay, a strong fortress in Northamptonshire. Nothing more remained but to decide her fate.

While Elizabeth and her principal ministers seemed to have taken their resolution, there appeared among the counsellors a variety of sentiments. Some were of opinion, that to dismiss the attendants of Mary, to keep her under close restraint, and to cut off every possibility of her holding a correspondence with the enemies of the kingdom, would be a punishment sufficiently severe. The more so, as her constitution, worn out with anxiety, and broken by confinement and sorrow, had evidently began to yield; nor could it long be expected to support the additional

severity of her fate. To this it was objected, that the reverence which the catholics had for her name, and the compassion which they entertained for her sufferings, were not to be extinguished; and that while these sentiments remained, which farther rigours would only tend to aggravate, insurrections and invasions would never be wanting for her relief. A public and legal trial, however unexampled, would, it was alleged, be the most unexceptionable mode of procedure, by the semblance of dignity and justice which it would wear; while the proceedings might be founded on the act of the last parliament.

Determined that no circumstance of solemnity might be wanting, suited to the dignity of the person arraigned, Elizabeth appointed, by a commission under the great seal, forty persons, the most illustrious in the kingdom for their rank and birth, together with five judges, for the decision of the cause. The name and title by which Mary should be arraigned, occasioned some difficulty to the gentlemen of the law, who, while violating the essentials of justice, were solicitous for its empty forms. It was at length agreed, that the prisoner should be styled, "Mary, daughter and heir of James V. late king of Scotland, commonly called queen of Scots, and dowager of France."

The unhappy captive, after the indignities she had suffered, doubted not but that her fate drew near. Every moment she was in expectation of ending her days by poison, or by some secret method, usually prescribed on similar occasions. To preserve her memory from the malice of her enemies, she addressed a letter to the duke of Guise, in which she vindicated herself, in strong language, from having encouraged, or been an accessary to, the conspiracy for assassinating Elizabeth. The report of a public trial, an idea which could never have occurred to her, had not yet penetrated the solitude of her prison.

The commissioners, appointed by Elizabeth, arrived at Fotheringay, on the 11th of October, 1586. On the ensuing morning they delivered to Mary a letter from the queen, in which, after severe reproaches and accusations, she informed her victim, that regard to her own safety had, at length, rendered it necessary to make a public inquiry into her conduct; she therefore required her, as she had so long lived under the protection of the laws of England, to submit herself to their cognizance of her crimes. Surprise was the only emotion which Mary discovered on this

occasion, nor was she unmindful of her own dignity. Having solemnly protested her innocence of the crime laid to her charge, and that she had never countenanced any attempt against the life of Elizabeth, she refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of her commissioners: 'I came,' said she, 'into the kingdom an independent sovereign, to implore the queen's assistance, not to subject myself to her authority. Nor is my spirit so broken by past misfortunes, or intimidated by present dangers, as to stoop to any thing unbecoming the majesty of a crowned head; or that will disgrace the ancestors from whom I am descended, and the son to whom I shall leave my throne. If I must be tried, princes only can be my peers. However noble may be their birth, the subjects of the queen of England are of a rank inferior to mine. Since my arrival in this kingdom I have been uniformly confined as a prisoner. Its laws never afforded to me any protection. Let them not now be perverted in order to take away my life.'

Intreaties and arguments were urged by the commissioners against the resolution of Mary. They had even recourse to threats, and menaced her with proceeding according to the forms of the law, and passing sentence against her on account of her contumacy. For two days she however persisted in the resolution she had avowed. An argument used by Hatton, the vice-chamberlain, shook, at length, her firmness. By avoiding a trial, he told her, she was an enemy to her own reputation, and deprived herself of an opportunity of making her innocence manifest. Nothing, he added, could be more agreeable to the commissioners, or more acceptable to their mistress, than the conviction, by undoubted evidence, that she had been unjustly accused.

Unassisted by any friend or counsellor, Mary suffered herself to be deluded by this plausible pretence, and fled into the toils spread for her entanglement. Solicitous for the vindication of her honour, she relaxed in the dignified firmness suited to the rank of a queen.

She was received by her judges (October 14th), on her appearance in the great hall of the castle, with much ceremony. Before she gave an answer to the accusations preferred against her, she protested against the jurisdiction of the court, and the validity and justice of those acts by which it was pretended to try her. The chancellor answered her by a counter protestation; when the queen's attorney and solicitor brought forward the

charges against her. The circumstances of the late conspiracy were detailed, and copies of the letters of Mary produced. The confessions of Babington, Ballard, Savage, &c. followed, together with the declarations of Naué and Curl her secretaries. The whole evidence was arranged in specious order, and heightened by every colouring which eloquence could bestow.

Mary listened attentively, and without apparent emotion to all that passed, till, on the mention of the earl of Arundel, who had been confined in the Tower on suspicion, she broke out into a pathetic and generous exclamation—'Alas! said she, how much has the noble house of Howard suffered for my sake!'

When the counsel for the queen had finished, Mary rose up, and, with equal magnanimity and presence of mind, began her defence. She bewailed the unhappiness of her situation, that, after a captivity of nineteen years, during which her sufferings had been not less cruel than unmerited, she was at last loaded with an imputation, which not merely tended to rob her of her right of succession, but to deprive her of life itself, and to transmit her name with infamy to posterity. She complained, that without regarding the sacred rights of sovereignty, she was subjected to laws framed against private persons; and, though an anointed queen, commanded, like a common criminal, to appear before a tribunal of subjects, and have her honour exposed to the petulant tongues of lawyers, capable of misrepresenting and wresting her words and actions. While thus disgracefully situated, she was even denied the privilege usually granted to criminals; and, without the aid of counsel, without the use of her own papers, and even without the presence or advice of a friend, compelled to plead in her own defence.

She absolutely denied any correspondence with Babington, or any knowledge even of the name of Ballard. Copies only of her pretended letters, she alleged, were produced; nor could they, either by her hand-writing or subscription, convict her of the crime so lightly imputed to her charge. What proof, she asked, had been brought, that the letters pretended to have been addressed to her were ever received; or that, by her direction, any answer had been returned to them? The confession of wretches, condemned and executed for an atrocious crime, was surely of but little weight: from men in such a situation, what might not hope or fear extort? Was the honour of a queen to be stained by

testimony so vile? Neither could the declaration of her secretaries, strangers in a foreign land, whose resolution might be overcome by promises and threats, and who, in order to screen themselves, might accuse their mistress, be more conclusive. Beside, before they could discover any thing that might prejudice her, to whom they had sworn fidelity, they must be guilty of perjury, and thus render themselves unworthy of confidence. The letters to the Spanish ambassador were copies only, or they contained nothing but what was perfectly innocent. 'Often,' continued she 'have I made such efforts for my liberty, as are natural to human creatures; and convinced, by the sad experience of years, that it was vain to expect freedom either from the generosity or the justice of the queen of England, I have solicited foreign princes, and called on all my friends, to employ their interest for my relief. I have also endavoured to procure for the English catholics some mitigation of the rigours with which they are treated; and, could I hope by my death to deliver them from oppression, for their sakes I am willing to die. I would, however, imitate the example of Esther not that of Judith, and would rather make intercession for my people, than shed the blood of the meanest creature in order to save them. The intemperate zeal of my adherents has often received a check from me, when they have been precipitated into violent counsels, either by the severity of their own persecutions, or through indignation at the unheard of injuries which I have endured. I have even warned the queen of dangers to which she was exposed by these harsh proceedings. Worn out as I now am by sufferings and cares, can the prospect of a crown be so inviting, that in order to obtain it I should ruin my soul? I am no stranger to the feelings of humanity; neither am I unacquainted with the duties of religion; and I abhor the detestable crime of assassination, as equally repugnant to both. If ever I have given consent by my words, or even in thought, to any attempt against the life of the queen of England, far from declining the judgment of men, I shall not even pray for the mercy of God.'

On the two days which Mary appeared before her judges, her conduct displayed the magnanimity of a heroine, tempered by the gentleness and modesty of a woman.

By the express command of Elizabeth, the commissioners, without pronouncing any sentence, adjourned to the star-chamber,

where Naué and Curl, being brought into court, confirmed upon oath their former deposition. The commissioners, after reviewing their whole proceedings, were unanimous in declaring Mary "to be accessary to the conspiracy of Babington, and to have imagined divers matters, tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of Elizabeth, contrary to the express words of the statute made for the security of the life of the queen." (October 25th, 1586.)

The irregularities of this trial are glaring and flagrant. Mary was a foreigner and an independent queen, out of the cognizance of the laws of England, and over whom Elizabeth had no legal power. Could even the subjects of another prince have become her judges, the forms of justice ought at least to have been observed. If the testimony of Babington and his associates was explicit against her, why was she not confronted with them? a circumstance which might have overwhelmed her with undoubted conviction. Why were not Naué and Curl produced at Fotheringay, and not in the star-chamber, where Mary was not present to defend herself from their charge, or even to witness the reality of their deposition? Was it just that she should be brought to her trial unprepared, thrown off her guard by terrifying circumstances, and allowed no counsel or legal assistance? Ought the copies of letters to have been received in proof of guilt, of which the originals were never produced? In such circumstances, and with such inadequate evidence, the condemnation of the meanest criminal would have been a gross violation of humanity and justice. The judges of Mary were pre-determined to find her guilty; the trial was a mere pretence to give a sanction to their proceedings; while the nation, blinded by their zeal for their sovereign, and resentment against the unfortunate victim of her jealousy, received probabilities as proofs, and took for demonstrations mere suspicious circumstances.

In the parliament, which met a few days after the fatal sentence was pronounced, more discernment and temper might have been expected: but the spirit of prejudice had gone forth, a ferment had taken place in the mind of the nation, which no artifices had been omitted to heighten. An impatient inquiry was made into the conspiracy, and the danger which threatened the peace of the kingdom. The papers produced at Fotheringay were laid before the house, when, after many vehement invec-

tives against the devoted Mary, the proceedings of the commissioners were unanimously ratified, and their sentence declared to be just and well-founded. An address also was presented to Elizabeth by the lords and commons, intreating her, as she regarded her own safety, the security of the protestant religion, and the welfare and wishes of her people, to publish the sentence, and, without farther delay, to inflict on a rival, not less irreclaimable than dangerous, the punishment which her crimes had merited. This request was enforced by reasons of expediency, not less unworthy and mean than the fears by which they were dictated. The spirit and address of Mary, which no sufferings could curb or extinguish, were urged to her condemnation. To this it was added, that while her adherents believed her person to be sacred, they would despise any danger by which themselves only were threatened. Several foreign princes, it was affirmed, were ready to second their attempts, and waited only a proper opportunity both to invade the kingdom, and to assert the title of Mary to the crown. Her life therefore was incompatible with the safety of Elizabeth, the security of the reformed religion, and the liberties of the nation. The propriety of such a sacrifice was proved from examples in history; and the Scriptures were pressed into the service of injustice.

This reasoning was peculiarly acceptable to the person to whom it was addressed, whose situation was sufficiently critical and embarrassed. In her answer, she availed herself of her usual ambiguous style: her professions of attachment for her people, were artfully blended with complaints so pathetic of the ingratitude of Mary, mingled with intimations of the dangers to which her own life was exposed, as could not fail to aggravate popular indignation. With an affectation of clemency, she besought them, in the end, to spare her the pain and infamy of delivering up to punishment a queen and her nearest kinswoman; and to consider whether it might not be still possible to provide for the public security, without forcing her to imbrue her hands in royal blood.

The real meaning of Elizabeth, amidst this parade, was not misconstrued: the lords and commons repeated their former request, without fearing to offend by their importunity. This sanction which Elizabeth had obtained for her proceedings fully satisfied her mind: parliament was accordingly adjourned, while the queen reserved in her own hands the sole disposal of the fate of her r ivl.

The situation of Mary was, by the princes of Europe, observed with mingled horror and surprise. The king of France,* notwithstanding his aversion to the house of Guise, interposed in behalf of the common cause of princes. An extraordinary commission was brought by Bellieure to join the resident ambassador in his intercession for the queen of Scots. Elizabeth was assailed by mingled reproaches and menaces; to both of which she remained inexorable.

Nor was any greater respect paid to the Scottish king, whose solicitations were urged with yet more earnestness. James could not behold the indignities to which his mother was exposed, without the feelings of a monarch and a son. Even the pride of the nation was roused by this insult offered to the blood of their king. Unwilling to believe that Elizabeth would indeed venture upon an action so unprecedented, and so injurious to the regal dignity, of which she had ever been peculiarly jealous, James remained for a time in doubt. At length, when the extraordinary steps which she had taken sufficiently manifested her real intentions, he dispatched sir William Keith to London, who, with Douglas, his ambassador-in-ordinary, strongly remonstrated respecting the late transactions. Neither the complaints nor the intreaties of James having procured from Elizabeth any reply, he wrote to her with his own hand, threatened to renounce her friendship, and to avenge his mother's wrongs, as both in duty and honour it became a son to do. He assembled also at the same time his nobles, who promised to assist and stand by him, and appointed ambassadors to the different courts of Europe, whose aid and interference he implored. He also took other measures towards the execution of his threats.

Irritated by the high tone which James had assumed, Elizabeth was about to dismiss his ambassadors in contemptuous silence, had not her ministers, alarmed by his hostile preparations, intreated her to return a mild and evasive answer; in which she promised to listen to any overtures from the Scottish monarch, and to suspend for a time the execution of the sentence.

In the mean time she omitted not to inform the people, that the sentence against Mary, which she commanded to be published, had been extorted from her by both houses of parliament.

* Henry III.

She also dispatched lord Buckhurst and Beale to inform the captive queen of the doom pronounced against her, and the importunity of the nation for its accomplishment, advising her to prepare for an event which the tranquillity of her people, and the security of the protestant religion, might render indispensable. "No wonder," said Mary, with an air of intrepidity and triumph; "No wonder the English, who have so often offered violence to their own monarchs, should now thirst for the blood of a foreign prince. But death, after so many sufferings, comes to me as a welcome deliverer. I am proud to think that my life is esteemed of importance to the catholic religion; for which I am now willing to die as a martyr."

The unhappy Mary, after the publication of her sentence, was stripped of every remaining vestige of her rank: the canopy of state in her apartment was pulled down; while Paulet entered her chamber, and even approached her person, without ceremony or respect. Shocked and offended at indignities, and a familiarity, to which she had never been accustomed, Mary, once more complained to Elizabeth, whom she intreated, at the same time, as her last request, that she would permit her dead body to be carried by her servants into France, to be laid among her ancestors in hallowed ground. She also desired, that some of her domestics might be present at her execution, to bear witness of her innocence, and firm adherence to her faith; that all her servants might be suffered to leave the kingdom, and to enjoy those samll legacies which, as testimonies of her affection, she should be enabled to bestow on them; and that, in the mean time, her almoner, or some other catholic priest, might be allowed to attend her, and to assist her preparation for another world. She also besought her, in the name of Christ, by the soul and memory of Henry VII., their common progenitor, by their near consanguinity, and the royal dignity with which they were both invested, to gratify her in these particulars, and to indulge her by a signification of her compliance written in her own hand. It is uncertain whether this letter was ever delivered to Elizabeth, but no answer was returned, nor any regard paid to the requests which it contained. Mary was offered a protestant bishop or a dean to attend her; a proposition which she rejected; while she prepared herself, without assistance, and with great tranquillity, for her approaching fate.

New ambassadors* were, without losing a moment, sent by James to London (January 1st 1587,) who offered in the name of their master, that he should bind himself, that, with the consent of Mary, no conspiracy should be undertaken against the peace of England, or the person of its sovereign; for the faithful performance of which engagement, he was ready to deliver up, as hostages, some of the most considerable of the Scottish nobles. And should this be deemed insufficient, the ambassadors proposed, that Mary should resign all her rights and pretensions to her son, from whom nothing injurious to the safety of Elizabeth, or the security of the reformed religion, could possibly be apprehended. Both these proposals were rejected by Elizabeth, the former as insecure, and the latter as perilous. The ambassadors were then instructed to assume a stronger tone; a command which Melvil executed with zeal. But the master of Gray, with his characteristic perfidy, deceived the monarch whom he had engaged to serve, and betrayed the queen whom he was commissioned to save. With the old proverb, "The dead cannot bite," he urged Elizabeth to proceed to extremities, and undertook to appease his master.

In this delicate situation of affairs, Elizabeth manifested great disquietude: however she might determine on the important subject which occupied her thoughts, her life, her kingdom, and her reputation, were involved. The people with anxiety awaited her decision; while their passions were kept in agitation by artful rumours of dangers and plots. The French ambassador was accused of having suborned an assassin to murder the queen. The Spanish fleet, it was reported, was arrived at Milford-haven; and the duke of Guise had landed with an army in Sussex. One day, the northern counties were said to be in arms; and the next, the Scots had entered England. A conspiracy, it was whispered, was on foot for burning the city, and seizing the person of the queen. The panic daily increased, as credulity and fear magnified the danger; while the populace called vehemently for the execution of Mary, as the only sacrifice that could disperse the storm.

It was in the midst of this fermentation, which was insidiously heighened and inflamed, that Elizabeth ventured to strike the meditated blow. Davison, one of the secretaries of state,

* The master of Gray, and sir Robert Melvil.

was commanded to bring to her the fatal warrant, which she subscribed without any relenting symptoms. She was however still solicitous to preserve appearances, and let fall many intimations, both to her courtiers and to the keepers of the captive queen, that might prompt them to extricate her by their zeal from the perplexities of her situation. It was to the honour of the English nation, that no assassin was to be found: Paulet, though harsh in his temper, and sometimes brutal in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty, rejected with disdain a proposal of this nature; while he declared, that though the queen might dispose of his life at pleasure, he would not stain his honour, or cover his memory with infamy. Elizabeth, on the receipt of this answer, called him a *dainty* and *precise fellow*, who promised much, but performed nothing; while she proposed to employ one Wingfield, as a man who possessed both courage and inclination to strike the blow. Davison remonstrated with her against a method of this nature, as not less hazardous than disgraceful; when she again declared, that the sentence pronounced by the commissioners, and which she had already signed, should be duly put in execution, and desired that no farther application might be made to her on the subject. The privy-council, thus authorised, assembled in the council-chamber, and, by a letter under all their hands, empowered the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, with the high-sheriff of the county, to witness the execution of the sentence.

On Tuesday, February 7th, the two earls, having arrived at Fotheringay, demanded access to Mary, and read in her presence the warrant for her execution, which was appointed for the ensuing day. 'That soul,' said Mary, calmly crossing herself, 'is unworthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the axe. I submit willingly to the lot which Heaven has decreed for me; though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince.' Then laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested her innocence of the conspiracy carried on by Babington against the life of Elizabeth. She also repeated the requests contained in her letter to the queen, to which she obtained no satisfactory reply. With particular earnestness she intreated that her almoner might be suffered to attend her in these her last moments, that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious

institutions which her religion prescribed. Even this favour, with an odious and cruel bigotry, was denied to her.

Her attendants, during this affecting scene, though awed by the presence of the two earls, were bathed in tears. Their anguish, which had been with difficulty suppressed, burst forth on the departure of Shrewsbury and Kent, when they broke out into passionate exclamations of grief. Mary, with a tranquillity truly heroic and sublime, endeavoured to moderate the vehemence of their sorrow, while, sunk on her knees, and surrounded by her affectionate domesties, she thanked Heaven that the period of her sufferings drew near; and prayed that she might be enabled to meet the evil that still remained with decent fortitude. She employed the greater part of the evening in settling her worldly affairs, and wrote her will with her own hand. She distributed among her servants, in proportion to their station or merit, her jewels, her money, and her clothes. She addressed a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, replete with sentiments of tenderness and magnanimity. She recommended her soul to their prayers, and her servants to their protection. She supped as usual, ate moderately, and conversed with unaffected cheerfulness. She drank to each of her servants, and asked their forgiveness for any failure of her duties towards them. At the accustomed time she went to bed, and slept composedly for several hours. She arose early on the morning and retired to her closet, in which she employed a considerable time in her devotional exercises. The high-sheriff and his officers found her still kneeling at the altar, when, at eight o'clock, they entered her chamber. On their appearance she started up, and with majesty in her air, and serenity in her aspect, advanced cheerfully, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants, towards the place of execution. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendor which she had long laid aside. In her hand she carried an ivory crucifix, her beads hung at her girdle, and an *Agnus Dei*, by a pomander chain, from her neck. She was received at the bottom of the staircase by the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties. She was also here met by sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded from her presence for some weeks, but who was allowed to take his last farewel. At beholding in such a situation a mistress

whom he tenderly loved, the good man melted into tears, and lamented that he should be appointed to carry into Scotland the tidings of so mournful an event. 'Weep not, good Melvil,' replied the victim, 'there is at present greater cause to rejoice. This day shalt thou see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and a period, such as she has long expected, put to her tedious sufferings. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights. God forgive all those who, without cause, have thirsted for my blood!'

She prevailed on the two earls, but not without difficulty, to permit Melvil, together with two of her maids, and three of her men-servants, to attend her to the scaffold, which was erected in the hall in which she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered with black cloth, as were also the chair, the cushion, and the block. Mary beheld the apparatus of death with an unvarying countenance, mounted the steps with alacrity, and, as she sat down on the chair, signed herself with the cross. To the warrant for execution, which was read by Beale with an audible voice, she attended with an air of indifference, as with a mind occupied by other thoughts. A discourse, suitable to her present condition, was then begun by the dean of Peterborough, who offered up his prayers in her behalf. She could not in conscience, she declared, listen to the discourse or join in the prayers of the dean. Having said which, she sunk on her knees and repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had concluded his devotions, Mary, in the English language, and with an audible voice, recommended to God the afflicted state of the church, prayed for the prosperity of her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She hoped for mercy, she declared, only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood. Having lifted up and kissed the crucifix—'As thy arms, O Jesus,' said she, addressing the image, 'were extended on the cross, so, with the outstretched arms of thy mercy, receive me and forgive my sins.'

She then took off her veil and upper garments, in preparation for the block. One of the executioners endeavouring somewhat roughly to assist her, she repulsed him, with a smile, and obser-

ved, that she had not been accustomed to be served by such valets, or to undress in the presence of so many spectators. With intrepid calmness, she laid her neck on the block: her hands were held by one executioner, while the other, with two blows, dissevered her head from her body. Her head-dress falling off, discovered her hair, become prematurely gray with sorrow and anxiety. "So perish all the enemies of Elizabeth!" exclaimed the dean, as the executioner held up the streaming head. "Amen," answered the earl of Kent alone; every other eye was drowned in tears; every other voice was stifled in commiseration. Hard must have been the heart, that, at that solemn and affecting moment, could have felt any sentiments excepting those of admiration and tender sorrow. Thus, after a life of forty-four years and two months, nineteen years of which had been passed in captivity, perished the lovely and unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots.

The turbulence of the times, the rancour of party rage, and the medium of prejudice or partiality, through which every object in those periods was beheld, render it difficult to form a just opinion of the character of Mary. Her personal accomplishments and the graces which distinguished her as a woman, are admitted by all parties; respecting these, therefore, there can be no dispute. Her stature rose to the majestic, her form was elegant, and her hands and arms distinguished for their delicacy and beauty. Her hair was black, though, in the fashion of the times, she frequently adorned herself in borrowed locks, and of various colours. Her eyes were dark grey and her complexion remarkable fine. She walked, danced, and rode, with equal grace. She possessed a taste for music, played upon the lute with skill, and sung melodiously. Towards the conclusion of her life, she began to grow corpulent, while confinement and bad accommodation brought upon her a rheumatic disorder, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. Her manners were affable and insinuating, dignified and sprightly. She spoke eloquently, and wrote with ease and elegance. Her temper was warm, and her heart affectionate. She loved flattery, and beheld the effects of her beauty with pleasure. If she had acquired the power of dissembling her sentiments in the refined and intriguing court of France, her nature was nevertheless frank and indisposed to suspicion. Her piety was fervent and sincere, her talents, if not of the highest, were undoubtedly of a superior order; and the resolution and courage which she manifested at

her death, are truly worthy of admiration. A long series of successive sorrows bespeak, with few exceptions, some imprudence in the sufferer: the misfortunes of Mary, both in degree and duration, exceeded the common measure of human calamities and even render the distresses of fiction comparatively faint. The vicissitudes of her life have afforded a fine and a fruitful subject for the tragic muse. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her without admiration and love; no one will read her history without pity and sorrow.

After her execution, none of her women were allowed to come near the body of their murdered mistress. Her remains were carried into a room adjoining to the hall, where they lay for some days, covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the executioners, and every thing stained with her blood, were consumed with fire. Elizabeth, not long after, appointed the corpse of her victim to be interred, with royal magnificence, in the cathedral of Peterborough. James, after his accession to the English throne, had it removed to Westminster abbey, and deposited among the kings of England.

Elizabeth affected to receive the news of the death of her rival with surprise and grief; she even carried her artifice to so barbarous a length, as to render Davison, her secretary of state, and the innocent instrument of her cruelty and dissimulation, the victim of her perfidy. Under pretence that he had orders not to suffer the warrant for the execution of Mary to go out of his hands, he was deprived of his offices, fined, imprisoned, and utterly ruined. By the sacrifice of the unhappy secretary, she endeavoured to make her peace with the king of Scots, whom the death of his mother had filled with resentment and grief, which yielded however at length to the necessities of his situation. His scanty revenues, the turbulent spirit of his nobles, the influence of the cabinet of England, and the powerful faction devoted to its court, added to the prospect of the English succession, and the noble inheritance which by the friendship of its queen he could not fail to obtain, formed a powerful combination of motives, which the fears, the interest, the prudence, and the ambition of James, united to render resistless. Having affected to admit the excuses pleaded by Elizabeth, and to be satisfied with the sacrifice of the ill-fated Davison, he stifled his indignation in political considerations, and continued the semblance of

amity with the English court. Thus, like the destruction of a common criminal, the death and sufferings of Mary remained unavenged, while Elizabeth was suffered to reap the advantages of her malignity.

To the master of Gray, however, the treacherous part which he had acted in the late embassy proved deservedly fatal. The particulars of his conduct, which became generally known, excited the disgust of James; an occasion which his enemies seized for his destruction. Before a convention of nobles, he was publicly accused of having, by his advice and suggestions, contributed to the death of the queen, and of holding a correspondence with catholic princes, with a view to subvert the religion of the kingdom. Conscious of guilt, unsupported by his master, and detested by every one, he made a feeble defence, and was condemned to perpetual exile.

Previous to the next meeting of parliament, James, who had now attained a full age, did honour to himself by an attempt to conciliate the feuds, by which the nation had been so long distracted and torn. After preparatory negotiations, he invited the contending parties to a royal entertainment in the palace of Holyrood-house, where, by mingled entreaties and commands, he obtained from them a promise to bury in oblivion their late dissensions. They were afterwards conducted through the streets of Edinburgh, marching in pairs, each hand-in-hand with his enemy, in amicable and solemn procession. Having proceeded to the public cross, where a collation of wine and sweetmeats was prepared, they exchanged, while they drank to each other, reciprocal signs of forgiveness and future friendship. The people rejoiced at this singular and affecting scene, and testified their satisfaction by repeated acclamations. That this laudable spectacle had answered the end for which it was proposed, was a circumstance rather to be wished than expected, by those who had made a melancholy progress in the study of human characters and events.

IN the course of this narrative it has been studiously avoided to pronounce any actual decision respecting the real guilt or criminality of Mary, in those two important transactions of her reign, the murder of Darnly, and the subsequent marriage of his

widow with the murderer. Still farther to oppose to the circumstances already related, which may seem to tend to the criminatation of Mary, justice and candour combine to demand, that a brief abstract should be given of the arguments alleged in her vindication. The reader will then be left to form his own conclusions on the evidence presented to him.

If by the catholics Mary was held up as a model of perfection, and by the calvinists represented as a monster of wickedness, this, by every mind that has attended to the history of party bigotry, even in ages of boasted civilization and refinement, was necessarily to be expected. But why, it may be asked, do we see the same division, and the same prejudices, for nearly two centuries after these fervours have subsided, and a general indifference has taken place of the enthusiasm and violence which they produced? To this question it has been answered, that it is a well known fact, that the only histories of the reign of Mary which were suffered to be published in the language of the country, and allowed to circulate among the people, were penned by her avowed and open enemies. The frantic zeal of Knox in the cause of the Reformation, rendered him at once the easy dupe and the powerful tool of an artful and politic faction, which made successful use of his popular talents. In times of fanaticism and faction, religious zeal and political opinions are almost always inseparably connected; and super-human indeed must be the strength that should succeed in dissevering them. To doubt of the records of the apostles of the church, or to believe that good intentions might be misled by intemperate fervours, would be a kind of heresy that would excite the horror of the faithful. While the lower classes of the Scots were the implicit disciples of Knox, the *Detection* of Mary, by Buchanan, had its effect among the learned. This work, patronized by Elizabeth, and the regency of Scotland, spread through the realm, and was distributed among foreign princes. His Latin history was taught in the schools, and made a study at the universities. While these writings were thus favoured, those composed by the opposite party, whose credit and popularity were ruined and sunk, either remained unpublished, were suppressed by the arm of power, or were written in languages to which the people were strangers. The vindication of Mary by bishop Lesly, was stifled the moment it was known to be in the press;

and the writer, notwithstanding his privilege as an ambassador, thrown by Elizabeth into prison. If, after a long confinement, he escaped to the Netherlands, and there published his book, the avenues to its entrance into the British nation were too carefully guarded to admit its circulation. Till it was long after reprinted by Anderson, scarce a copy of it was to be found. A leaf was cancelled in the continuation of Hollinshed's history, for a single insinuation in favour of Mary. The Annals of Camden, written in Latin, were not printed for nearly a century after. Neither were the Memoirs of Crawford, published till their anonymous author had lain in the grave near a hundred and fifty years. These were the principal works written in favour of Mary, whose cause circumstances had combined to render unpopular. A long and general acquiescence in the truth of the asseverations of the adverse party, gradually silenced every doubt; while one historian copied another, and every one those which had preceded him.

At length a small number of speculative persons began to examine the nature of the evidence produced against Mary; and, as the age became more enlightened and sceptical, the historic doubt arose. Mr. Goodall, late keeper of the advocate's library in Edinburgh, whose office gave him access to original records, was the first modern champion in the cause of Mary: his work, which was ingenious and acute, laid the foundation for those who came after him. Tytler followed the same path, but took a wider circuit. Stuart succeeded, but without a perfect development of his plan. Whitaker next, by connecting incidents, and contrasting different accounts of the same transaction, illustrated many events, and threw a light on what had before appeared obscure. The period of Mary's life which he particularly investigates, is that which concerns the death of Darnly, the marriage of Bothwell, and the letters and sonnets said to be written by the queen.

A heavy charge is brought by him against the duplicity of Elizabeth, in the commissions instituted at York and Westminster, for the purpose of an inquiry into the grounds of the difference subsisting between Mary and the Scottish nation. Elizabeth, he endeavours to prove, and with great force of reasoning, was already sensible of the futility of the charges brought against the captive queen; and that the letters produced by Murray,

tending to prove her criminality, were not publicly given to the commissioners, in their official capacity, nor in presence of the commissioners of Mary, who waited for their production for the avowed purpose of refuting them; but shown only to the English commissioners, in private, and for their own individual satisfaction, while extracts from the letters were by them sent to Elizabeth, who had, it is added, in the same private manner previously perused these letters herself. No intimation was given of this transaction to the commissioners of Mary; the papers were again returned to Murray, who was allowed to go back to Scotland, and exercise the rights of sovereignty, while Mary was still detained a captive in England.

The first commission having been abruptly recalled, other commissioners were appointed to sit at Westminster, before whom the letters and papers were at length produced; and having been, by their order, transcribed and collated, were immediately returned to the regent. The commissioners of Mary, when this circumstance was known, once more demanded a sight of the originals, the falsity of which they pledged themselves to prove. This demand however reasonable, was still refused by Elizabeth, who caused Murray hastily to withdraw both himself and the documents. In this situation of affairs, Mary earnestly and repeatedly urged, that her commissioners should be allowed the sight only of the copies, and that even from these they would prove the originals to be spurious. But this request also proved vain; nor did Mary or her friends ever procure a sight of the papers. Thus prevented even from the possibility of refuting the calumnies against her, her silence was alleged as a proof of her guilt.

Respecting the authenticity of the papers themselves, evidence is brought forward to prove, that no idea of the letters was entertained by Murray and his party, till several months after the time when it is pretended that they were found (June 20th). That the notion first entered into the minds of the [illegible] about the month of October or November; that from this period till December, when they were laid before the privy-council of Scotland, the plan concerning the uses that were to be made of them frequently varied. That from the time they were laid before the privy-council till they were exhibited in parliament, the letters themselves underwent material changes. That other

alterations took place in them before they were shown at York, and that they suffered a yet more extraordinary metamorphosis in their progress to Westminster. That on their first fabrication, it was intended to convict Mary, with a glare of evidence, of the murder of her husband; that this circumstance was afterwards softened, and the charge of adultery enlarged and insisted upon. That the latter crime was to involve, not merely Bothwell, but several other persons; a circumstance which it was afterwards thought proper to reject. Finally, it was agreed to insist upon the criminal correspondence with Bothwell, and to hint but obscurely at the murder of the king. The letters, when first produced, were written and subscribed with the queen's own hand, dated also, and addressed to Bothwell. Both the address and the dates were afterwards curtailed, as was also the subscription; the pretended hand-writing only remaining. The party were not in possession of the queen's signet; these letters, therefore, were never said to have been sealed; the state in which they were exhibited to the commissioners of Elizabeth was as mere pieces of paper, subscribed by no one, addressed to no one, undated, and unsealed. After the conferences at York, another alteration, still more glaring, took place. Before this time the letters had appeared, with all their other changes, invariably in the Scotch language; to the commissioners of Westminster they were shown written in French. Possibly the obvious impropriety had at length struck the party, of sending, written in the language of the country, papers containing subjects of such deep criminality, by casual bearers, unsealed. The Scotch letters at York, and the French letters at Westminster, were equally vouched to be the originals, written in the queen's own hand. Elizabeth saw them both, and her penetration and sagacity have never been called in question. These facts appear to be proved on full and strong evidence. The sonnets, originally written in French,* and produced as a corroboration of the letters, directly contradict them in a variety of respects, and thus afford a presumption of the unskilfulness of fiction. Contracts between Mary and Bothwell also accompany the sonnets and letters: one an obligation from Mary, by which she engages to accept the hand of Bothwell; the other a mutual promise, signed by both. In these also appear a contradiction of

* By Buchanan, according to Whitaker.

well known facts, while circumstances are mentioned and alluded to that could not have existed at the time. If, therefore, it should be seen (and mere assertions only are not produced) that the letters contradict each other, the sonnets the letters, and the contracts both, a forgery can scarcely be doubted.

The point which the enemies of Mary laboured to establish by the letters, was her knowledge of and consent to the murder of her husband. Several of the persons executed publicly, as accessaries to the crime, had declared on the scaffold, in the presence of thousands, that the queen had no concern in the transaction; while some of them confessed, that they had been proffered a full pardon, with other rewards, on condition that they should accuse her; which no temptations should induce them to do. But relying on their own power in Scotland, and the favour of Elizabeth in England, these public and real confessions, it is affirmed, were, by the regent and his party, exchanged for contrary and fabricated evidence. The false confessions were, like the letters and sonnets, of which they were a counterpart, carefully concealed from the commissioners of Mary, to prevent their detection and refutation. They were afterwards published, and, by their contradictions, involved in themselves a demonstration of their falsehood.

Respecting the real history of the murder of Darnly, evidence is brought forward to prove, that Bothwell performed the deed, that Morton certainly, and Murray probably, were consenting thereto. The whole plan appears, after a long and minute examination of circumstances and facts, with strong presumption, to have originated between Elizabeth, Cecil, Morton, and Murray; while the former was to defend the conspirators in charging the crime on Mary; for the purpose of giving credit to which, she was to be betrayed into a marriage with Bothwell, the perpetrator. No pains were, of course, spared, to suppress all the direct evidence of the existence of this diabolical scheme; nor could this be difficult to the successful and governing party. Many important papers, well known to have existed at the time, have never since been found, and were probably destroyed. Yet the force of collateral evidence, from circumstances which they could not advert to, have served to disentangle the windings of the plot.

The marriage of Mary with Bothwell, the most disgraceful

part of her conduct, still remains to be accounted for. Respecting her attachment to this nobleman, and her acquiescence in the pretended violence with which she was carried off by him, and confined in the fortress of Dunbar, historians seem to have agreed; but not so her present champion,* by whom presumptions are brought forward in proof of a contrary opinion. Of these, one is the disparity of their years.† According to this able and zealous advocate of the unfortunate Mary, she was forcibly, and wholly unexpectedly, seized and hurried to Dunbar, and confined there a close prisoner; where, for the first time, her bold and presumptuous ravisher dared to talk to her of love. That she spurned his proposals with contempt, and rejected them with the indignation they merited. That on his showing to her the bond he had obtained from the nobles, recommending him to her as a husband, she perceived the extent of the plot to betray her; which, nevertheless, she still resisted. That in counterfeiting despairing passion, this insidious lover threatened his own life, and actually inflicted on himself a wound. That, irritated at length by her continued coldness and repulses, he had recourse to stupifying potions, to humble her to his purpose, and triumph over the honour of his sovereign. It was then only that, degraded and desperate, deserted by her subjects, and the slave of a ruffian, the force of her mind began to fail, and she consented to elevate to the dignity of her husband, the man whose power she could not escape. That while she had reason to believe the nation concurred in opinion with the nobles, and that Bothwell was the man they had destined to the throne, she acquiesced in a fate from which she saw no redress. But when an armed force appeared in the field, to vindicate, as she believed, the freedom of her choice, she cheerfully abandoned the husband imposed upon her, and threw herself into the arms of those who opposed him. Little did she then suspect, that the persons in whom she now confided, were the original contrivers of the outrage which she mourned; and less did she perceive the purposes to which their machinations were directed. Yet, amidst the horrors that surrounded her, her spirit bent not to the storm;

* Whitaker's Vindication of the Queen of Scots.

† This will not have much weight with attentive observers of the human mind, of the passions, and of the force of imagination, association, and habit.

her enemies had calculated erroneously respecting the force of her mind; nor could they, by their multiplied insults and devices, induce her to make a voluntary surrender of her crown.

Whatever may be the conclusions of the reader respecting the preceding narration, it is certain, that if the *letters* are proved to have been spurious, there is little remains of importance against Mary. The conspirators who had hurled her from the throne to a prison, met in privy-council (Dec. 4, 1567) for the purpose of convicting her of crimes, that should justify their conduct towards her to the world. "*The matter* (say they, on this occasion) *being largelie and with gud* (good) *deliberacion resonit at great length, and upon sundry daies*, all the said lords, baronis, and others, can find no other way, or moyen, how to find or make the said securitie (in justification of themselves), but by (producing the letters in proof) that she was privie, art and part, and of the actual devise and deid, of the murther of the king." From this it appears, that a numerous body of men, having perfect knowledge of the whole life of Mary, with every transaction in her public conduct, are obliged, to give even a colour of justice to their enterprise against her, to have recourse to forgery, to blacken her character, and convict her of guilt. The evidence in favour of Mary, afforded by this historical fact, is by no means light or unimportant.

The candid will also bear in mind the difficult situations in which this young and inexperienced queen was placed; the circumstances of her education, in a foreign land, far from parental care or admonition, and a stranger to the manners of the people she was called to govern. The unfortunate difference of religion, of temper, and of habits, between herself and her turbulent subjects. The aristocratical nature of the government, the power, the feuds, and the ferocity of the nobles, heightened by the circumstances of the times, and above all by the fanaticism and fervour which ever accompanies the introduction of a new faith, and its struggles with the prejudices and the power of that which it succeeds. The frenzy of bigotry, formidable even in more enlightened times, is, in ages of ignorance, uniformly terrible; while it triumphs in the ruins of bleeding humanity, like a destructive tempest it lays all waste. When added to these circumstances, the character of Elizabeth is considered, her just dread of the queen of Scots, and her power of humbling and destroying her rival, cold must be the heart that sympathises not with

the woes of the lovely and unfortunate Mary; cut off in the bloom of youth from the hopes and the joys of life; and destined to waste her days in a long, a wretched, and wearisome captivity, terminating in a cruel and ignominious death. Let her firmness in her own principles be also recollected to her honour; the patience with which she submitted to the insults of the reformers; the sanguinary counsels which, amidst exasperated factions, she must often have rejected; and the gentleness and moderation with which she conducted herself in prosperity. "She was," says Camden, "a lady fixed and constant in her religion, of singular piety towards God, invincible magnanimity of mind, wisdom above her sex, and admirable beauty; and to be ranked in the list of those persons who have exchanged their grandeur for misery and calamity."

Robertson's History of Scotland, &c.—Stuart's Life of Mary, Queen of Scots—Whitaker's Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated—Hume's History of England, &c.

CATHERINE MACAULAY GRAHAM.

This lady, who, by her writings, and the powers of her mind, has reflected so much credit on her sex and country, was born about the year 1733, at her father's seat at Ollantigh, near Ashford in Kent. Her paternal and maternal grandfathers were both concerned in the South-sea scheme, in which fatal speculation they had considerable fortunes engaged. The former, Mr. Jacob Sawbridge, was a banker in London, a director of the South-sea company, a member of parliament, and one of those who, on the breaking up of the scheme, was, to appease the clamours of the sufferers, deprived of his seat in the house, and fined to the amount of a great part of his property. With the wreck of his fortunes, and what had been settled on his son by marriage articles, he was enabled to purchase the estate of Ollantigh, which the family still possess. From a paragraph in his grand-daughter's History of England, it appears, that Mr. Sawbridge, though carried along with the tide of other men's iniquity in the South-sea scheme, was guiltless of any intentional defraud or wrong; that he protested, both publicly and privately, against every unfair method taken by the directors to give an unnatural rise to the stock; and that it was generally acknowledged that government,

in order to calm the people, confounded, on this occasion, the innocent with the guilty.

The maternal grandfather of Mrs. Macaulay was a Mr. Wanley, who, dying, left one daughter, heiress to a fortune of more than 30,000*l.* Mr. Sawbridge, her father, was, in his youth, an officer in the Guards, but retired early to his estate in the country, where he led an inactive life. Her mother, a beautiful woman, with a delicate and feeble constitution, died before she was twenty years of age, after having borne two sons and two daughters. The late alderman Sawbridge was the eldest of these sons. The younger entered into the church, and died in the year 1796. The eldest daughter married a gentleman of fortune in the county of Kent. The younger, Catherine, having lost her mother in the first period of infancy, was deprived of the benefit of maternal tenderness and care. Her father, who severely felt the loss of his wife, almost entirely secluded himself from society, though possessed of a fortune of 3000*l.* a-year. He paid no attention to the education of his daughters, who were left at the family seat, at Ollantigh, to the charge of an antiquated, well recommended, but ignorant, governess, ill qualified for the task she undertook. Mr. Sawbridge satisfied himself with occasional visits to his family, to assure himself of their health and safety.

Under the superintendence of this woman, they grew together, while their minds and characters, as directed by other circumstances, took a different turn. The eldest daughter, whose temper was placid and amiable, while she improved in health and strength, derived amusement from her baby-house, and from the customary avocations of her sex and age. The younger, Catherine, found nothing to interest her attention in her sister's pursuits; active and curious, she thirsted for knowledge, and her dolls could give her no information. The books which were put into her hands entertained her for a time, while they interested her imagination, and gratified her taste for novelty: but at length she became satiated with fairy tales and romances, which afforded not aliment sufficiently substantial to satisfy the cravings of her inquiring mind. Having found her way into her father's well-furnished library, she became her own purveyor, and rioted in intellectual luxury. Every hour in the day, which no longer hung heavy upon her hands, was now occupied and improved. She first made choice of the periodical writers, the Spectators,

Guardian, &c. who, in treating of morals and manners, led her to reflection, while they opened and strengthened her mind. As she advanced in age, her studies took a wider range; she grew attached to history, and dwelt with delight and ardour on the annals of the Greek and Roman republics. Their laws and manners interested her understanding, the spirit of patriotism seized her, and she became an enthusiast in the cause of freedom. The heroic characters and actions with which this period of history is intermingled and enlivened, seldom fail to captivate the affections of a youthful and uncorrupted heart. All other books were thrown aside; history became her darling passion, and liberty the idol of her imagination. Rollin's Ancient History, and his Account of the Roman Republic, first lighted up that spark in her mind, which afterwards blazed with so much fervour and splendor, and which gave the tone to her sentiments and character through the subsequent periods of her life. To a spirit thus excited, retirement, by concentrating its force, added strength: the world, with its lax principles and vicious habits, had not yet broken in upon the gay mistakes of the just expanding heart, enamoured of truth and virtue, and ignorant of the difficulties which retard and obstruct their progress.

Oh youth! the lovely source of generous errors!

From early habits of seclusion, it became the choice of Catherine: ordinary amusements and occupations were tasteless to a spirit wrought to higher views and purposes: great delicacy, talents, and sensibility, united in the female mind, rarely fail to inspire a distaste for common intercourse. From the world of frivolity, flattery, and dissipation, she shrunk back to a more improving world of her own. In the course of her historical studies, the pictures of vice and turpitude which occasionally presented themselves, while they roused her indignation, excited the astonishment of her inexperienced heart; the feelings of which were called forth, exercised, and exalted. The history of the despotism and tyranny of a few individuals, and the slavish subjection of uncounted millions, their passive acquiescence, their sufferings, and their wrongs, appeared to her a moral problem, which she had no instruments to solve. She had yet to learn the force of prescription, of habit, and of association, the imitative and progressive nature of the human mind, and the complicated springs by which it is set in motion. She deeply reflected on the subject of government, with its influence on the happiness

and virtue of mankind: she became anxious that the distance should be diminished that separates man from man; and to see extended over the whole human race those enlightened sentiments, equal laws, and equitable decisions, that might restore to its due proportion a balance so ill adjusted, and combine with the refinement of a more advanced age the simplicity and virtue of the earlier periods. Fraught with these ideas, and with a heart glowing with good will towards her species, she took up her pen, and gave to the most interesting portion of the history of her country a new spirit and interest.

A female historian, by its singularity, could not fail to excite attention: she seemed to have stepped out of the province of her sex; curiosity was sharpened, and malevolence provoked. The author was attacked by petty and personal scurrilities, to which it was believed her sex would render her vulnerable. Her talents and powers could not be denied; her beauty was therefore called in question, as if it was at all concerned with the subject; or that, to instruct our understandings, it was necessary at the same time to charm our senses. 'She is deformed, (said her adversaries, wholly unacquainted with her person), she is unfortunately ugly, she despairs of distinction and admiration as a woman, she seeks, therefore, to encroach on the province of man.' "These were the notions," said a lady* afterwards intimately connected with the historian, "that I was led to entertain of Mrs. Macaulay, previous to my introduction to her acquaintance. Judge then of my surprise, when I saw a woman elegant in her manners, delicate in her person, and with features, if not perfectly beautiful, so fascinating in their expression, as deservedly to rank her face among the higher order of human countenances. Her height was above the middle size, inclining to tall; her shape slender and elegant; the contour of her face, neck, and shoulders, graceful. The form of her face was oval, her complexion delicate, and her skin fine; her hair was of a mild brown, long, and profuse; her nose between the Roman and the Grecian; her mouth small, her chin round, as was the lower part of her face, which made it appear to more advantage in

* The late Mrs. Arnold of Leicester, an excellent and amiable woman, to whom I am indebted for materials for this memoir, and whose lamented death will, I trust, plead with her friends in my excuse for the mention of her name, and this tribute of respect to her memory.

front than in profile. Her eyes were beautiful as imagination can conceive, full of penetration and fire, but their fire softened by the mildest beams of benevolence; their colour was a fine dark hazel, and their expression the indication of a superior soul. Infirm health, too often the attendant on an active and highly cultivated understanding, gave to her countenance an extreme delicacy, which was peculiarly interesting. To this delicacy of constitution was added a most amiable sensibility of temper, which rendered her feelingly alive to whatever concerned those with whom she was connected either by nature or by friendship."

In her friendships, we are told by this lady, Mrs. Macaulay was fervent, disinterested, and sincere; zealous for the prosperity, and for the moral improvement, of those whom she distinguished and loved. She was earnest, constant, and eloquent, in her efforts for rectifying the principles, and enlarging the minds, of her friends and connexions. It was her favourite maxim, that universal benevolence, and a liberal way of thinking, were not only essential to the freedom and welfare of society, but to individual virtue, enjoyment, and happiness. There was no arrogance in her exhortations and counsels; her accents were not less mild and persuasive, than her reasoning was energetic and forcible. "In the course," says her friend, from whose communications the present account is extracted, "of my acquaintance with this most intelligent and amiable woman, I had an opportunity of studying every part of her character."

Towards the latter end of the year 1777, she was ordered by her physicians to the south of France, for the benefit of her health; in which journey Mrs. Arnold accompanied her. A low nervous fever, to which she was subject, had debilitated her frame, without deducting either from the force or activity of her mind. Nothing, during this excursion, escaped her observation; her conversations and remarks were at once acute and profound.

After crosing the sea, on which she was severely exhausted by sickness, she rested two days at Calais, where she soon experienced, from the change of air, and possibly from the sea sickness itself, a salutary effect. Her fever seemed to have left her, and she suffered in the remainder of her journey to Paris but little inconvenience. She was greatly struck with the different appearance of the inhabitants of the two countries, as also with

the face of the country itself. Between Calais and Paris, she looked in vain for the healthy and well-fed peasant, the beautiful and luxuriant meadows, the cultivated farms, and comfortable farm-houses, of her native island. Despotism had palsied the hand of industry; an indigent and miserable people appeared thinly scattered over wild and dreary plains. The reflections which she made on this occasion, raised in her opinion the country which she had quitted; where, in comparative freedom, commerce and the arts grew and flourished. She praised, and quoted, the sentiments and remarks of Dr. Smollet on the same subject. The travellers stopped one day at Chantilly, where they met with two of their friends, and where they had an opportunity of observing a royal residence,* and contrasting it with the wretchedness which they had so recently witnessed. Mrs. Macaulay was not in a state of health to bear the fatigue of inspecting the palace. To Dr. Nash, one of the gentlemen whom she met at Chantilly, and who would, with apparent satisfaction, have described to her the curiosities and magnificence of the prince's residence, she replied (after thanking him courteously for the trouble he was about to give himself,) that she would spare him the repetition, since she could receive no pleasure in hearing of the splendor of one mortal, while the misery of thousands pressed upon her recollection.

As they proceeded towards the capital, the face of the country, and the looks of its inhabitants, gradually improved; but at the first post-house at which they stopped to change horses, the feelings of the travellers were again excited by the objects which, crowding around their carriage, clamorously implored their charitable donations, while they exhibited in their persons and squalid appearance every variety of want and of human wretchedness. 'My God! my God!' exclaimed Mrs. Macaulay, with a benevolent enthusiasm, bursting into tears, 'have mercy on the works of thine own hand!' She made her servant distribute to them each three livres, and divided among them the provisions she had in the carriage. For some miles after this incident she preserved a profound silence; at length, taking the hand of her fellow-traveller in hers: 'You, my dear friend,' said she, 'saw yesterday the habitation of the prince of Condé, and his family

* The palace of the prince of Condé.

at dinner!' She paused, unable to proceed, but by a look that conveyed her meaning more eloquently than words.*

The apartments provided for the travellers, near the Luxemburg palace, on their arrival at Paris, were commodious and elegant. Mrs. Macaulay found her health so much amended by the journey, that, in a few days, she collected around her, by her letters of introduction, an agreeable society. Persons of the first rank and eminence were gratified with the opportunity of paying their respects to an Englishwoman, whose talents entitled her to distinction. Among the number of her visitors were the family of the count de Sarsfield; the dukes of Harcourt and Laincourt; the chevalier de Rigemont; the abbé Colbert, a descendant of the great financier of that name; madame Boccage, madame Grigson, &c. with lord Stormont, the English ambassador. Dr. Franklin was at that time in Paris; Mrs. Macaulay met him several times, among the literati of Paris, at dinners given on her account, but she never received him at her hotel. During a day which she passed at monsieur Turgot's, with a large party, she was introduced to the celebrated Marmontel, and to the widow of the philosopher Helvetius, a woman of an extraordinary character. In these societies, so congenial to her disposition, she experienced a high gratification, and appeared with peculiar spirit and advantage. The pleasure which she inspired was equally lively with that which she received: the universal information which her conversation displayed, appeared to her auditors not less admirable than her historical acquisitions, and the powers of her mind.† Her brilliant talents for conversa-

* Alas! the people have but too severely retaliated on these princes and nobles!

† "Hear her but reason on divinity" (says her friend, from Shakspeare,)
"And all admiring, with an inward wish,
Would straight desire that she were made a prelate:
Hear her debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it had been *all in all* her study:
Turn her to any course of policy,
The gordian knot of it she will unloose
Familiar as her garter. When she speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal her sweet and honied sentences."

tion, with the variety of her knowledge, and the vivacity of her imagination, rendered her a most interesting and instructive companion.

With a mind too enlightened for bigotry, and an enemy to mere forms of devotion, often absurd, and always spiritless, the freedom with which she delivered her sentiments on these subjects, drew upon her the imputation of scepticism and infidelity. These assertions are declared, by her friend, to have been ill founded, as proved by some passages in her treatise on the "Immutability of Truth." "She confirmed the reality of her prepossession," says the lady already quoted, "in favour of the christian revelation, by the most diligent cultivation of benevolence towards mankind, and the most exact moral rectitude in every action of her life." "She had those hopes, and that confident expectation of her own future happiness, which christian faith and conscious rectitude only can inspire." In testimony of this opinion, Mrs. Arnold refers to a conversation which passed between herself and Mrs. Macaulay, when her health was in a languishing state, at Abbeville, in their way to Paris. After reproving her friend's too great sensibility and solicitude on her account, "I thought and hoped," said she, "that you viewed my death but as a short separation between virtuous friends, and that your assurance of a re-union with me, in a more perfect state, would have preserved you from being thus severely affected by the idea of my dissolution." She went on to console her companion and fellow-traveller in the same strain, "Consider our parting," said she, "but as a short privation; for, be assured, the friendship of the good will not be dissolved by death: we shall again unite in another life." The feeble state of her frame, and consequent sufferings, she said, naturally led her to these reflections. She considered the present state of being but as the dawning of existence, nor did she shrink from its termination as a subject of terror, but was rather prepared to meet her change with confidence and satisfaction. Her researches, she observed, into the nature of God and of man, and the relations subsisting between them, would have been vain, had it not brought her to this conclusion; vain also would have been her convictions of the truth of the christian revelation, and the recompense which its author promises to his disciples. She trusted, she declared, in that Being, who had not given her capacities of enjoyment for no adequate

end, that he would preserve and support her through the various stages of an everlasting existence. She lamented the prevalence of sense, and the pursuits by which the mind, capable of sublimer flights, was bound down to earth and inferior gratifications. She called upon her friend to observe and to witness, that, in her present enfeebled situation, her prospects grew brighter with her progress towards the grave: she anticipated the period when her spirit, disencumbered of its tenement, should no longer be impeded in its aspirations and researches, and when, in the presence of the Supreme Intelligence, it should find the sources of knowledge, of science, and of beauty, laid open to its view, while its capacities and powers should expand without bounds. In this exalted and visionary strain she continued, at intervals, through the day to expatiate; while she seemed to derive peculiar pleasure from the idea of the future re-union of the virtuous: a cheering and delightful notion to susceptible and tender minds!

Her visit to Paris was critically timed, at the period when Great Britain, at war with her colonies, beheld the French government with a jealous eye. The *habeas corpus* act was also at that time suspended in England. In these circumstances, Mrs. Macaulay was peculiarly cautious to give no offence to the administration of her country, by entering with too much fervour into the cause of the Americans; or by appearing to have any other views in her excursion to France (by which the colonies were assisted and favoured), than for the benefit and restoration of her health. During the six weeks that she remained in Paris, her apartments were crowded with visitors, and her invitations to dinner daily multiplied. Among the Americans, who were at that time numerous at Paris, those who were eminent for their learning or talents seized every opportunity of observing the fair historian, and mingling in the societies she was accustomed to frequent. Apprehensive, from these circumstances, lest her conduct should be misconstrued, and finding her health much amended since she had quitted England, she determined to give up the idea of proceeding southward, and the rather as the season of the year was unfavourable to travelling, and to the accommodations indispensable to an invalid. The end of her journey was in part accomplished, and business rendered her presence necessary at home. These motives combined to influence her to bid adieu to the hospitable societies at Paris, and to return once

more to her native land. In a letter to Dr. Franklin, before her departure, she informed him of the motives by which she had been induced to waive the satisfaction of seeing him and his American friends at her hotel. The circumstances of the times, and of her known republican principles, rendered her liable to suspicions; and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act in England to consequences, which, in the delicate state of her health, could not but prove fatal. "The whole tenor of my conduct must have convinced you, sir," says she, towards the conclusion of her letter, "that I should with pleasure sacrifice my life, could it be of any *real service* to the cause of public freedom. I am now nursing my constitution, to enable me to treat at large, in the history in which I am at present engaged, on our fatal civil war. I am, sir, with profound respect for your great qualities, as a statesman, patriot, and philosopher, yours," &c. &c.

Having been personally acquainted with the greater number of the celebrated Americans who had visited England, and in the habit of corresponding with those who had distinguished themselves on the other side of the Atlantic, Mrs. Macaulay was very desirous of making a visit to the transatlantic republic; a design which she executed in 1785. She visited nine of the thirteen United States, by whom she was received with kindness and hospitality. She terminated her journey to the south by paying her respects to general Washington, at his seat at Mount Vernon in Virginia. Under the roof of this illustrious man she remained three weeks; and continued to correspond with him during the remainder of her life.

It seemed to have been her intention, after her return to England, to have composed a history of the American contest; for which purpose she had been furnished by general Washington with many materials. It is to be regretted that, thus qualified, she was, by the infirm state of her health for some years prior to her death, prevented from the execution of her plan. She resided during the greater part of the remainder of her life at Binfield in Berkshire; where, after a tedious illness, attended by much suffering, which she supported with exemplary patience and fortitude, she expired, June 22, 1791. She was interred in the chancel of Binfield church, under an elegant marble monument executed by Mr. Bacon.

She was twice married: the first time to Dr. George Macaulay, a physician of some eminence in London; and, after his death, to Mr. William Graham, who had also been educated to the profession of physic, but who afterwards entered into the church. A daughter was the fruit of her first marriage; who gave her hand to captain Gregory, many years a commander in the East-India service, in which he acquired an ample fortune: his wife has since become a widow, with four children.

Dr. Wilson, whose enthusiastic admiration of the talents of Mrs. Macaulay was perhaps demonstrated rather extravagantly, was introduced to her by her brother, Mr. Sawbridge: they were both members of the Bill of Rights club; and had been united by their political sentiments.

After the marriage of Mrs. Macaulay with Mr. Graham, she retired with her husband to their house at Binfield, upon Windsor-forest; where, with congenial tastes and dispositions, they passed their time in literary avocations and pursuits.

Mrs. Macaulay, when in tolerable health, was accustomed to be in her library by six in the morning; she was tenacious of the value of time, and solicitous for its improvement.

The lady, from whose communications the preceding account is extracted, adds an earnest and affectionate testimony to the domestic qualifications and virtues of her friend; who, as a wife, a mother, a friend, a neighbour, and the mistress of a family, was irreproachable and exemplary. "My sentiments," says she, "of this admirable woman are derived from a long and intimate acquaintance with her various excellences, and I have observed her in different points of view. I have seen her exalted on the dangerous pinnacle of worldly prosperity, surrounded by flattering friends, and an admiring world; I have seen her marked out by party prejudice as an object of dislike and ridicule; I have seen her bowed down by bodily pain and weakness; but never did I see her forget the urbanity of a gentlewoman, her conscious dignity as a rational creature, or a fervent aspiration after the highest degree of attainable perfection. I have seen her humble herself in the presence of her Almighty Father; and, with a contrite heart, acknowledging her weakness, and imploring his protection; I have seen her languishing on the bed of sickness, enduring pain with the patience of a christian, and with the firm belief, that the light afflictions of this life are but for a moment,

and that the fashion of the world will pass away, and give place to a system of durable happiness."

Her works are:

1. The History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Elevation of the House of Hanover; printed in successive volumes in quarto, making in all eight volumes. The first volume was printed before the year 1769. The eighth and last volume was published in the year 1783. This volume, ending with James II.'s reign, did not complete the design expressed in the title-page: the history may, however, be considered as continued in

2. The History of England, from the Revolution to the present Time, in a Series of Letters to the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and Prebendary of Westminster; published in one volume in quarto in 1778.

3. A Treatise on the Immutability of Truth, by Catherine Macaulay Graham, octavo, 1783.

4. Letters on Education.

5. Loose Remarks on certain Positions to be found in Mr. Hobbie's Philosophical Rudiments of Government and Society, with a short Sketch of a Democratical Form of Government; in a Letter to Signior Paoli: octavo, 1767.

6. Observations on a Pamphlet, entitled, Thoughts on the Causes of the present Discontent. The fifth edition, published in octavo, in the year 1770.

7. An Address to the People of England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the present important Crisis of Affairs; by Catherine Macaulay, octavo, second edition, 1775.

8. A Modest Plea for the Property of Copy-right, quarto; by Catherine Macaulay.

9. Observations on the Reflections of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke on the Revolution in France, in a Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stanhope, 1790.

MAEROE.

Maeroe, famed by the ancients for her extraordinary learning, and particularly remembered for a hymn to Neptune.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

This celebrated woman, the vicissitudes of whose life, and whose extraordinary fortune, might afford a subject for a romance, was the grand-daughter of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, who, brought up with Henry IV. in the court of Jane d'Albret, queen of Navarre, distinguished himself by his writings, and by his zeal for the Reformation. Having served under Henry with courage and fidelity, in all his campaigns, on his master's embracing the catholic religion, he retired to his own estate in Poitou, and employed himself in this retreat in the composition of a history of his own times, in which he had been a distinguished actor. Susanna de Lezay, of the house of Lusignan, whom he espoused, bore to him three children, a son and two daughters.

The son proved unfortunate, and appears by his conduct to have merited his fate: having been accused of counterfeiting the current specie, he was confined in the château *Trompette de Bourdeaux*, where he married Jane, daughter of Peter de Cardillac, lieutenant to the duke d'Epernon, and his deputy in the government. This lady, a prudent and amiable woman, remained faithful to her husband through all his distresses; and, in the marshalsea of Niort, gave birth to a daughter, Frances d'Aubigné, the subject of this memoir.

Madame de Villette, sister to M. d'Aubigné, visited him and his wife during this season of calamity. The following is the description of the affecting situation in which she found them: "Madame de Villette beheld her relations in all the horrors of indigence; her brother emaciated with hunger, and by despair deprived of reason; their eldest child wrapped in rags, and already sensible to the miseries of his condition; their second in the cradle, a girl two days old, who, by her piercing cries, seemed to invite death; the mother weeping and offering her breast, the milk of which famine and distress had dried up, alternately to her husband and her daughter, without hope of saving either." Madame de Villette took the infant from this scene of misery, and placed her in the hands of a nurse, with whom she had entrusted her own child.

Madame d'Aubigné, after a few years, obtained liberty for her husband; with whom, and her family, in which the little

Frances was included, she set out for America, where they still had considerable claims. During the voyage Frances was reduced, by a malady which seized her, to the verge of the grave: in the crisis of the disorder she lay without sense or motion, and was believed to be already dead. In this situation a sailor was going to throw her into the sea; the signal gun was already loaded, when madame d'Aubigné, melting into tears, requested to be allowed, once more, to press her infant in her arms. At this moment, placing her hand on her heart, she felt it faintly palpitate: 'It is not dead!' exclaimed she with a mother's joy; and by her cares, in a short time, restored the child to life and health. The vessel in which this unfortunate family were passengers, was, soon after, attacked by a corsair, but, having escaped, arrived safe at Martinico. There M. d'Aubigné re-established his fortunes, and enriched his family, when the settlement of some important affairs obliged his wife to return to Europe. During her absence he fell into dissipated habits, lost all his property at play, and, on the return of madame d'Aubigné, was found by her ruined, and at the point of death.

The unhappy widow, in the hope of obtaining assistance, went back to France, leaving Frances, then seven years of age, as a pledge in the hands of her creditors, who passed the child, which they soon began to consider as a burthen, from one to the other, till the judge of the place, taking pity on the little orphan, received her into his house. She remained here but a short time; her benefactor becoming in his turn weary of the charge, sent her to Europe after her mother. On her return to her native country, she first fell into the hands of madame de Montalembert, her kinswoman, who refused to entertain her: madame de Villette, therefore, her paternal aunt, again received her, and instructed her in the calvinist religion.

Monsieur d'Aubigné had been no less sceptical in his opinions than relaxed in his conduct: when a child, it is related by his daughter, that he would frequently take her in his arms, and exclaim, 'Is it possible that you, who on other occasions have so much good sense, can yet give credit to all that is taught you in the catechism?' Madame d'Aubigné, however, was on this subject less indifferent; notwithstanding that, on her return to France, she had found their remaining effects swallowed up by their creditors, and the rapacity of some of her husband's rela-

tions, she wished to take her daughter from under the protection of her aunt, lest she should be allured from the bosom of the catholic church. Madame de Villette refused to relinquish the child, on the plea that her mother was unable to support her: but this objection was over-ruled by a cousin of the late M. d'Aubigné's, a woman of a narrow and bigotted mind, who, to pay her court to the queen-mother, obtained an order to take the little Frances out of the hands of her aunt.

From madame de Neuillant, her new patroness, Frances suffered a severe persecution: having eagerly imbibed the principles of her late protectress, a worthy and amiable woman, to whom she was tenderly attached, she resisted every argument with which her faith was now assailed; till madame de Neuillant, determined to carry her point, and tired of gentle measures, had recourse to harshness and severity. With the view of subduing her spirit, she confounded her with the servants, degraded her to the lowest domestic offices, and banished her to the kitchen and court-yard. She went but every morning, with a mask on her face, to preserve her fine complexion, a straw hat on her head, a basket under her arm, and a switch in her hand, to watch the turkies; with orders not to touch her breakfast, which she carried in the basket, till she had first committed to memory five stanzas of sacred poetry. Madame de Neuillant, finding these measures unavailing to effect her purpose, and tired of the expense and obstinacy of her charge, whom she so ill knew how to vanquish, carried her to Niort, and placed her in a convent of Ursuline nuns, where her aunt, the worthy madame de Villette, agreed to pay for her board.

The young calvinist here suffered new importunities, more artfully and judiciously applied, to which, after a resistance uncommon at her age, she yielded but upon conditions. The principal article for which she stipulated was, that, in becoming a catholic, it should not be required of her to believe, that her dear aunt, madame de Villette, who lived like a saint in this world, should be damned for her heresy in the next. After her conversion to the Romish church, she was taken back to the house of madame de Neuillant. This lady went occasionally to Paris in a sedan chair, carried by two mules, on one of which mademoiselle d'Aubigné used to ride. She introduced her to the compa-

ny with which she was accustomed to associate, boasted in public of her growing charms, and exercised over her in private all the tyranny which dependents are liable to suffer from ostentatious benefactors. The young lady, already very lovely, promised to be a beauty. Her figure and understanding were equally above her years.

Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was about thirteen years of age, when her patroness took her, for the first time, to communicate with the Ursuline nuns, with whom she continued to reside. She rarely went out excepting to visit her mother, who supported herself by her labour; or with madame de Neuillant, when she was pleased to exhibit her to her friends. Having been introduced to the celebrated monsieur Scarron, she met at his house select parties, and the best company in Paris, who were eager to form the character of the beautiful Frances, and among whom she received the title of the *fair Indian*. She listened to the lessons and the conversations of these gentlemen, by which her talents received cultivation, and her mind became improved, without suffering them to corrupt her principles. The powers which she displayed in this society, and the letters which she addressed to them from Poitou, whither some time after she attended madame de Neuillant, procured her respect and reputation.

Her mother, who had been reduced to live on an annuity of two hundred and fifty livres,* died without the satisfaction of leaving to her children even this scanty stipend. Her son had been placed, as a page, with M. de Parabere: her daughter still continued with madame de Neuillant, in circumstances which her beauty, her youth, and her poverty, rendered peculiarly critical and dangerous.

M. Scarron was no stranger to the history of mademoiselle d'Aubigné: though not rich, he was enabled by a canonry, and the remains of his patrimony, to keep a good table: deformed in his figure, deprived of the use of his limbs, tortured with the gout, and laden with infirmities, he still preserved a fund of wit and humour, that appeared to be unconquerable, and which rendered his company acceptable to the young and the gay. He began to think seriously, perhaps for the first time in his life, of the situation of his fair visitor, which the death of her mother had

* 10*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*

left still more forlorn and hopeless. His reflections at length terminated in a resolution to offer to her the choice of two alternatives; either a certain sum of money, to enable her to take the veil, or, if she chose rather to remain in the world, to accept of his hand and become his wife. The lady, after some hesitation, gave a preference to the marriage; a measure to which madame de Neuillant refused not her assent, stipulating only that it should be deferred for two years, when mademoiselle d'Aubigné would have completed her seventeenth year. This interval was afterwards abridged one half, at the intercession of the bridegroom, and the nuptials were accordingly celebrated, in April 1651. In the marriage contract, Scarron acknowledged the receipt of an annuity of four louis-d'ors, as the whole fortune of his wife; adding pleasantly, 'two large murdering eyes, a most elegant figure, a pair of beautiful hands, and a great deal of wit.' These riches were, however, but little calculated to make amends to the bridegroom for the loss of the canonry, the yearly revenue of which had been two thousand livres. Scarron, nevertheless, still managed to keep up his table, and to draw around him the company, which his habits and infirmities rendered almost indispensable. Of these parties his young wife was the ornament and the delight: by her graceful manner of telling a story, she frequently made her hearers forget the deficiencies of their entertainment: a domestic whispered to her one day, 'Another story, madam, for the roast is too small to-day.' But the income of Scarron, notwithstanding the economy and management of his wife, falling short of his expenditure, applications were made for a contribution, which, by the credit of his friends, were rendered successful. Madame Scarron prudently declined appearing on this occasion, lest she should be exposed to solicitations injurious to her honour. She scarcely ever left, for a moment, her *poor paralytic*, as she was accustomed to call her husband: when ill, she was his nurse; when a little revived and cheered, his friend and companion; and at all times his amanuensis and reader. She learned from him the rules of composition, and to express herself with eloquence and ease; she acquired also the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages, but without losing her modesty, or over-valuing herself on her attainments. Among the witty and licentious associates of her husband, she appeared with unaffected dignity, and, by the propriety and purity of her manners,

without laying a restraint on their pleasures, awed them into decency, and preserved their respect. Her acquaintance was courted by persons of both sexes, of the first rank and talents. Amidst this gay and sprightly society, who were accustomed to regard with levity too rigid observances, madame Scarron scrupulously discharged what she conceived to be the duties of religion; nor would she dispense, notwithstanding their raillery, with the ceremonies and fasts enjoined by the Romish church, of which she had become a sincere proselyte. Her example affected her husband; and, in his last illness, he was influenced by her exhortations to express a sincere repentance for the errors of his past life. During Lent, madame Scarron, at the head of her table, was accustomed to eat only a herring, and immediately afterwards to retire to her apartment. A profligate associate of her husband (so sincere is the deference which true delicacy inspires) frequently declared, that, if compelled to utter an equivocal expression before either the queen or madame Scarron, he should not hesitate a moment to trespass on the former. A high and just compliment! Her youth and the circumspection of her behaviour, in a situation so delicate and peculiar, excited esteem and admiration, and at length recommended her to the notice of the queen, to whom she had been mentioned by the baron de la Garde.

In October, 1660, madame Scarron, after having lived near ten years with her husband, became a widow, in the bloom of youth and beauty, with but scanty means of support. A pension had been allowed to M. Scarron, by cardinal Richelieu, for the continuance of which his widow petitioned in vain: her solicitations, could she have been prevailed upon to make them, would doubtless have succeeded better with Fouquet;* but she chose rather to suffer indigence, or to throw herself on the exertions and kindness of her friends, from whom she would accept money only as a loan. From the queen, who was informed of her distress, she at length obtained a pension of two thousand livres, with which she immediately retired to the convent *d'Hospitallars*, in the suburbs of *St. Marceau*. She contrived with her narrow pittance to preserve the neatness of her appearance: her clothes were of the cheapest stuffs, and her linen plain; but her stockings,

* The inspector of finance; a man notorious for peculation and libertinism.

shoes, and under-garments, were of a superior texture: she even spared from her income a surplus for charitable purposes. But the death of the queen-mother, who survived only three years, and with whose life the pension ceased, renewed the difficulties and distress of the widow. An old duke about this period offered himself to her in marriage; which proposal, however flattering to her ambition, she thought proper to decline. When means of subsistence failed, she retired to the Ursuline nuns of St. James, who were willing to receive her, and with whom she had in her youth resided; and, when her circumstances became more favourable, she returned again to the world. She no longer appeared, but with a few exceptions, among those with whom she had associated during the life of her husband; her friends and companions were respectable and select. M. de Turenne, the count de Guise, the abbé d'Aumont, la Feuillade, Bellefonds, Bouillon, St. Luc, &c.; *mesdames* de Richelieu, de Montespan, de Coulanges, la Fayette, Sevigné, &c.; lady marshal d'Albret, and princess d'Ursini; formed a party, from which play was excluded, who were accustomed to assemble at the hotels d'Albret or de Richelieu, where they amused themselves with conversation, or in making extemporary verses. In this society madame Scarron passed those hours which she afterwards declared were the happiest of her life. The following translation of an *impromptu*, which she produced as an epitaph for the duke de Richelieu, may serve to afford a specimen both of her talents and of their amusements:

> Here lies Amand,
> Whom Cupid gave, in malice to the fair,
> His smile, his quiver, and his wings to wear.

With marshal d'Albret she had become acquainted during the life of her husband; this gentleman had introduced her to his wife, who with some good qualities, possessed an inferior understanding, and with whom she had cultivated an intimacy. Madame d'Albret conceived for madame Scarron a warm attachment; and pressed her to reside wholly under her roof; an invitation which she prudently judged it proper to decline. By an entire complacency she strengthened the partiality of her friend, with whom she was accustomed to attend the theatre, and, sitting close beside her, to explain to her any passages of the

drama, or transactions on the stage, which she did not clearly comprehend.*

It was at the house of madame d'Albret that an intimacy was formed between mesdames Scarron and de Montespan, who was related to M. d'Albret: attracted by mutual talents, the acquaintance of these ladies soon ripened into friendship.

The harmony which reigned in this happy society was disturbed by the intrusion of calumny, from which madame Scarron, with all her circumspection, had too much merit to hope for an escape. It was pretended, that, under the mask of friendship for his lady, she cherished a passion for marshal d'Albret, and that de Mornay, marquis de Villarceaux, had avowed one for her: these malicious reports, which appear to have had no foundation in fact, determined her on withdrawing from the hotel d'Albret. She passed several summers with madame de Montchevreuil, a woman of unblemished character, and a relation of M. de Villarceaux; a circumstance which again exposed her to insidious comments. Her acquaintance with Ninon de l'Enclos, a woman whose talents, in despite of the irregularity of her conduct, had procured her admission in the first circles, was also eagerly misinterpreted to her disadvantage, by those whom her superiority humbled, or whose envy had been excited by her charms. But Ninon, though jealous of her understanding, had too much generosity not to do justice to her conduct. 'She is chaste,' said she, 'not so much from coldness of constitution, as from weakness of mind. I would have cured her of this, but she was too much afraid of offending God.' Had she been inclined to a life of pleasure, she might certainly have found means, through her beauty and accomplishments, to remain in France, instead of forming a design of renouncing her country to procure a subsistence. The princess of Nemours, who was about to espouse the king of Portugal, impressed by the advantageous character she had heard of the widow Scarron, offered to take her in her suite. This proposition she was inclined to accept, when an incident occured by which her prospects were changed.

* This same madame d'Albret, though a devotee, was addicted to the love of strong cordials: of her it is related, that seated one day at her toilette, and observing some redness on her nose, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Where did I get this?' 'At the beaufet,' replied a wit, in a half whisper, who happened to stand behind her.

Her old friend, madame de Montespan, having become the mistress of the king, moved in a sphere at a distance from her former connexions. The widow Scarron wished to be presented to her, to see once more (as she said) the wonder of France, before she bade adieu to the kingdom. At the summit of grandeur, the favourite did not disdain the poverty of her old acquaintance; she talked with her of past occurrences, and of the present state of her affairs: having learned from her, that she had several times ineffectually petitioned the king for relief, she made her put into her hands a new memorial, which she promised to support with her influence. 'The widow Scarron again!' exclaimed the monarch, as she presented to him the paper. 'Sire,' replied she, 'it is long since you ought no more to have been troubled about her: it is surprising that your majesty has not yet listened to the petition of a woman, whose ancestors were ruined in the service of yours!' This reproof produced the intended effect. The pension was granted, and madame Scarron saved from exile, and rescued from dependence.

Thus mistress of herself, she indulged her taste for devotion and retirement, unconsciously preserving herself for engagements which she soon after formed.

The princess d'Ursini, whom she now met at court, and who was well acquainted with her merit, confessed to her, that she had frequently, at their meeting at the hotel d'Albret, been mortified at seeing the marshal, and other noblemen, confer with her seriously on affairs of state, from the knowledge of which she was herself excluded, as too young and too gay for political confidence. Her friend, in return, avowed to her, with equal frankness, that she was no less wearied of these cabinet conferences, which had excited her jealousy; that she even regretted her character of sense and prudence, by which she was deprived of entertainments more agreeable to her sex and age, than the plans of statesmen, or the discontents of courtiers. Madame Scarron is said by her niece,* not to have been naturally formed for business. The rectitude of her mind led her to detest court-intrigue; while the charms of her conversation and manners, fitted her for the pleasures of society.

Madame de Montespan was about this period in search of a

* Madame de Caylus.

person to whom she might confide the education of those children which she had borne to the king: no one appeared to her more endowed for the charge, or more deserving of the trust, than the widow Scarron, whose circumstances, it was presumed, would induce her to listen eagerly to the proposal. But, whether from a desire of independence, or an aversion to constraint, or scruples respecting the employment as degrading to her birth and character, she steadily rejected the office, though solicited by her friends, and even by the minister, to accept it. This reluctance could only be overcome by the personal request of the king, who condescended himself to communicate to her his *will*.

Her objections had not been without foundation; the life to which she was now subjected, and which commenced about the year 1670, was severe and laborious. Her attentions to the duties she had undertaken were unremitting; night and day she watched with solicitude over the persons she employed in the care of the children: their slightest indispositions alarmed her, so great was her sensibility, even to the detriment of her own health: as if really their mother, she trusted nothing to others, but what she was unable to perform for them herself. The king one morning surprised her, sustaining by one hand the duke de Maine who was ill with a fever, rocking mademoiselle de Nantz in her cradle with the other, and holding on her lap the sleeping count de Vexin. Touched by this scene, Lewis, whose disposition was affectionate, and who was a tender father, presented to the governess an hundred thousand francs.* Her pension had also been raised from two thousand livres to two thousand crowns. Thus was she supported under her fatigues, by the prospect of enjoying one day a competency, and liberty in any retreat to which she might choose to retire.

Amidst these occupations she found little leisure for the society of her old friends, whom, nevertheless, she did not entirely neglect: in their company she relaxed from her cares, and appeared not less agreeable and entertaining than before, "We supped last night," writes madame de Sevigné to her daughter, "with the widow Scarron. We found it very pleasant to conduct her, about midnight, to the father end of the fauxbourg St. Germain, very near Vaugirard, in the country, to a fine large house

* About 4166*l.* sterling.

situated by itself. She has large gardens, and spacious and elegant apartments. She has a carriage, horses, and servants; she dresses richly, but modestly, just as becomes a woman who passes her life with people of quality. She is amiable, beautiful, good, and unaffected. Her conversation is very agreeable."

The situation of madame Scarron was far from pleasant, notwithstanding the advantages with which it was attended: though she contrived at times to meet her particular friends, her life was solitary, and her reputation equivocal: she was not at liberty to assign the cause of the change in her circumstances, and her estrangement from society: as an ostensible pretence for her retreat, she took into her house the child of a friend, whom she solicited from its mother. When madame de Montespan was seized with the pains of child-birth, the governess was immediately summoned, to receive and carry home with her the infant. Seven children were in this manner consigned by the mistress to the care of her friend. The eldest of these children died when about three months old: the grief of its governante on this occasion greatly exceeded that of the mother. The king, speaking on this subject, said it would be pleasant to be beloved by madame Scarron, she had so much sensibility in her temper. The children being afterwards legitimated by the monarch, their governess removed with her charge to court, where she attached herself more particularly to the duke de Maine.

She was near forty years of age, when, in the year 1674, she was invited from her retirement to live with madame de Montespan, who wished to have her children under her own eye. If in her retreat she had passed for the mother of these children, brought up so mysteriously, she was regarded at Versailles, as the complaisant friend of the mistress of the king: "But the world knew not what passed in private between these ladies; they knew not that one, under the pressure of remorse, went every evening to express to the other her penitence and her fears: that the governess, with the dignity of virtue, made remonstrances to the mistress that covered her with confusion; more especially when too evident proofs of her irregularity happened to appear." At the birth of one of her children, she wrote to her friend; "Come and see me; but do not stare with those large black eyes which fright me." The severity of her manners,

or her troublesome remonstrances to the object of his passion, prejudiced the king against her: he considered her as a prude, and would have been as well pleased had madame de Montespan dismissed her from her suite: when speaking of her to his mistress, he assumed a tone of sarcasm; 'Your genius,' 'Your *bel esprit*,' were the ironical terms which he used on these occasions. He was, like most men, disposed to regard with jealousy and suspicion an extraordinary share of wit or good sense in a woman: as he became more acquainted with her, he was struck, and sometimes humbled, by the power and variety of her talents: he even appeared jealous of her conversation with madame de Montespan, lest she should make comparisons to his disadvantage. But, at length, having become insensibly accustomed to her, he listened to her remonstrances with no less patience than his mistress. Other circumstances had contributed to alarm his conscience, which was delicate and scrupulous: the return of a jubilee, the solemn festivals, and the eloquence of the court preachers, who had the courage to attack the vices of the monarch, combined to rouse his attention. The famous apostrophe of the jesuit, imitated from the prophet Nathan, in his reproof to the adultery of David, '*Thou art the man*,' deeply affected the susceptible heart of Lewis. He formed with his mistress the plan of a separation, which he essayed many means to effect, but the weakness of a moment frequently vanquished these salutary impressions.

Madame de Montespan herself did more towards strengthening the resolution of the king to part with her, than either the exhortations of the clergy, or the machinations of her enemies. Her attachment for her royal lover had in it more of ambition than of tenderness; she depended too much on the power of her charms, and disgusted him by the caprice and the violence of her temper. As her influence declined, that of the widow Scarron grew in proportion: in her the king, accustomed and attached to the society of women, ever met a friend, mild, modest, reasonable, and possessed of an admirable understanding. With her moderation and forbearance the rage and the vexation of the mistress increased; of the consequences of which the governess was not fully aware. The situation of madame Scarron, exposed hourly to the capricious temper of the favourite, became too uneasy to be long supported: she meditated a retreat from court,

to recover in a humbler but happier station the tranquillity of her former life.

In a letter to the abbé Gobelin, she thus writes: "Madame de Montespan and I have had lately a sharp altercation, which she has reported to the king *in her own manner*. I have for some time past struggled with myself to endure a situation exposed to such daily vexations. What transport would it be to return to freedom! I am frequently inclined to profess myself of some religious order, but the dread of living to repent my devotion, has hitherto enabled me to resist emotions which by some persons might be deemed *a call*." In another letter she writes, "I cannot bring myself to believe it is the will of God that I should daily suffer thus under madame de Montespan. She is incapable of friendship; nor can I longer support my situation. It is not possible that she should meet from me such frequent opposition, and not become my enemy. She represents me to his majesty in the light in which she chooses I should appear, by which I shall probably forfeit his esteem. I am in critical and delicate circumstances, in which management and address are requiste." Again: "There fell out yesterday a considerable breach between myself and madame de Montespan, to which, fortunately, the king was a witness. Events so unpleasant, added to the constant ill health of the children, have reduced me to a state I am unable longer to sustain." This letter probably alluded to a debate between these ladies, in the midst of which the king entered and observing their emotion, inquired into its cause. 'If your majesty,' replied madame de Scarron, with great composure, 'will please to step into another room with me, I will do myself the honour to acquaint you with what has passed.' The king immediately retiring, the governess followed him, when she spoke without reserve her sentiments, and described to him in colours so lively the harsh and unreasonable conduct of his mistress, as to inspire him with apprehensions of the excesses to which she might be transported by so ungoverned a temper. The facts which were brought forward by madame Scarron in support of her charge were not unknown to her auditor, who, nevertheless, like a lover, whose tenderness had survived his esteem, laboured to exonerate his mistress, and to prove that her heart was less cold and hard than, to judge by her condut, it sometimes appeared. 'Have you not,' said the infatuated monarch, 'fre-

quently observed, on the recital of an affecting story, or the repetition of a generous sentiment, her *fair* bosom heave, and her *lovely* eyes suffused with tears?'

This conference between the king and the governess was followed by many others, which madame de Montespan vainly endeavoured to prevent: the circumstances of her conduct to which Lewis had been a witness, added to the growing esteem and friendship with which her adversary had inspired him, defeated all her machinations.

Under the title of the marchioness de Surgeres, the governess made a journey into Flanders, with one of her pupils, the duke de Maine, in the hope of obtaining a cure for a lameness which he had contracted. On her return, in 1674, the king purchased for her the estate of Maintenon, the name of which she assumed, as more suited to the rank in which she was now placed. This circumstance afforded to her some compensation for the mortifications she had suffered from the mistress, whose influence over her royal lover daily declined. Love perhaps cannot long survive esteem; the passion of Lewis for madame de Montespan, which had been years in maturing, was, by her security and misconduct, converted into disgust. In the conversation of madame de Maintenon he sought and found a refuge; her ascendency over his mind was gradual, and became entire. The attachment which he conceived for her is said first to have owed its origin to an accidental occurence: madame de Montespan having one day received a note from the king, to which she did not at the moment feel herself disposed to reply, employed the pen of her friend for the purpose: Lewis, charmed with the wit and spirit of the billet, discovered the author, and regarded her from that moment with greater attention. The truth of this anecdote is of little importance; if chance laid the foundation of the fortunes of madame de Maintenon, it is certain that her merits erected the superstructure. Madame de Sevigné, about this period, gives in a letter to her daughter the following character of the court: "Were I to tell you how often they speak to me of you, how often they put questions without expecting an answer, how sparing I am of my replies, how little they care, and how much less still I care, you would not fail to recognize the natural disingenuousness of a court. All is pell-mell, *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*."*

* Alluding to the partizans of the rival ladies.

The ladies de Montespan and de Maintenon displayed in their pursuits their different characters: the former raised at Clagny, under the direction of Mansard, a splendid palace, adorned with master-pieces of art, to which she added gardens in which the lovely and the majestic were happily combined. The latter, less magnificent, and more intent on the useful, prepared a retreat in which the latter periods of her life might pass with honour and tranquillity. With this view she repaired an ancient castle, that had fallen into neglect, and converted it into a commodious house, established schools, invited lace-workers from Flanders, whom she lodged and rewarded for teaching to women and children their art. She also erected work-houses and manufactories.

In 1675 madame de Maintenon, whose pupil had received but little benefit from the recipes of the Flemish physicians, carried him to Bareges to try its mineral springs. During this journey the duke was attacked by a fever, which reduced him to the brink of the grave. Fagon, the physician who attended them on their journey, effected his recovery, procured the confidence of his governess, and laid the foundation of his own future fortune. Madame de Maintenon was magnificently received at Guyenne by her old friend marshal d'Albret, who was governor of the place. The king, in a letter to the marshal, in which he prescribes to him the honours that should be paid to his son, speaks of the governess in a manner that betrayed some jealousy of the former reports of the marshal's attachment to her. Having returned by the way of Poitou, she visited her relations, by whom she was received with the respect due to her present situation. These civilities she repaid without any assumption; and regained the friendship of the family of Villette, who, since her conversion to the church of Rome, had declined to correspond with her. She paid during this tour the arrears of a pension which she owed to the Ursuline convent at Niort: she also discovered what she had before been unacquainted with, that she was descended from one of the best families of the country.

On her return from another journey to Bayneres, in 1678, she passed through Cognac, of which count d'Aubigné, her brother, was intrusted with the government. He signalized his zeal on this occasion by the reception he gave to the duke de Maine, the only action of his life in which he afforded to his sister

any satisfaction: by his profligate and imprudent temper, d'Aubigné disgraced his family, and afforded to madame de Maintenon a perpetual subject of disquietude. In the course of the same year, without consulting his sister, who could have procured for him a more advantageous connexion, he chose for himself a wife, in the daughter of Pietre, the king's attorney at Paris. In the letter addressed to him on this occasion by madame de Maintenon, which abounds with good counsel, a picture is exhibited of the manners of the times. Her good advice, a case by no means uncommon, was wholly thrown away; count d'Aubigné and his wife agreed so ill, that madame de Maintenon was obliged to separate them. She afterwards prevailed on her brother to retire into a religious house, where a number of gentlemen, under the direction of some priests, had formed a community: his lady was also persuaded to join a society of nuns. D'Aubigné made himself merry with the conceit of turning devotee, nor could he be brought to order without some coercion. Before the adoption of this measure, his sister had in vain used every means to reclaim him: she had even ventured to make him known to the king, who, notwithstanding the contempt he felt for his character, conferred on him an important office, and the order of the Holy Ghost, both of which he disgraced.

Two marriages of policy and state, which took place in the royal family, in 1679, produced from madame de Maintenon the following reflections: "Such are the gloomy fiends that hover round a throne! Who can observe with indifference the transports of the ambitious; the despair of favourites, even when their situation appears the most desirable, and the secret melancholy that preys on the ladies of Versailles, of whom the most envied is not the least unhappy? We may truly say, that our happiness in this world is very far from increasing in proportion to the elevation of our rank."

A treaty of marriage was also at the same time negotiated between the dauphin and a princess of Bavaria; a circumstance which produced a change in the situation of madame de Maintenon, on whom the king bestowed, on the completion of the nuptials, the place of lady of the wardrobe to the dauphiness; a post of honour which relieved her from the tyranny of madame de Montespan. These ladies being now placed on a more equal footing, the balance turned in favour of the former. The king

had in this year, 1680, attained his forty-second year, an age at which the mind, without losing any of its vigour, is disposed to reflection. Resolved on leading a more regular life, and ashamed of his frequent relapses, he paid the homage to virtue of concealing his frailty. The mistress was under the necessity of hiding from the public eye the birth of her two last children; a restraint to her imperious temper extremely irksome. The quarrels between the lovers became frequent and aggravated. The monarch, on these occasions, sought refuge from the peevishness and insolence of his mistress in the friendly society of madame de Maintenon, who, though indulgent to his errors, flattered them not: in her mild reproofs, gentleness and good sense tempered the austerity of virtue: she familiarised the king to truth, and, by her delicacy and address, without alarming his pride, made him sensible of his faults. She possessed the happy talent of seizing the proper moment for seasonable exhortation, and of knowing when to forbear. Lewis, one day, after having been present at a review of his household troops, expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which they had performed their evolutions; above all he praised the musqueteers. Madame de Maintenon, he remarked, had not enjoyed the sight, neither did she seem to give any attention to his panegyric. In the evening, at the circle, he demanded why she had looked so grave: 'Because,' replied she, 'a thought came into my head, that I could not get quit of during the whole time of the review.' The king requested to know what that thought might be. She suffered his importunity for a short time, and then, turning to him with a smile, 'Why,' said she, 'if your majesty must know, I was thinking that these musqueteers were a set of sad rakes, and that their captain was no better than themselves.' Lewis left the company, with some railleries, but half uttered, respecting the fine compliment she had paid him. Madame de Maintenon followed him, and, when they were out of the hearing of others, added, 'Your majesty may banter as you please; but, though you are very fond of your musqueteers, if you were informed that any one of them had run off with his neighbour's wife, I am certain that, although *he* were the bravest fellow in the troop, and *she* the most pitiful creature imaginable, you would not suffer him to remain another hour in the corps.' This was a pointed reflection, which the king suffered but could not evade.

Madame de Maintenon, though she had completed her fortieth year, had lost only the bloom of youth; a loss which the graces of her manner, the elegance of her person, and the powers of her understanding, fully compensated: her behaviour, though occasionally cheerful, even gay and sportive, was in general reserved; a lesson which she is said to have received from her mother, who never embraced her more than twice in her life. Excessive caresses bestowed upon children are often teazing, and perhaps always pernicious. The king, when jesting or playing with the ladies of the court, always passed the governess: 'As for her,' he was accustomed to say, 'I know I must not venture!' Her stature was commanding, and her appearance dignified and graceful; she possessed a kind of native but simple elegance, that irresistibly attracted attention. M. de Gobelin, her confessor, thought her dress too fine: 'But, father,' said she, 'these stuffs are of the most common sort; plain linen and gauze; no lace, and a few black ribands.' 'That is true,' replied the priest; 'but I know not how it is, my much honoured lady, when you kneel before me, I see a profusion of elegant dress fall with you at my feet, which appears so graceful, that I cannot help thinking it in some manner too gay.' To her external advantages, she joined a charm and a variety in her conversation, that, whatever were the subject, whether gay or grave, she was sure to acquit herself in the happiest manner. Madame de Montespan, with talents less solid, but not less brilliant, did justice in this respect to the merit of her rival, even after jealousy had divided them from each other. 'Let us not,' said she, one day, on stepping into the same coach with madame de Maintenon, 'become the dupes of this accident, but chat together with the same ease and freedom as ever: but for all this, we need not be the better friends. At our return, we can renew our old piques and quarrels.' Her companion agreed to the engagement, in which both acquitted themselves equally well. Their mutual affection for the children of the king, still preserved between them, in despite of their competition and dislike, a bond of union; while, from their mutual talents they joined with satisfaction in general subjects of conversation.

At the desire of the king, madame de Maintenon, as first lady of her wardrobe, met the dauphiness on the frontiers of the kingdom: M. Bossuet, her first almoner, also accompanied the

lady of the wardrobe. Two persons well fitted, it is observed,* to impress the young princess with a magnificent idea of the French court. The dauphiness, on her arrival, was a little disconcerted by the bustle of the court. "She was astonished," writes madame de Sevigné, "at the trouble people here take to amuse themselves; for her part, she could divert herself all alone in her chamber, for three or four hours together, with reading and music: she delighted in books, and understood four or five different languages."

A new mistress, about this period, engaged the attention of the king, who had nearly completed his forty-third year; a young beauty of eighteen, whom he created dutchess of Fontange. Madame de Montespan had herself introduced this damsel to the monarch, with a studied panegyric on her charms; but, on perceiving that her ascendency was likely to become permanent, she became, from her patroness, her jealous rival. Madame de Maintenon was intreated by Lewis to reconcile these ladies, whose differences had broke out into an open rupture. The young favourite, who would listen to no terms, insulted her antagonist, and retorted on her the contempt which she had so liberally bestowed on others: while madame de Montespan importuned the king for vengeance. Madame de Maintenon would not undertake to conciliate the rivals in their present disorderly course of life: she declares, "that she never spoke a word to the king's mistresses, that might not have been publicly proclaimed in the streets." Her first attempt was to reclaim the younger lady, in whom at least she might expect to find the sensibility of youth. After bearing with the first burst of her indignation, she reasoned with her respecting her weakness, and pointed out to her the means of expiating her guilt. 'What must I do then?' inquired the distressed fair-one. 'Renounce the king,' answered her monitor. 'You either love him, or you do not. If you love him, you ought to consult the welfare of his soul, as well as your own: if you do not, the effort will be made with the less difficulty. Whichever way you take it, your quitting him will be a virtuous and praise-worthy action.' 'How!' interrupted her hearer, impatient of this logic, 'do you think it as easy to quit a king, as to

* By La Beaumelle.

throw aside a scarf or a bonnet?' Some tears of vexation followed this speech, and thus the conference ended: the lady retained her lover; and the sage reproofs of the governess were presently forgotten. Her career, however, was short; the monarch soon became sickened of her whims, her caprices, and her follies, and sincerely repented having placed his affections on a girl: after the few moments allotted to the indulgence of the senses, he was accustomed to retire to the apartment of madame de Maintenon, with whom he enjoyed the pleasures of friendship, and of rational conversation. The young dutchess grew jealous, but consoled herself with the hope of soon presenting the king with a son: the child was born, but lived only a short time, and the mother did not long survive him. The king commiserated her fate, and was deeply affected by the circumstances of her death. Madame de Montespan having disgusted him by the indecent joy which she showed on the occasion, he thenceforth wholly renounced her, and devoted himself to madame de Maintenon; in whom, though ever an enemy to the irregularities of his conduct, he found, on all occasions, a friend ready to sympathise with his weaknesses.

A cabal was formed about this time by the minister Louvois, madame de Montespan, and madame de Richelieu, for the purpose of depriving madame de Maintenon of her favour at court. The last-named of these ladies had been formerly the friend and protectress of the widow Scarron; who, by procuring for her the place of lady of honour to the dauphiness, had manifested her gratitude; 'but,' said she, with a sigh, 'one is often* beguiled in a friendship of thirty years standing.' A part of their plan, in which they succeeded without difficulty, was to prejudice her in the opinion of the dauphiness. The king, harassed by their quarrels and complaints, lost all patience, and insisted on an investigation of the affair: the result was a full discovery of the plot, and the establishment of the integrity and reputation of the lady of the wardrobe, to whom, however, the dauphiness in secret still retained a distaste. After this explanation, Lewis proposed the dismissal of madame de Richelieu, which was objected to by her old friend: 'One busy-body,' said she, 'is as good as another; and we had better keep that we have, than take one of whom we know nothing.' The king would likewise have ordered

* *Not often*, I should suspect.

madame de Montespan to retire, had not her rival preserved her from this affront, on condition, however, that she should have no more private interviews with the monarch, and that she should not be less guarded than he had himself resolved to be respecting their future conduct. Madame de Maintenon extended her generosity yet farther: to save madame de Montespan from the disgrace of appearing to have lost all credit with the king, she contrived that any favour she had to ask, should, through her intervention, be readily obtained. The minister received no other punishment than that which a malignant mind must always experience in the detection and failure of its iniquitous schemes. A part of the plan of the cabal, which also proved abortive, was to render its victim obnoxious to the queen: 'Why,' said that princess, 'should I be prejudiced against her? I should rather thank God for raising her up to restore to me that heart of which madame de Montespan has deprived me. And indeed I never lived so happily with the king as since he listened to her advice.'

The queen, humble, diffident, and tenderly attached to her husband, imputed to the influence of madame de Maintenon the kindness with which he behaved towards her. That lady had indeed made it her study to keep up between the royal pair a good understanding; an attention which the queen gratefully repaid by showing her every testimony of regard and esteem. She one day presented to her her picture richly set in diamonds; a present which excited the envy of madame de Montespan. In the king's journeys to Chambert, Compeigne, and to the frontiers, his wife accompanied him; while madame de Maintenon, attended them, to the exclusion of madame de Montespan.

On their return from these excursions, in 1683, at the moment when the queen began to taste of happiness in the enjoyment of her husband's affections, unembittered by jealousy, she was seized with a malady which at first appeared little dangerous, but which in a short time carried her off. It is related by La Beaumelle, that on her death-bed she took the ring from her finger, and gave it to madame de Maintenon, as a pledge of her esteem. The king appeared more softened than afflicted by his loss: the grief of madame de Maintenon, founded on respect and gratitude, was more sincere. Having performed the last duty of a friend to the queen, she was about to retire to her own chamber, when the duke de Rochefoucault, seizing her by the arm,

pushed her forcibly into that of the king: 'This is no proper time, madam,' said he, 'for you to leave the king. His majesty's present condition requires your assistance.' From that moment her situation at court became peculiarly delicate: she was obliged to pass whole days in private with the monarch, who required her constant attendance. By the shafts of detraction and envy she was hourly assailed; while, unable to shun or repel the respectful assiduities of the king, she beheld with astonishment, and probably not without pleasure, proofs of an attachment beyond her most sanguine expectations.

Soon after the death of the queen, Lewis went to Fontainbleau, whither he was followed by the dauphiness, and, in her suite, madame de Maintenon, who appeared before the monarch clad in deep mourning, and with an air of sorrow so profound, that he rallied her on her grief. Her importance at court hourly increased; her society was courted, and her circle considered as honourable, by those ladies who had shunned the mistresses of the king. During the session at Fontainbleau, there appeared in her countenance and manners an apparent struggle and an extreme agitation. To conceal the cause of her solicitude, and to account for the tears which she was unable to restrain, she affected an indisposition which the air only could relieve. Under this pretence she passed, with a confidential friend, whole days in the forest of Fontainbleau, where she frequently remained till a very late hour.* The vapours however at length dispersed, and this storm was succeeded by a calm. In her former letters written to her confessor, and preserved at St. Cyr, a woman disgusted with the court, and anxious for a pretence to quit it forever, is only to be seen. In those written after the decease of the queen her style is changed: she no longer laments her situation, but confesses that an *indispensable duty* retains her at Versailles.

The king also assumed a new character: his deportment, which had of late become rather serious, grew yet more reserved; while his example produced among the courtiers an external appearance of regularity. Madame de Maintenon perfectly understood the causes of that display of religion which she beheld every where around her, and which she found means to convert to a beneficial purpose, by founding at Versailles a charitable establishment, to which the ladies of the court readily subscribed.

* Madame de Caylus's Recollections.

A stratagem which she put in practice on another occasion was less justifiable. Not less a devotee than her royal lover, she had manifested a zeal for the conversion of her family equal to that which Lewis had testified for reclaiming his huguenot subjects: being desirous of taking a niece under her protection, whose father she found was inconvertible, she contrived to separate this worthy man from his children, by procuring for him a distant command in the navy. In his absence she obtained the charge of his daughter, whom she conducted to St. Germain's. The young lady, delighted with the splendor of the king's mass, consented, on condition that she might daily attend it, and be exempted from corporeal discipline, to become a catholic. Other measures were selected, not less effectual, for proselyting to the church her two brothers; one of whom obtained a commission of cornet of light horse, and the other the regiment of the queen's dragoons. In vain the father on his return complained of these proceedings; he was compelled to submit to authority. Madame de Maintenon, in some degree, made amends to her neice for this injustice, by educating her with the utmost care and tenderness: the young lady, afterwards madame de Caylus, became an ornament of the French court.

About this period, 1684, madame de Maintenon refused the place of lady of honour, the highest dignity at court, which she modestly affected to believe above her pretensions. "I could not," says she, alluding to this circumstance, in a letter to her brother, "get you appointed constable when I would have done it; and now, that it is perhaps in my power, I decline it. I am incapable of asking any thing unreasonable from one to whom I am indebted for every thing. I would not even accept any honour for myself, to which I thought I was not entitled. These sentiments you will probably consider as high-strained; but it is likewise possible, that, but for the principle which inspires them, I should never have attained my present situation. Be that as it may, if you have but sense and virtue, you are sufficiently happy in your own." Her refusal of this post, to which the modest and the vain-glorious imputed different motives, was much spoken of at court. The niece of madame de Maintenon informs us, that her aunt, demanding her sentiments upon the subject, asked her whether she would choose to be related to the person who accepted, or to her who refused so honourable a station. The

young lady gave her testimony in favour of the latter. Her aunt embraced her, pleased with an answer that accorded so well with her own sentiments. It must be confessed that in this little incident some degree of vanity is apparent.

The royal institution of St. Lewis, an asylum for the young and indigent nobility, was gradually founded by madame de Maintenon, who seems to have had a peculiar predilection for the education of youth, for which, by her temper and talents, she was admirably qualified. The sufferings of her early youth had inspired her with compassion towards those unfortunate beings, to whom the pride of birth is the only inheritance derived from their ancestors: a sentiment of aristocracy, which the ancient regime of France was so well calculated to cherish, heightened this feeling, and gave to it activity. She had formed an acquaintance with an Ursuline sister, whose vocation was doubtful, but whose convent was gone to decay. She beheld with compassion this forlorn devotee, and, as early as the circumstances of her fortune would admit, hired a house which she consecrated to religion; and of which the Ursuline nun was nominated prioress on the foundation. The house was endowed with pensioners, which, in proportion to the capacity of the foundress for their maintenance, were gradually augmented. To madame de Brinon, the Ursuline nun, three other female religionists were joined as coadjutors. This community, first established at Montmorency, was afterwards transferred to Ruel. The king having quitted St. Germain's for Versailles, had, in enlarging his park, comprehended within its walls several houses, among which was *Noisy-le-Sec*, of which madame de Maintenon obtained a grant, and transplanted to it her colony. It was here that she formed the design of founding the society of St. Cyr. Lewis, to whom she had communicated it, liberally concurred in her purpose: the building was carried on with spirit and rapidity, and, in less than a year, completed, on a scale of extent and magnificence. It was rendered capable of receiving two hundred and fifty pensioners, thirty-six matrons, with the necessary inferior attendants. In the first plan of the foundation, the matrons were to be established as a society of *Chanoinesses*, exempted from taking the vow; but some inconveniences resulting from this arrangement, it was, some time after the translation of the community from *Noisy* to St. Cyr, determined to impose on

This assertion however appears not quite self-evident. Madame de Maintenon is accused by her adversaries of a refined coquetry; of availing herself, under the mask of wisdom and piety, of the superstitious weakness of Lewis, and of playing upon his passions, to seduce him into a measure so flattering to her ambition. To this accusation some colour is given by the following expression, which appears in a letter preserved at St. Cyr, and addressed to her confessor: "I always take care," says she, "to send away his majesty *disappointed* and *dissatisfied*, but not *desponding*." Something, no doubt, must be allowed to human passions, possibly to the *woman*, on a conquest so important, and at a period of life* which rendered it doubly flattering; but, if the advocates of this extraordinary woman cannot clear her from the charge of ambition and of address, that of religious hypocrisy the whole tenor of her life seems to contradict. In a situation so distinguished and exposed to the shafts of envy, calumny has failed to fix a stain upon her name. Unimpassioned, prudent, moral, and mistress of herself, from her earliest youth, in circumstances the most trying and perilous, she preserved an even tenor of conduct, without deviating either to the right or to the left. Her influence over the mind of Lewis arose naturally out of their mutual characters, and the situations in which a train of events, alike unpremeditated and unforseen, had mutually placed them. No very severe censure can fall upon the lady, although it should be proved, that by her talents and address she improved these situations: impeccability is perhaps scarcely to be expected of human virtue. The family of madame de Maintenon, even by those who lay a stress on descent, if a prince be allowed on any occasion to intermix with his subjects, did not disgrace the monarch. Frances d'Aubigné could reckon back seventeen generations to Geofrey d'Aubigné, who was a knight in 1160. Her pedigree on the side of her mother, mademoiselle de Cardillac, was not less noble. If the burlesque muse of Scarron had given offence to rival wits, who revenged themselves on his widow, that husband was nevertheless a man of genius, of good family, and a professor of the law. The prejudice which the king had at first conceived against her, yielded gradually to habit, and to a conviction of her merit. Attachments

* Forty-five.

which thus result from experience and reflection are fitted to be lasting. The monarch witnessed her attentions and tenderness to his children; her patience and forbearance with his mistress; her generosity and superiority to revenge or recrimination. Her talents excited his respect, her cheerfulness amused, and her gentleness soothed him. She possessed the art of reproving without offending him, of sympathising in his weaknesses without indulging them: she even rendered the austerities of religion palatable by applying them to his hopes rather than to his fears. Lewis, satiated with voluptuousness, after having exhausted the pleasures of sense, found in madame de Maintenon the charm of confidence, and the repose of friendship. Time, which had robbed her of the bloom of youth, had yet left to her powerful charms. "Her hands and arms were beautiful; the lower part of her face was inexpressibly pleasing. Her stature and air were inimitably graceful; there was a peculiar vivacity and significance in her look. Her smile also was so highly expressive, that, without hearing her words, one might guess what she spoke. The brilliancy of her eyes, contrasted with the uncommon whiteness of her skin, was like the sparkling of fire amidst snow. Her lively wit, and even her beauty, remained unimpaired by years. Whatever slight injuries the latter might have sustained, she knew how to repair by the arts of dress, by those graces which belong alike to every age, by modesty, the most estimable of all, and by a thousand amiable qualities, proof against the depredations of time."* Her conversation was not less agreeable than her mind was acute and sagacious: her letters are characterised by a pure, unaffected style, by grace, simplicity, and ease: they breathe an ardent love of virtue, and a zeal for the public good.

Lewis also, since the death of the queen, and from the retired disposition of the dauphiness, stood in need of a person capable of directing the ceremonies of his court, of superintending his household, and of affording to him, in his hours of leisure, relaxation and amusement. His children, likewise, the fruits of his amours, were entirely dependent on his care and affection. The two sons and three daughters of madame de Montespan were to be educated, attended, and established in the world. Madame de Maintenon had already been to them a second

* La Beaumelle.

mother: her intelligence, her mildness, her influence over their minds, relieved the king from his anxieties on their account, and rendered her peculiarly proper to be entrusted with their conduct. When age and infirmity should come upon him, Lewis had a right to expect from this connexion, that attention to his health, to his ease, and to his comfort, which he might have sought for in vain in a more equal union.

The advantages on the part of madame de Maintenon are less apparent: the situation to which she was elevated, in itself equivocal, exacted of her many sacrifices, of which she seems fully sensible. 'What,' said her brother, rallying his sister's ambition, 'would she marry God the Father?' "Next to those who hold high stations at court," said she to this brother, in a letter dated in 1684, "I know none so unhappy as those who envy them. Were you to know what we suffer!" Persons born in courts, and early accustomed to them, are perhaps less sensible of the trammels they impose. "From the cradle," adds she, "langour and restraint are their portion: the loss of liberty is their natural condition." To those unused to their weight, more especially to an active and cultivated mind, these gilded chains become insufferably galling, and the monotonous round of uniform ceremonies an insupportable vassalage. Madame de Maintenon had also reason to dread the levity of the king, of which his attachment to mademoiselle Fontange had given so recent a proof. By a similar caprice, she might be hurled from her station, to which she had no avowed and public claim, and condemned to spend the remnant of her life in misery and humiliation. By remaining free, and her own mistress, she was assured of enjoying respect and affluence, heightened by the recollection of her former distresses. The season of the passions was passing away, and those of madame de Maintenon had appeared at all times to be moderate, and under her control; she might, at length, in tranquil satisfaction, and in a series of useful and interesting pursuits, have passed her days, unruffled and unrestrained, at the seat which she had embellished for this purpose. "I was in hopes," says she, in a letter dated January 4th, 1684, "of *dying* at that place, but I fear I shall never have the pleasure of even *living* there." It was about this time that the king had declared his intention of espousing her, six months after the death of the queen. Near two years more passed in deliberation. Madame

de Maintenon approached the throne, on which she was never in reality seated, by slow degrees, and by an extraordinary train of circumstances. No written document remained of this marriage, which however was not doubted; a register for recording transactions of this nature was not then in existence.

According to St. Simon, madame de Maintenon, on two different occasions, made strong efforts to have the nuptials declared: the first during the life of the minister Louvois, who, having learned the monarch's intentions, expostulated with warmth on the indignity and inconvenience that would follow the avowal; and, at length, throwing himself at the feet of Lewis, who appeared desirous to evade his importunity, embraced his knees, and presented him with a dagger: "Kill me," said he, with vehemence, "that I may never see your majesty take a step which will dishonour you in the eyes of Europe." The king struggling impatiently to escape, the minister detained him forcibly, and extorted from him a promise, that the marriage should never be published. The archbishop of Paris, who had been engaged to lend his aid on the occasion, came in at the instant, and confirmed the resolution of Lewis. The second attempt of madame de Maintenon to obtain her purpose, is said to have been made, when, by the order of the monarch, the apartments of the queen were thrown open, to exhibit the superb ornaments intended for the church of Strasburg; or, in the opinion of some to place in them the successor of Maria Teresa, who wanted only the title of queen. But Lewis, having thought fit to consult on the subject the bishops of Meux* and Cambray†, was, by their concurrent advice, determined on silence. From this time, says St. Simon, the lady, acquiescing in her destiny, forbore any farther solicitation.

The truth of the preceding statement is somewhat questionable: if madame de Maintenon's ambition was thus restless, it is extraordinary that she has given no intimation of her real situation; but, on the contrary, manifested the most scrupulous delicacy to destroy every trace of the fact, and every memorial that might throw light upon the subject. The letters to her confessor in 1685, the year of her marriage, are nowhere to be found; and were, there is reason to believe, either destroyed by herself, or at

* Bossuet and Fenelon. † La Beaumelle.

her express desire. One indirect confession of her station only escaped her. She went to visit the convent of the Grand Carmelites, where queens only have the privilege to enter. 'You know our rules, madam,' said the superior, before she admitted her, 'and can best decide whether I ought to open the gate.' "Open, my good mother,' replied she, 'you may always admit me.'

If she were indeed solicitous that the public should know that the monarch had espoused her, it is scarcely probable that she should have been careful to suppress the documents of the fact. The king lived with her openly as his wife, and treated her with the most affectionate cordiality; except the making a declaration in form, he took no pains to conceal the relation in which she stood to him. Madame de Montespan, who pretends to question their union, merely says. " If they were married, they would not be so loving to each other; but, if not, how could they show such open familiarity?" The unremitting tenderness, friendship, and respect, with which Lewis behaved towards madame de Maintenon, for thirty years, and which she returned by the most affectionate solicitude for his health and welfare, gives additional evidence, if indeed any were wanting, to the fact. By her influence and authority, a total change was produced in the management of the king's household, and in the manners of the court.

From 1684, till the beginning of the war in 1688, the prosperity of Lewis XIV. appears to have been stationary; after that period his affairs declined. Madame de Maintenon is accused by St. Simon of having prompted the king to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which took place at the end of 1685. " Pride, devotion, and policy," says he, " were the three motives which actuated the monarch on this occasion. His three prompters were M. de Louvois, madame de Maintenon, and the Jesuits." Lewis had become a devotee; and the huguenots were represented to him as under the anathemas of the catholic church, as a set of men rendered bold by sedition, civil war and foreign connexions, whom no politic king would tolerate. " How glorious," it was added, " would it be for him to perform an action, in their conversion, exceeding the utmost efforts of his predecessors: an action, that, in the sight of heaven, would be highly meritorious! To expiate one's faults by the sufferings of others, and thus to ensure eternal

happiness, could not fail of being pleasing." Such were the arguments of the Jesuits; and Louvois, fond of wars, and wearied with the idea of a twenty-years' truce, which had been recently agreed on, hoped, by a blow against the huguenots, to extirpate protestantism out of Europe; and, at the same time, to acquire, by his agency in the business, new credit with the nation. In concert with father Le Chaise, he therefore encouraged the king to the enterprise; while to remove his fears and scruples, they jointly assured him (as we are informed by madame de Maintenon), "that not a drop of blood should be shed on the occasion." To narrate the misery that ensued, the tortures, proscriptions, and oppressions, is not the purpose of this memoir. If the zeal of madame de Maintenon for the conversion of the huguenots (a proof of which she had already exhibited in her conduct towards her own family) led her to excite the king to this stretch of authority, a fact which, however, has not been proved; it is certain, that she exerted her influence to the utmost to mitigate the severities by which the orders were enforced. In a letter to her brother, governor of Amesford, who was violently exerting himself upon this occasion: "Be favourable," said she, "to the catholics, but be not cruel to the poor huguenots: they are in an error, it is true, but we ourselves have been in the same. Henry IV. and many other great princes, have been also under this delusion. Jesus Christ gains the hearts of men by gentleness; and it is the business of priests alone to convert them from error. God has not committed to soldiers the care of souls." Writing to a cardinal, she also observes. "In my opinion, it is my duty to dissuade the king, as much as possible, from acts of violence and cruelty. I always tell him, that one day, his conscience will punish him for so many lawless proscriptions and banishments. He answers, that such proceedings are no more than what are customary in such cases. If I loved him less, I should be discouraged; but my duty obliges me to tell him the truth; and, please God, I will continue so to do till the last." "Would it not," said she, on the same occasion, "well become the abbé de la Châtre, and some others, to go as missionaries to Cevennes? There are so many idle clergy, so many able men unemployed, and we see daily such long lists of those who expect to be made bishops, that I have proposed, that they should all first serve us as missionaries. When I mentioned this to the king, he did not

dislike the idea: 'I pay missionaries,' said he, 'at a very high rate, and receive from them in return more complaints than conversions.'"

The eyes of Lewis had been opened, when he thus expressed himself. Louvois had deceived him by sending in the lists of the converts, reckoned by thousands, made by the *troops*. The monarch, candid himself, suspected not the fatal error into which he had been betrayed. It is a trite observation, that truth seldom reaches the ears of kings. The pretended proselytes, the miserable victims of cruelty and oppression, by a feigned abjuration, bartered their integrity for their fortunes and repose. But few families in France had not to lament, in the revocation of the edict of Nantz, the loss of their friends: secret mourning, "curses deep not loud," lurked under the appearance of public pomp. The king, as if unable to conceal from himself the atrocities that he had sanctioned, became reserved and unsocial; confidence gave place to distrust: grave conversation, and formal ceremonies, superseded the accustomed pleasures of the court.

The king was, on all occasions, tenacious of his authority, and jealous of those who sought to influence him: the ministers, by stratagems and artful management, evaded, at once, and humoured this disposition. They were sometimes accustomed, when they had a purpose to gain, to concert their plans with madame de Maintenon, in whose apartment their councils were usually held. The lady, while the king and his ministers conversed, amused herself with a book, with her needle, or pen, in a corner of the room, seemingly inattentive to what was passing. When the monarch hesitated, or required her opinion, she appeared to wake as from a reverie, smiled, and affected ignorance of the business, taking care, however, at the same time, artfully to confirm his waivering resolution. St. Simon, from whom the preceding account is taken, and who appears not very favourably disposed towards madame Maintenon, adds, that she sometimes jockeyed the king, who was much on his guard against her. "When she requested a favour too boldly," says he, "or employed the minister to speak in behalf of her relations or dependents, his majesty used to refuse the demand on that very account, and remain proof against all intreaty. He even took delight in showing this sort of firmness in her presence. She often shed tears, and was kept, for several days together, in torment. When she resolved to have

Fagon made first physician, a man on whose daily good offices with the monarch she could rely, she feigned sickness; an expedient to which, in such cases, she had frequent recourse, and which in the end generally prevailed." The reader must judge of the truth of these insinuations, by comparing them with the general character of the woman.

In 1686, Lewis gave the eldest daughter of madame de Montespan in marriage to the duke of Bourbon. The young princess, who was only twelve years of age, was oppressed on this occasion beneath the weight of her diamonds. "Her headdress," says madame de Maintenon, "was as weighty as her whole body." The following year a feast was given at Versailles, in a style of uncommon magnificence; and four separate apartments within the grand saloon were appropriated to the four seasons of the year. The dauphin and madame de Montespan had the charge of autumn; to the duke of Maine and madame de Maintenon that of winter was assigned; summer to the duke of Bourbon and madame de Thianges; and spring to the duke of Chevereuse and the dutchess of Bourbon. The diamonds, jewels, and embroideries, which decorated the apartments, were valued at more than fifteen thousand louis-d'ors. The company played for these rich and splendid ornaments, carrying away with them whatever they won; no one was permitted to stake his own money; and, when wearied of play, the remaining articles were, by the king and the dauphin, distributed among the guests.* But freedom and gaiety refused to preside at the feast: the young nobility, weary of the dull pomp of the court, sought in foreign wars, and in other countries, the activity and enjoyment they found not in their own.

Louvois, jealous of the defection of the youth of France, performed for the king, by a dishonourable conduct, an unpleasant service: letters were intercepted from those of whom he most doubted, and, with their seals unbroken, put into the hands of Lewis. The mortified monarch suffered the consequences of this unjustifiable action, by finding, in the violated epistles, the severest satires on his person and government: "our *cit* of a king," said these licentious youths, "doting prematurely with his *rustic* mate." They made a jest of his talent for sieges, on

* Reboulet.

which he more particularly valued himself, and his aversion to battles; laughed at his court-feasts, and poured contempt on his female companion. Lewis read these letters, if not with indifference, with magnanimous composure; but, accustomed, as he had been, to the homage of those around him, it was impossible that he should not feel so bitter a mortification, that wounded him where he was most vulnerable. Madame de Maintenon reproached Louvois for the barbarous service he had rendered his master; and by which, unconsciously, he had also involved his own son, by whom one of the intercepted letters was written. The only advantage reaped by the monarch from the officious treachery of the minister, was an assurance of the ingratitude of those whom he had benefited; and of the indifference of others in whose attachment he had trusted. Cruel truths, which destroyed a flattering, and, perhaps, salutary illusion.* The illegitimate children of the king, on whom he had showered favours, were on this occasion, found among the criminals: the princess of Conti, who had, in a letter to her husband, spoken disrespectfully of her father, flew to madame de Maintenon for protection from his displeasure. 'Weep, madam,' said that lady to her, observing her tears, 'you have reason to weep; for nothing can be a greater misfortune than to have *a bad heart.*' The countenance of the king expressed more sorrow than anger; while he felt that no station affords a defence against human calamity.

Madame de Maintenon sustained the injuries with which she was, in her turn, assailed, with not less fortitude than her royal lover. "He wishes," writes she to a friend, speaking of M. de Lazun, an intriguing and vindictive character, "that I should unite my resentments with his; but I told him, that I had long ago forgiven every thing." Whether from policy or contempt, or a mixture of both, she appeared always disposed to forbearance towards those whose envy or malignity excited them to attack her. A ballad was one day sent to her, in which she was severely treated. 'If I had still my voice,' said she, 'I would sing it myself. It tells me no news. Don't I know that I am old? When I happen to forget it, my change of humour soon recals it to my mind. Find me out the author; if the king

* "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."
GRAY.

knows him he will punish him. If I knew him I would take another method of resenting the injury.'

Madame de Maintenon contracted an intimate friendship with the wife of James II. who had, with her husband, taken shelter in France; where they were received by Lewis with a royal hospitality. The sufferings of this unfortunate princess were greatly alleviated by the polite attentions she experienced in the French court.

Whether the monarch suspected madame de Maintenon of secret intrigues, or whether he found life tasteless in her absence, it is certain that she complains of the restraint which she endured from his perpetual presence. "The king never loses sight of me," says she in a letter to a friend, "and I am not allowed to see any person. He is constantly in my chamber; and I am obliged to rise at five o'clock to write this to you." "I now feel that nothing can be a compensation for the loss of liberty." On another occasion, she writes to a confidential friend; "Could I, but for a moment, make you experience my feelings! Could I but show you the languor that preys on the great, and the difficulty they find in passing their time! Do you not see me oppressed with sadness amidst a fortune far beyond my most sanguine hopes; and, were it not for the aid of religion, ready to sink into despair? I have, in my time, been young and handsome; I have tasted pleasure, and enjoyed the triumph of admiration. At a more advanced period of life, I have relished the conversation of the learned; and now I am arrived at the highest summit of favour. After all, I protest to you, there is a want, a frightful void, in every state; a pain and listlessness; a wish for something more: nothing, in short, in this world, can ever give us entire satisfaction."

Is this common complaint really founded in nature; or is it, as there is cause to suspect, a disorder of the imagination, produced by false systems of refinement, by the indulgence of illusions, and the errors of an imperfect civilization? The youth of madame de Maintenon had been passed in indigence and dependence; her bloom had been wasted in a disproportionate and venal marriage; her maturer years harassed by cares for a subsistence; and the period of her prosperity spent amidst the intrigues, the duplicity, and the constraint of a court. She had never tasted the confidence and endearment of an equal union:

to the touching charm of maternal tenderness her heart was a stranger; nor could it expand to friendship without caution and distrust. In a state of splendid vassalage, snares beset her path, and perils surrounded her on every side: she stood as on an eminence, tottering on the verge of a precipice, down which, by one unguarded step, she might have been inevitably precipitated. Ambition is a restless passion, whose reward is mingled with thorns, and embittered by perpetual disquietude. To be distinguished, is to be a mark for the arrows of the mean and malignant; admiration is but envy and jealousy in disguise. Happiness, if indeed it exists, is to be sought in the tranquillity of the passions, or in the gentle exercise only of such as are benevolent: in healthful activity, in temperance and moderation, in equal love and friendship, in freedom and in nature: at a distance from courts, from the competitions which they excite: far from great cities, their venal combinations, their vicious allurements, and their polluted atmosphere. The experience of madame de Maintenon herself is in proof of these observations: her only pleasant days were passed at St. Cyr, where objects of her benevolent exertions every where surrounded her: it was here that whole days, which she spent with delight in the instruction of her pupils, glided away unmarked. "They employ much of my time," said she, "and that far more agreeably than the intrigues of those people who are continually deceiving or deceived, and who are often at once in both situations. It is indeed no very easy task to find proper employment, from morning to night, for girls between eighteen and twenty years of age." For this purpose she wrote to the count d'Ayen, afterwards duke de Noailles, who married mademoiselle d'Aubigné her niece. "Have you no man of wit, no genius under your protection, whose appetite is equal to his merit, though his income cannot keep pace with his appetite? Such I have seen in my time. Well! I should be glad that he would compose for me some pleasing little stories, which might amuse young people, without impressing their minds with any thing untrue or improper; that might afford examples of virtue rewarded, and vice punished, sooner or later. I do not wish them to contain too much of the marvellous; I know the bad effect of habituating the mind to such dainties. I would have you to pay for each little piece as it is finished. I am, however, sensible that wit is not to be bought. But you will take care not

to pay for a merely mercenary performance; and improve, with your usual address, the hints which I have here given."

Madame de Brinon had, during her superintendence at St. Cyr, introduced into the convent dramatic representations, for which she had a particular passion. For the pieces of Corneille and Racine, she substituted compositions of her own, sufficiently wretched, which she caused the young people to perform. It was to this circumstance that the public were indebted for the Esther and the Athaliah of Racine, written afterwards, at the request of madame de Maintenon, for the exhibitions at St. Cyr. These amusements were admitted, under certain regulations, for the improvement of the ladies in correctness of pronunciation, in the modulation of the voice, in action, and graceful gesticulation. Madame de Maintenon, having been present at the representation of one of the productions of the lady abbess, and being disgusted at its absurdities, gave orders for the introduction of the dramas of Racine and Corneille. The tragedy of Cinna was accordingly got up, and played with admirable success. Andromache followed in a still superior style. The foundress, dreading the effect of these ensnaring amusements on the characters and morals of her pupils, addressed to monsieur Racine the following letter. "Our little girls," said she, "have just exhibited your Andromache, and have succeeded so well, that they shall never play it again, nor any of your pieces." She proceeds to request that he would compose for them, at his leisure, some moral and historical dramas, in which such sentiments may be avoided as are unfit for the youthful female mind, and also such scenes as are calculated prematurely to awaken the passions. She intreated that, on this occasion, he would not consider his reputation as a writer, nor restrict himself to the rules of a drama, since his productions should remain buried within the walls of St. Cyr. He was commanded to attend only to the *utile dulci;* and to convey, in the guise of amusement, instruction to the minds of her fair pupils. The poet, who had at that time left off writing for the stage, perplexed and agitated by this proposition, which he could not help thinking likely to involve his literary fame, consulted Boileau on the occasion, who endeavoured to dissuade him from the attempt: but, to refuse the request of the king's favourite, was a measure too hazardous for a courtier. After some reflection, he thought he perceived in the story of

Esther materials worthy his pen: even Boileau, struck with the idea, which he communicated to him, encouraged him in the execution of his plan. Having sketched the first act, he carried it to madame de Maintenon, who, charmed with the design, intreated him to complete the piece. In the character of the heroine, and in various parts of the drama, she is thought to have found an application which gratified her self-love, and flattered her pride: her triumph over madame de Montespan, and the minister Louvois, was represented by that of the fair Jewess and Mordecai over the wicked Haman and the haughty Vashti. About a year after the interdiction of profane pieces at St. Cyr, Esther was exhibited, and received with unbounded applause. The merit of the piece rescued it from the walls of the cloister; it was more than once, with equal approbation and success, represented before the king and his whole court. Racine was, by this success, encouraged to make a second essay of his genius in Athaliah, a story taken from the Jewish scriptures, which he completed for representation by the following winter. His patroness had, in the mean time, been persecuted by the remonstrances of the devotees, by anonymous letters, the resort of the cowardly and malignant, and by hints of disapprobation from those who envied the fame of the poet. The murmurs of bigotry, and the suggestions of malice, proved but too successful: a stop was put in the cloister to these ingenious and liberal recreations. Athaliah was, however, once or twice privately performed at Versailles, in the apartment of the monarch, but without any theatrical decorations.

On the 19th of March, 1692, the duke of Maine, the favourite pupil of madame de Maintenon, and the illegitimate son of Lewis XIV. and of madame de Montespan, was espoused to Anna-Louisa Benedicte of Bourbon, daughter to the prince of Condé. Madame de Maintenon, on this event, thus wrote to the abbess de Maubuisson. "The marriage which you used to recommend so much, has at last taken place; and, I confess, I was always of your opinion." She goes on to speak lavishly in praise of the princess. In another letter she writes; "The princess is to spend the holy week with you. Let her have repose. The ceremonies and fracas of the court have fatigued her to death. She is oppressed with jewels and embroidery. Her head-dress alone is as weighty as her whole body. These incumbrances check her

growth, and injure her health. She is indeed much handsomer bare-headed, than when loaded with the richest ornaments. She eats nothing, and perhaps sleeps little. I much fear she has been too young married. I would be glad to have her at St. Cyr, where she might enjoy herself among my smart little girls, and participate in their innocent mirth and jollity. The austerities of a convent are indeed nothing in comparison with the restraints to which the great are subjected by the etiquette of a court." "This young princess," says she, on another occasion, "is very handsome, gay, and witty." She had undertaken to form her character. "If I fail here," adds she, "I henceforth renounce all concern with princesses." To the lady who had her education in charge she writes: "You have beguiled me in the chief article, that of piety. She has no inclination that way. She wishes only implicitly to follow others. I did not desire to see her a great devotee, but I confess I expected to find her regular in her devotion, and submissive to God, to the king, and the duke of Maine." This lady turned out spirited, enterprizing, ambitious, intriguing; and, by her extravagance, ruined her husband, who was of a meek and timid temper.

The children of the king, and of madame de Montespan, suffered no loss in the absence of their mother from court. Madame de Maintenon, by her maternal cares and tenderness, amply supplied to them the place of her rival; while, on all occasions, she exerted her influence in preserving the balance between the several members of the royal family, and its political connexions. This conduct was honourably remembered by the regent after the death of Lewis XIV.

The campaigns in 1692 and 1693 were the last in which the king was engaged, and the taking of Namur his last exploit: in this expedition he was attended by madame de Maintenon. The favour of approaching that lady, which was not obtained without difficulty, was sought after with avidity. A lady of small fortune, who wished to marry her daughter to a young man in opulent circumstances, an alliance to which his family opposed obstacles, contrived to glide, one day, into the antichamber of the favourite, immediately after dinner: she here pretended to be seized with a sudden indisposition, and, calling for a glass of water, went towards the window, with a napkin in her hand, as if just risen from table. The stratagem succeeded;

she was observed; no one doubted that she had been invited to dinner: the report spread abroad, and the family of the young man were determined, by the honour which the mother of his mistress had received, to consent to the nuptials.

The influence of madame de Maintenon in the court of Lewis XIV. is proved by this incident. Her power was, however, in state affairs, confined within narrow bounds. The king was accustomed to consult his ministers in her apartments; where two easy chairs were placed for the monarch and his lady, with each a stool beside it, one for the minister, the other for the work-basket of madame de Maintenon, who amused herself with a book, or employed herself in working, while business was transacted. The king would sometimes turn to her with a smile and demand her opinion.

'What says your gravity?' was his usual question; to which she always returned short and guarded replies. The public gave her no credit for the moderation she observed: by those who regarded with envy her elevated station, she was made responsible for every outward event. "It is hard," says she, complaining of this injustice, "that every misfortune we meet with should be attributed to me. If I interfere, as it is pretended, in every thing, it would only be doing me justice to allow that I sometimes give good advice. Since I have enjoyed favour, I never injured any person; nor have I, to my knowledge, been guilty of any crime or injustice. The king has often reproved me for too much moderation: I would rather he should do so, than blame me for importunity. I thought that I should have been able to acquire an entire insensibility to the opinion of the world; but I find I am still as little advanced as the moment I first resolved to suppress my feelings." Whatever might have been the conduct of madame de Maintenon, it was not possible, in her situation, to escape censure. The disposition of her mind is said by her niece* to have been particularly advantageous to her interest: she was moral and prudent, but every thing centered in self. In cases indifferent, she would do kind offices for others, but she would not encounter the smallest hazard. Her power and influence were used only for the security and maintenance of her station. *Prudence* was, on all occasions, her characteristic. Even her re-

* Madame de Caylus.

ligion was ritual, and confined to a sect: it wanted charity and enlargement of heart; it was the religion of priestcraft, rather than of the gospel; it had not sufficient animation to defend her against langour and weariness of life. Her situation and character are thus spoken of by St. Simon, a contemporary nobleman of the court:

"She lived and behaved like a queen in private: in public, in the king's presence, in that of the dauphin, of monsieur, or the English court, she appeared as a private individual: she never affected dignity, but readily gave place to ladies of high birth; nor would she easily be prevailed on by them to accept of precedency. When she yielded to their intreaties, it was always with reluctance, and with all the deference of civility. She neither visited nor received visits from any person, excepting the queen of England.* It is however remarkable, that generals, on their departure for the army or on their arrival from it, and also every one who left the court or returned to it, on important business, never failed to pay to the favourite their respects. If she wished to speak to the king's daughters, she sent for them. As this was generally done with a view to some remonstrance, they used to appear before her in trepidation, and were sometimes observed to be in tears at their departure." The society of madame de Maintenon was confined to a few persons; and it appears, by her letters, that, had it been in her power, she would still have contracted the circle. Her apartment seems to have been made a sort of rendezvous. "I can scarcely enjoy," says she "a few moments of repose. Madame de Dangeau comes to dine with me, and perhaps madame d'Hudicourt, who takes me to task for not having eaten of this or the other dish. I lose temper; she blushes at my impatience, and I am ashamed of it myself. The princesses, who are not of the hunting party, come in with their retinue, and wait the king's arrival to dinner. Their visits are not intended for me, and I take little part in them. At last, the hunters arrive in crowds, and all, with one breath, give us the history of the chase, without bating us a single circumstance. We dine; and, after dinner, madame de Dangeau, with a yawn, calls for the trictrac table, &c. Thus we pass our time at court."

To this insipidity and constraint more serious inconveniences

* The wife of James II. then resident in France.

were added. The monarch, accustomed from his station to refer every thing to *self*, considered others only as they were subservient to his pleasures or caprice. His mistresses, even in the early periods of his life, and during the moments of his fondest attachment, were neither by indisposition, nor the inconveniences of pregnancy, excused at any time, from travelling, or conforming to the ceremonies of the court. They were obliged always to appear in full dress, to be ready to take a journey, to dance, to sit at table, to attend every festival, and to appear uniformly gay and cheerful: to set out without a murmur, at a minute's warning, and to bear heat, wind, cold, or dust, when seated in the royal carriage, which was generally open, without repining. A single complaint would for ever exclude the complainer from the honour of attending the king, to which ladies only were in general admitted. Even their appetites must be under government. The monarch, though he seldom tasted any thing himself between meals, took a pleasure in seeing others eat. He usually carried with him in the carriage a store of provisions, confectionary, sweetmeats, fruit, &c. By the time they had travelled two or three miles, he would insist on the lady's taking some refreshment; and eat she must, whether sick or well, whether with or without inclination, or offend her royal companion. As the infirmities of age grew upon him, madame de Maintenon gradually shook off the yoke of this petty despotism; but there were other vexations to which she was still liable. Lewis had acquired the habit of living in her chamber, as if it were his own, without considering how much he incommoded her by the bustle his presence occasioned. "I have seen her," says St. Simon, "set out for Marly during a fit of sickness, and travel as far as Fontainbleau, at the hazard of her life. In whatever state she might be, the king, with all his attendants, went without scruple to her apartment, at his usual hour. Sometimes, while she was in a dangerous fever, he would come into her chamber, and, because he wanted air, cause the windows to be thrown open, whatever might be the weather. If he wished to have an entertainment with music and dancing, neither a head-ach, nor any other complaint could excuse her from attending: she was obliged patiently to suffer not only the noise, but the blaze of a hundred candles in her eyes."

There were, however, some hours of retirement allowed to the lady, on which the king never broke. When at Versailles, she used to pass the mornings at St. Cyr. When at Marly or Fontainbleau, she retired to the remotest parts of the palace, where she occupied herself in reading, writing, or devotional exercises. This she called her *repose*, and these hours were held sacred from intrusion. At nine in the evening, two waiting-maids attended to undress her; a valet soon after brought her a light supper; her women, when she had eaten it, put her to bed. The king then came into the chamber, spoke a few words to her, and, having with his own hand drawn the curtains close, retired to supper. In the public walks, the royal coach and that of madame de Maintenon were generally seen side by side: the carriages of the princesses followed singly in succession. When the king went on foot, he walked, with his head uncovered, by the side of her chair, frequently stopping, that he might hear the better what she said, and seeming always engaged with her in conversation. When she went home he conducted her to the gate of the palace, took of her a polite leave, and continued his walk.* These attentions to a woman advanced in years, who could scarcely be an object of desire, were a proof of her merit, and of the monarch's esteem. Lewis tasted in this intercourse the charm of friendship, so rarely to be found in his exalted station: to her he confided his anxieties and his griefs; and in her sympathy and attachment experienced consolation. The character which madame de Maintenon gives of the courtiers, bespeaks the situation of the great but as little enviable. 'I am not,' says she, 'prone to suspicion; and had I not seen how much the best are corrupted by a court-life, I should never have formed so bad an opinion of mankind. Every one would sacrifice his relations, his friends, and all he ought to hold dear, to please the king, and prove his zeal to serve him. It is painful to view the giddy crowd; in fine, both men and women are here to me equally odious; yet I must receive company: but what company? I am beset with women whom I despise, and by men whom I know to be my enemies. I see and hear every moment things that displease or offend me; yet I must be ever on my guard not to betray the smallest sign of impatience. We have here assassinations in cold

* St. Simon.

blood; envy without the least cause; rage and treachery without any just ground of resentment; insatiable avarice; despair amidst opulence; and meanness, couched under the name of greatness of soul! I must be silent; but I cannot think of it with patience.'

Madame de Maintenon was accustomed to dine twice every week, either at the hotel de Beauvilliers or at the hotel de Chevreuse, in a small party, consisting only of the two dukes, the dutchesses, who were sisters, and herself: a hand-bell was, on these occasions, placed on the table, that the conversation might not be restrained by the presence of the servants. To this select circle, Fenelon, the celebrated archbishop of Cambray,* only was admitted. The purity of his manners, his mysticism, his pathetic eloquence, and his affecting devotion, captivated the hearts and the imaginations of the party. The duke de Beauvilliers, when appointed governor to the duke of Burgundy, son of the dauphin and grandson to the king, was desirous of nominating Fenelon as preceptor to his charge; and Madame de Maintenon took upon herself the task of removing the obstacles to his promotion. Having made the necessary inquiries to assure herself of his orthodoxy, she spoke to the king in his favour, and procured for him the appointment of preceptor to the prince; an office of which he acquitted himself with fidelity and success, and to which the public were indebted for his celebrated work.† His labours were rewarded by the archbishopric of Cambray.

About this period, a young widow, rich, beautiful, eloquent, and enthusiastic, occasioned a schism in the church, and became the foundress of a new sect. Madame Guyon, by the aid of a warm imagination, and some refined spiritualities respecting the pure love of God, divine grace, and mental abstraction, rendered

* The abbé Fenelon is thus described by St. Simon; "He was a tall well-made man; with a countenance to which intense study had communicated a pale brown hue; eyes sparkling with fire; and a set of features which, after having once seen them, it was not possible to forget. There was in his countenance great diversity, yet no contrariety, of expression; gravity harmonised with gallantry, and seriousness with gaiety. He appeared at once the prelate, the scholar, and the gentleman. His manners were distinguished by delicacy, propriety, dignity, and grace. It was difficult to turn from him your attention. Though all the portraits drawn of him were strongly marked with expression, no painter could attain the justness, the harmony, and the delicacy, displayed in the original."

† Telemaque.

herself acceptable to the devotees of the court, by whom pleasure had been exhausted, and who were allured by the prospect of mystical enjoyment. Fenelon, whose poetical imagination and susceptible soul rendered him but too accessible to visionary refinements, caught from the fair widow her celestial reveries. Attracted by mutual sympathy they combined into one system their sublime fancies. A new language, or set of terms, was invented between them, to which it is doubtful whether they prefixed any precise notions, to explain their new sensations. But what was wanting in meaning was made up in sentiment, while the sublime obscurity that enveloped their doctrines rendered them but the more seductive. Proselytes daily multiplied: the archbishop of Paris, beholding with alarm the rapid progress of opinions pregnant with dangerous consequences, obtained an order for the removal of madame Guyon from the bounds of his diocese, and, at length, for her confinement in a convent. This persecution but increased her fame; when madame de Maintenon, whose confidence in the knowledge and purity of the archbishop was implicit, expressed a wish to see the injured lady. Fenelon presented madame Guyon to his patroness, but the interview lasted only a few moments: the saint was so enrapt in heavenly contemplation that it was not without the utmost inquietude, and force upon her inclinations, that she could suffer herself to mix with earthly concerns, or descend to the splendors of this terrestrial world. She however found means, on a farther acquaintance, to gain, by her address and delicate flattery, the heart of the favourite, who wished to listen to her pious exhortations: to this request she yielded with seeming reluctance, till the *charms* and *virtues* of madame de Maintenon gradually melted away her objections. Her introduction into St. Cyr followed; where she was presented to the pupils, as a person capable of exalting and improving their religious sentiments.

Both the prophetess and the little flock which Fenelon under her direction had formed, received new confidence from these events: dukes and dutchesses, ladies and noblemen, enlisted under her banners, and drank deep into her spirit. Versailles was deserted, except when madame Guyon went there by stealth, to deliver in private her pious lectures. An air of mystery, and a profound secrecy, presided over the whole transaction; circumstances which gave their meetings an additional zest. The

nomination of Fenelon to the see of Cambray was an unexpected blow: the ladies wept at the promotion of their pastor, from whom it would be necessary to part. The new prelate, whatever might be his feelings on this event, gave proof by his conduct of the rectitude of his mind: in accepting the archbishopric, he resigned an abbey, the only benefice he had ever possessed. He was consecrated at St. Cyr, in the presence of the pupils of madame de Maintenon and a few privileged persons, by Bossuet: ornamental furniture, belonging to the crown, set off the church on the occasion, and every thing was conducted with the utmost pomp.

About this period (Nov. 4th, 1696), a marriage between the duke of Burgundy, the son of the dauphin and the pupil of Fenelon, and the young Adelaide (daughter of the duke of Savoy), who became the pledge of peace after the war of the allies, gave life and animation to the court, which had for some time been growing formal and spiritless. The young princess paid peculiar court to the favourite of her grandfather, whom she caressed with the engaging vivacity of youth, and from whom she received the most indulgent kindness. The king regarded Adelaide as an angel of peace, and, presenting her to God, prayed that these nuptials might become a source of happiness to his people, and a consolation to his age.

St. Cyr assisted madame de Maintenon in forming the mind of Adelaide, who was scarcely twelve years old when she came to France. She inspired her with a taste for this society, and directed her to select her favourites from among those who were eminent for virtue, or fitted to allure her to the practice of useful occupations. "She sometimes dressed like a lady," says la Beaumelle, "but more frequently like a girl of the order of St. Lewis. Thus habited, she would go to the *office of the kitchen*, to attend the examination of household accounts; to the treasury, where business was transacted; to the apartments of the novices, where she received instruction; and to the classes, in which, by obeying, she learned to command. It gave her the highest pleasure when no notice was taken of her rank. Considering these as necessary tasks, she entirely dedicated to them her time, and avoided the indolence and luxury of Versailles; and thus became the Antiope whom Minerva formed for Telemachus."

As the time appointed for the completion of the marriage contract between the princess and the duke of Burgundy drew near, madame de Maintenon substituted for her young companions persons of maturer age, who assisted to render her an accomplished woman. When she was guilty of any fault or negligence, she was reminded of her duty by the gloom and dissatisfaction of those around her; while her meritorious actions were rewarded by their smiles and joy. Her *Minerva*, whether present or absent, was solicitous and active to preserve her from the contagion of the court. She assiduously cultivated her understanding by the most instructive lessons and images, by examples from history, and by remarks on the persons by whom they were surrounded. Her counsels were given both in conversation and in writing. Among many pious reflections, she properly exhorted her always to prefer to any particular act of devotion the duties of her station, and to avoid vanity and idleness. "Vice," said she "is not less dreadful than dangerous; unhappy vicious habits are easily formed, but they are not broken without the utmost difficulty." She also advised her to love the church, to respect its ministers, to protect respectable characters, to assist the unfortunate, whoever they might be, and to do good, with discernment, and without exception of persons. "Never," adds she, "protect a person of your acquaintance, to the prejudice of a worthy man not personally known to you." Her advice to the princess, respecting the general tenor of her conduct, her behaviour towards her husband, the courtiers, and the people, is a proof of her prudence and experience "Hope not," says she, "for perfect happiness: there is no such thing on earth; and, though there were, it would not be found in courts. Greatness is exposed to affliction often more severe than a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the marriage state. The best husbands and wives are those, who occasionally bear from each other, with patient mildness, sallies of ill-humour. Be obliging, without putting a great value on your favours. Exact not a full return for your tenderness. Men are tyrants, who would be free themselves, and have us fettered. You need not be at the pains to examine whether their rights be well founded: it is enough that they are

established.* Pray God to keep you from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be regained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behaviour. Speak, write, act, think, as if you were always in the presence of a thousand witnesses. Sooner or later all must be known. Writing is dangerous. The only maxim given to princes, is to practice dissimulation: but it is an unhappy maxim, and often involves them in disagreeable consequences. I had much rather have a prudent frankness. Love your children: see them often. This, either for a princess or a peasant, is the most honourable occupation. Never adopt the passions of others, which it is your business to moderate, not to follow. Never persist in maintaining what you know to be wrong. A princess should be of no party, but only strive to maintain harmony. Love the state. Love the nobles; they are the support of the state.† Love your domestics; let them make their fortunes, but not enormous ones, in your service. Love your relations, but let France only be your country. In proportion as you love France, France will love you. Refuse not to listen to those who apply for your aid. The power of doing good is your only recompense for the state of servitude in which you are placed by your rank. You are the first woman in the world; but, not to flatter you, you will also find yourself, on that very account, the most unhappy."‡

The marriage of the dutchess of Burgundy was celebrated with splendor. The young couple were amiable, intelligent, and attached to each other. Balls were given by the king at Versailles and Marly, in which a series of ingenious and allegorical masques were exhibited. The dauphin, madame de Maintenon, and the princes of the court, vied with each other in splendid entertainments. The general peace, the approach of which the arrival of the princess of Savoy in France had announced to Europe, was finally concluded, and signed at Ryswich, three months before the nuptials, in September, 1697.‖

* Will this reasoning hold good, applied to every species of usurpation?

† This advice, it should be remembered, is given in a monarchical and aristocratical government.

‡ This, paradoxical as it may appear, is not said by a person who affects to undervalue unattainable distinctions. Madame de Maintenon was experienced in courts, and had tasted grandeur.

‖ During the latter years of the war, the state had been obliged to adopt various extraordinary means of raising money; among these was the poll-tax,

A few months after the nuptials of the dutchess of Burgundy, madame de Maintenon married her niece, mademoiselle d'Aubigné. "The affair is over," writes she; "it has cost my brother an hundred thousand francs, me my estate, the king eight hundred thousand livres. Due respect, you observe, is paid to differences of degrees. The duke de Noailles gives his son an annual income of twenty thousand livres, and engages, at his death, to double this sum. The king, who never does things by halves, grants to St. d'Ayen the reversion of his father's government. What an excellent alliance! I did not foresee so much when mademoiselle d' Aubigné was born." This letter was written to madame de Caylus, who, of all the young ladies of St. Cyr, had done the most justice to the dramas of Racine.

The fate of the author of Esther and Athaliah was not more melancholy than singular. The most illustrious persons of the court were his friends: the king took a pleasure in conversing with him, and in treating him with familiarity, till, by an inadvertent expression, the unfortunate poet forfeited at once the favour of the monarch and his own life. Having one day been talking with Lewis respecting the theatres of Paris, the king, after exhausting the subject of the opera, began to speak of tragedy and comedy, and inquired of Racine how it came to pass, that the latter, from the perfect state in which he had once beheld it, had now sunk so low. Among other causes, the poet alleged, as the principal, scarcity of good authors. 'For want of good pieces,' aded he, 'the players are compelled to produce old ones again upon the stage, and, among others, *those wretched productions of Scarron.*' The widow, who happened to be present, reddened at these words, while the king, looking towards her, felt confused, and remained silent. Racine was by this pause roused from his absence of mind, and, becoming the most confounded of the three, dared neither look nor speak. The monarch was the first to recover himself, and, on pretence of busines, to dismiss

which had been imposed on the people. This, on the establishment of the peace was suppressed by the monarch, as was also the militia, the right of the soldiers to free quarters, with many other grievous impositions. To those who would have persuaded Lewis, in the exhausted state of the finances, to continue these oppressions, he nobly replied: 'No; I have kept my word with my enemies, respecting the conditions of peace, and it is but fair that I should also keep it with my subjects, from whom I have received so many proofs of fidelity and zeal.'

the unfortunate poet. Racine, believing himself a lost man, made his retreat in the best manner he was able; and, meeting at the door his friend Cavois, recounted to him what had passed, and the blunder he had committed. Cavois in vain tried to make him easy: Racine felt that his error was irretrievable; nor was he mistaken. From that day, neither Lewis nor his favourite deigned to honour him with the smallest notice. The susceptible mind of the poet languished under the consciousness of his own indiscretion, and the deprivation of the favour of his sovereign: he sunk into a melancholy state, sickened, and expired in the year 1699. This anecdote, if true, does no credit to the liberality of madame de Maintenon, who appears not, on other occasions, to have been equally delicate. In a letter to the duke d'Ayen, having used the word *burlesque*. "I am here," says she, "in my own province, you know: but we often say things of ourselves which we would not choose to hear from others; and, in good as well as in evil, *circumstances* are sometimes every thing." Racine was almost the last of those men of genius who rendered illustrious the reign of Lewis XIV.

The king was about this period perplexed with the refinements of theology: Quietism, Jansenism, and the disputes concerning the Chinese ceremonies, engaged and divided his attention. Quietism prevailed at court, and at St. Cyr, many years before Lewis understood the subject: he was aware only, that a woman pretending to a kind of inspiration, and whom, on account of her opinions, he had been persuaded to banish from Paris, was afterwards confined successively, by orders procured from him, in a convent, at Vincennes, and in the Bastile. It was with surprise he learned that these abstract notions, which, when madame de Maintenon endeavoured to recommend them to him, he had justly treated as idle reveries, formed the principles of union among a numerous sect, by whom he was every where surrounded. "I had not the least idea of Quietism," says the favourite herself, writing on this subject to the ladies of St. Cyr. "I therefore, without suspicion, adopted the sentiments of the archbishop of Cambray. You know with what view I communicated them to you. He was among those who possessed the highest reputation, and to me appeared a saint. I never had any good which I did not wish to share with you. With these sentiments, I filled your house with his works." The following is the

account of the effect produced by those writings. "They were in frequent transports. Their inclination to prayer became so violent, as to make them neglect the most indispensable duties. One sister, instead of sweeping the house, would lean pensively upon her broom. Another, instead of teaching her young girls, gave herself up to inspiration, and to the influence of the spirit. They retired into corners, to amuse themselves privately with the new doctrine; and, on pretence of aspiring to perfection, they disdained the observance of the common rules of the foundation."

The bishop of Chartres, the diocesan of St. Cyr, perceived the growing disorders, and prepared for them a remedy. The bishop was connected with madame de Maintenon, both as her director and that of St. Cyr. He was eminent for his learning, his morals, and his piety, and high in the esteem and confidence of the favourite, in whose good graces, it is said, Fenelon wished to supplant him. The general manners and appearance of this prelate were greatly to his disadvantage, nor could it appear difficult to his rival, to conquer such an adversary. Fenelon was successful in introducing madame Guyon to St. Cyr (a part of his plan), whose visits grew more and more frequent. She at length accustomed herself to pass whole days at this institution, and sometimes many days together, when she sought disciples, whom the novelty of her doctrines easily allured. She thus gradually formed a small flock, whose language and maxims appeared singular to the rest, and more especially so to the bishop of Chartres. Under a rough and pedantic appearance, the bishop concealed genius, mildness, firmness, and even elegance of manners, when he chose to display them; but these talents were only exerted on important occasions. His disinterestedness and benevolence kept him poor with a liberal income, and madame de Maintenon frequently supplied his wants. Having learned the new opinions which had spread among the sisters of St. Cyr, he introduced to them two ladies, with whose attachment to himself, discernment, and address, he was well acquainted, and whose reports would, he knew, have their proper influence on madame de Maintenon.

The new proselytes, according to the instructions of the bishop, appeared charmed with their directress, who on her side valued herself upon their talents and reputation, and the con-

quest she had made. They soon became her favourite disciples, and to them she unfolded the whole of her doctrines. Fenelon, to whom madame Guyon imparted this success, was equally flattered and gratified. These ladies gave to the bishop an exact narration of all that passed, and made him master of the secrets of the initiated which in due time were revealed to the foundress. Madame de Maintenon heard this account with astonishment, and, upon investigation into the wanderings of the new flock, found that they had greatly departed from the plain path of duty. Perplexed with scruples, and under great inquietude, she spoke to the archbishop of Cambray, who justified his doctrines, denied their consequences, and, by the contradictions in which he involved himself, strengthened her distrust. Suddenly, madame Guyon was banished from St. Cyr, and her books put into the hands of M. de Chartres. Madame de Maintenon herself gave the first example of humility, by labouring earnestly to eradicate the principles to which she had once given countenance. This was a task of difficulty; the visions of fanaticism take fast hold on the imagination, and entrench themselves in the passions: the prelate availed himself of this occasion to exaggerate the mischief of the new doctrine, and to render his rival suspected. Fenelon sustained himself in this reverse of fortune by his genius and his ingenuity, by sophistical reasoning and mystic authorities, which he produced in a book entitled "*Explanation of the Maxims of the Saints.*" Copies of this work were dispersed by his friends; his opponents attacked it; it was defended with warmth by the author, and after much controversy, condemned at Rome, March 13, 1699. Fenelon was ordered to his diocese, a mandate which he obeyed; and thence he himself, in obedience to the orders of the pope, issued an edict in condemnation of his work.

On his disgrace, it was recollected that madame de Maintenon had once attempted to obtain a declaration of her marriage. It was also reported, that the archbishop of Cambray had been consulted by the king on the subject, and had given his advice in the negative. To this circumstance his ruin was by many attributed, who affected to consider Quietism as a pretence. To this it was added, that madame de Maintenon, to make her purpose sure in the downfal of the prelate, whom she had herself raised, availed herself of the themes which, in his office of preceptor, he had given to the duke of Burgundy, and which she

represented to the monarch as containing satires on his person and government. In the celebrated *Telemaque*, passages might indeed be found inimical to despotism, and which, if applied to the reign and character of Lewis XIV., might be considered as a reflection: but Fenelon, who had produced them in the course of a classical education, and with a view to the advantage of his pupil, had made no such application. Severe indeed would be the lot of the tutor of princes, if they were prohibited from recommending wisdom or virtue because the practice of the reigning monarch was weak or vicious.

These accusations against madame de Maintenon are wanting in proof, and liable to be questioned: after a private marriage of fifteen years, her ambition, however vehement it might have been supposed, is likely to have been subdued by time and habit. If she really cherished any resentment against Fenelon, it nowhere appears in her letters: on the contrary, she discovers a steady attachment to him, in despite of the intrigues of her spiritual director. The following answer was given to her by a divine, who professed himself a minister of the meek and benevolent Jesus, and whom she had consulted respecting the sentiments it behoved her to entertain towards the archbishop of Cambray: 'Not only,' said he, 'are we to lift up our voice against the Nestorians, but also against Nestorius; it is scarce possible to hate heresy, yet love the heretic.' She, however, paid but little respect to this doctrine; 'And yet,' said she, 'I am at ease.' The king was tormented by this theological warfare, and solemn trifling: Bossuet,* and De Chartres, the archbishop of Paris, urged him to severity against Fenelon, whom father La Chaise, his confessor and a Jesuit, as vehemently defended. The Jesuit charged the bishops with Jansenism, and they retorted on him the charge of a relaxed morality. On this subject, secure in the frailty of his penitent, La Chaise felt perfectly at ease. In vain did madame de Maintenon join her interest to that of the prelates, to induce the monarch to withdraw his confidence from La Chaise, a man whom he could not esteem. 'True,' replied he, 'La Chaise has his weaknesses; but have not I also mine?' Skilful duplicity appears to have been an attribute of the Jesuits: the good father, when the adherents of Fenelon were dismissed from the household of the duke of Burgundy, acquiesced, with the most ac-

* Bishop of Meaux.

commodating policy, in all that was done, exclaimed against madame Guyon, and only took care to support at Rome the archbishop of Cambray's book.

Madame de Maintenon openly attacked the Jesuits; nor were they more delicate in repelling her assaults. In her letters, she sometimes complains of the mortifications she suffered from them, and sometimes triumphs over them. 'The Jesuits were never so low as at present,' she writes at one time: 'father La Chaise dares not speak. Their best friends pity them.' On another occasion, 'Father La Chaise,' says she, 'has paid me a visit, which seemed intended as an insult rather than as an act of kindness. I shall soon be a Jansenist myself.' Notwithstanding this expression, madame de Maintenon had never respected the Jansenists. In a letter to a young woman, brought up at St. Cyr, she writes: 'In the New Testament, you will find, that a good tree bears good fruits; and you will perceive that the fruits of the Jansenists are evil. They shake off the yoke of the church; they openly contemn the Pope; they do not indeed loudly blame the king, but they say he is deceived; they refuse any other dependence but that of converting women to their sentiments. Such, they tell us, are able to judge of matters of doctrine.'—Terrible heresies, these! The lady goes on—(query; was she sincere?)—'It is a great happiness for us that our *sex*, and the weakness of our capacities, confine us to *implicit submission*'—very good, madame de Maintenon;—'as this is the easiest'—most assuredly,—'and safest way,'—that is not so certain;—'but we have not the good sense to avail ourselves of our natural advantages'—better and better. Thus do women of talents, while feeling their own strength, sometimes stoop to a contemptible hypocrisy, and betray the cause of justice and their sex.

Lewis, with a view of astonishing Europe and impressing its powers with dread, had fixed a camp at Compeigne, in which he displayed a magnificence and splendor that eclipsed the most celebrated tournaments: he was pleased to exhibit to the ladies the troops, the army, the divisions, detachments, marches, foraging expeditions, rencounters, skirmishes, engagements, and the whole paraphernalia of war. The duke and dutchess of Burgundy took a distinguished part in all that was going forward. Never was there a more brilliant show. In this ruinous ostentation, his treasury was emptied, and his finances exhausted; while

the nation languished from the effects of the late war. Nothing but expense was thought of at Versailles. 'Another range of buildings,' writes madame de Maintenon, 'is to be raised, on which are to be expended a hundred thousand francs. Marly will soon be a second Versailles. I have given offence in a conversation about the buildings. What grieves me is, to have put myself to pain for no purpose. I have only to ask pardon, and to take no more notice. But the people; what will become of them?' Yet Lewis affected to have been persuaded into these prodigalities against his will. Some days after he had listened to the economical counsels of madame de Maintenon, he said, in her presence to his minister, who proposed taking down a square and building another in its place; 'All these ministers wish to do something which may do them honour with posterity. They have found out the secret of representing me, through Europe, as fond of these vanities. Madame there knows what vexation they have given me on this head. I wish to spare myself such uneasiness in future, and would therefore have nothing of the kind proposed to me. While my people are well supported, I shall always be well enough lodged.'

The eighteenth century began with an extraordinary event. Charles II. at his death, left the crown of Spain to the duke of Anjou, second son to the dauphin of France. Lewis accepted the testament in favour of his grandson. Thus the Spanish monarchy appeared likely to be transferred to the house of Bourbon. The nations of Europe acknowledged the rights of the prince, and Spain acquiesced with enthusiasm in the will of its deceased monarch. On the 4th of September, 1700, Philip set out to take possession of his kingdom. The king and the dauphin took leave of him at Sceaux. 'I shall never forget the scene,' writes the same lady, 'in which our princes discovered such mutual and affecting tenderness. Whatever it might cost them, I was charmed with it. I could not have believed a prince capable of so much sensibility.' The dukes of Burgundy and Berry, his two brothers, accompanied Philip to the frontiers. Their absence, with their retinue, left a blank in the court, of which madame de Maintenon, in a letter to her nephew, the duke d'Ayen, humorously speaks: 'Of whom do you ask news? Of the ladies of the bed-chamber, to be sure. Your foible must be indulged. Madame de Dangeau is become as surprising at trictrac, as at every

thing else. Madame de Roucy is going to bear a child. Madame d'O has kept her bed ever since the departure of her husband, viewing the place which he used to occupy, and crying, 'Alas! he is there no longer.' At uttering this sigh, she falls into a fit, feathers are burnt under her nose, and Gervois called. Sometimes she fancies herself a dove and sometimes a bacchanal. What shall I say of the plumpness of madame de Chatelet; of the slenderness of the indolent Levy; of the loud laughter of the countess d'Estrées; of the treble pipe of madame d'Ayen; of the gout of the lady of honour; or, lastly (speaking of herself,) of the dexterity with which the lady of the wardrobe turns her spindle?' Then passing to the king of Spain: 'To whom speaks he oftenest? what part of his time does he devote to business, and how much to pleasure? Is he gay? Has he gloomy fits enough for a Spaniard and a king?'

As Lewis advanced in life, his cotemporaries began to disappear from about him; a circumstance of melancholy reflection, and by which even kings, from whom ungrateful truths are carefully withheld, are reminded of the depredations of time. A curious anecdote, in connexion with this subject, is related of the complaisance of cardinal d'Estrée, who, at an advanced period of life, still preserved a fine set of teeth, which the capaciousness of his mouth displayed to view. One day, dining with the king, the monarch, who was fond of conversing familiarly, complained of his want of teeth. 'Ah! sire,' replied the cardinal, with vivacity, '*who has teeth?*'

The house of Bourbon began to experience a reverse of fortune: every thing was on the decline; the resources of the kingdom had been exhausted; and ruin advanced with hasty strides, which a feeble administration threatened to hasten. France had still able generals, which the war had formed; Berwick, Villars, Vendome, and Catinat. 'Catinat,' said madame de Maintenon, 'knows his trade, but he is a stranger to God.' 'What signifies it to the king,' replied Villars, 'whether his servants be devotees or not? You may find the qualities of a great general in a man distinguished for avarice, perfidy, or impiety. I would rather the king had a good general, though with all these defects, than a man eminent for piety but unskilled in war.' Lewis, on another occasion, by a whimsical sort of caprice, not unusual with sectarians, would not permit the son of a lady whom he suspected of Jansenism to remain in the service

of his nephew, the duke of Orleans. 'Faith! sire,' replied the duke to him, 'I know nothing about the matter; but to represent the son as a Jansenist is doing him great injustice. He does not even believe in God.' 'Say you so?' returned his majesty; 'you may then keep him.'

Madame de Montespan died in the year 1707. She had long retired from court; an order for which had been imprudently sent to her by her son, the duke of Maine, whom she never afterwards forgave. On receiving this mandate, she departed bathed in tears, and took shelter in the community of St. Joseph, which had been enriched by her gifts. Restless and disquieted, she remained there only a short time; but, visiting her several estates, passed from one place to another. Devotion at length succeeded in her mind to more tumultuous passions: though voluptuous and ambitious, she had always intervals of piety; and had been accustomed to retire from the arms of the king to her closet, to pray, nor would she for worlds have violated a fast. She had possessed all the faults which beauty and power, by their intoxicating effects, are liable to generate in weak minds; but to her other offences she had never added that of scepticism. Resolved at length to expiate her sins, she put herself into the hands of father de la Tour, general of the oratory, who, as the first act of penance, properly insisted on her asking pardon of her husband, and submitting to his discretion. This humiliation, however terrible, was acquiesced in by the penitent; who addressed a letter to the man whom she had injured so grossly, expressive of her contrition, and containing an offer either of returning to him, or disposing of herself as he should think proper. M. de Montespan, in reply, refused to receive her, or to lay on her any injunctions: he desired never again to hear her name mentioned; and died in these sentiments, in all the agony and resentment of slighted affection. The widow put on mourning, but without resuming the arms or liveries of her husband.

A second sacrifice exacted from her by father de la Tour, was to renounce that attachment to the court, and those hopes, which she still cherished in secret, founded on her knowledge of the king's superstitious weakness, of the age and infirmities of her rival, which her wishes exaggerated, and of the claim which she fondly believed was given to her by their mutual offspring on the mind of the monarch. Her children flattered themselves

with the same expectations; yet Lewis never mentioned their mother, nor consulted her respecting the measures he adopted in their favour. She took pleasure in seeing them, and in lavishing upon them presents. Her devotion at length becoming more austere, she denied herself this satisfaction, and turned her liberality into other channels. She made, with her servants, coarse clothes for the poor among whom she distributed money. In the place of splendid and delicate repasts, a plain and frugal table was substituted; she fasted frequently, abstained from play, saw little company, and often retired to prayer. She wore coarse yellow linen, lined with hair-cloth. She subjected her tongue also, once dreaded for its satire, to a severe discipline. A youth of voluptuousness, and an age of superstition, a transition commonly seen, and for which it is not difficult to account. The fear of death tormented her: when it thundered, she would take on her knees little children, that their innocence might prove her security. She slept with her curtains open, several servants in watching, and a number of lights burning round the bed. When she awoke, she wished to find her attendants talking, reading, or amusing themselves with play, that they might not become drowsy.

But, notwithstanding these mortifications, and this wretched fanaticism, she could not prevail on herself to relinquish the state and *hauteur* she had assumed when in the period of her power. To this absurd pride, which she retained in her retreat, those about her were obliged to submit. Her chair, the only one that was allowed in her chamber, was placed at the foot of her bed: even the princesses, her daughters, were compelled to stand in her presence. She rose not to receive the first princes of the blood; and spoke to every person as a queen, at the head of her court. It was nevertheless a kind of fashion to visit her, and to address her with the greatest respect. She entertained as ladies of her bed-chamber a number of poor women, both married and unmarried. Her favourite foible was promoting marriages; but, without the power of bestowing dowries on her dependents, these unions frequently served but to increase their indigence, and aggravate their distress. She never asked any thing at court, where her name was no longer mentioned, either for herself or others. In her carriages, of which she kept a great number, though in bad condition, an air of magnificence was still visible. She preserved her beauty till the last moment of her life, and, in the

midst of health, believed herself sick. She took frequently journeys, as if to escape from death, with which her fancy was perpetually haunted. On setting out for the last time for Bourbon, she paid in advance her charitable annuities, which were numerous, and principally to the poor nobility. She also doubled her ordinary alms, and, though by her own confession in perfect health, declared that she should never return, and that her dependents would thus have time to look out elsewhere for the means of support. Towards the end of her life, she enriched her legitimate son, the duke d'Antin, whom she had previously treated with neglect and unkindness. Her illness was short, and death, which she had regarded with so much terror when at a distance, appeared to her on its approach less formidable.

Towards the latter periods of the life of Lewis XIV., at a time when he stood most in need of repose, he suffered a severe reverse of fortune both public and private. War had exhausted his kingdom, and even threatened the capital, which was oppressed beneath an increasing weight of taxes. To this were added domestic inquietudes, and the successive deaths of those to whom he was most tenderly attached. "I submit to the will of God," writes madame de Maintenon, whose sentiments may be regarded as the mirror of those of the monarch, "yet cannot dispel my melancholy. A greater share of fortitude is required here, than if I were going out to battle. In battle you *are killed*," adds she, with an admirable distinction; "here you *die*." An unnecessary number of troops, and a superfluous military apparatus, had rendered, during the reign of Lewis, war more ruinous. France never recovered the pressure. The miseries under which the people groaned, penetrated the palace. In the grand saloon of Marly, once the seat of ostentatious riches, and where heaps of gold had been displayed, the court now tasted and compared the different species of grain, to discern which was best suited to appease the hunger of a famished multitude. The heart of the monarch was pierced by the cries of his people, against which he could no longer shut his ears. The people had been induced to make an offer to government of their plate: a poor and partial expedient.

"When it came to be known," writes madame de Maintenon to the duke de Noailles, "that the king had rejected the ignominious terms offered by our enemies, every body applauded the

measure; every body insisted on the prosecution of the war. But the emotion was transient:* people's minds soon sunk back into that state of depression which you observed with indignation when you were here. How often have you heard them say, 'Why is our plate left us? Would that his majesty would take it all! But, since the most patriotic have set the example, the rest are struck with confusion and alarm. They murmur, and begin to discover that the king should retrench his expenses. They complain of his journeys to Marly, as ruinous to the state. They would have him give up his horses, his hounds, and his attendants; even his furniture displeases them. In a word, they would have him stripped first. And where, think you, these complaints are uttered? At his very gate. By whom? By people who owe to his bounty all that they possess. I am in danger of being stoned. The king, however, has reduced his table at Marly. He has sent his gold plate to the mint. His jewels he has put into the hands of M. Desmarets, to pawn them, if he can. But they notice only what is not done.' An affecting lesson to princes!

Murmurs were raised against the ministers; and the king, as observed by St. Simon, acted like a sick person, who, without finding any benefit, changes his physician. The nobility fell in battle, and the court was involved in successive mournings.†

On the 14th of April, 1711, died the dauphin, after a short

* An heroic sentiment is usually but a poor support under the pressure of real distress.

† An anecdote is told, in connexion with these circumstances, too curious to be omitted. Marechal, the sugeon of Lewis, observing an unusual degree of melancholy hang about him, ventured to hint to his royal master his fears for his health. The monarch acknowledged, in general terms, that he suffered great uneasiness from the present posture of his affairs. Eight or ten days after, having recovered his ordinary tranquillity, he sent for Marechal, and, taking him aside. 'Now,' said he, 'that I feel myself at ease, I will relate to you the cause of my anxiety, and by what means I have got rid of it.' He proceeded to inform him, that the necessity of his affairs having compelled him to impose on his people new taxes, his reluctance to make free with their property, and his compassion for their distresses, had greatly affected him. 'At length,' said he, 'I opened my mind to father Tellder, who required some days to consider on the subject. He has now brought me a consultation of the most subtle doctors of the Sorbonne, who all agree, that as the whole property of my subjects is personally mine, I can take nothing from them but what is my own. This decision has restored to me the tranquillity I had lost.' A casuistry like this can surely require no comment. But the state and the hierarchy are both overthrown, and sunk beneath their own weight.

illness: the king lamented in him a respectful and obedient son. In the same year died marshal Boufflers, of whom madame de Maintenon thus speaks: "Every one boasts of his concern for the death of marshal Boufflers. A thousand praises are bestowed on him. In this region, even truth is uttered with a hollow heart!"

Amidst these melancholy impressions, the relief to which madame de Maintenon had recourse may be seen in the following extract from a letter written by her, from Fontainbleau, to a lady of St Cyr. "I am just arrived from Avon: I intended to pass there one hour, and I have staid three. I have been making visits from door to door. I have not seen such agreeable company since my return to court. I ask pardon of the ladies of St. Lewis; but they still retain about them somewhat of the manners of the great world, and are less alert, and less simple, than Geoffroy and Payen. Our school-master, Mathurin Roch, cannot be reconciled to my ignorance, nor I to his knowledge. He knows all that I attempt to explain. He reads all, from Canisius to Bellarmine, and would have my poor children profound divines. They tell me that Mathurin, in my absence, never says a word of what I have taught them. He wishes to make them more knowing, yet they seem to me not to profit by his lessons. Frances longs to be married; but she can neither obtain the consent of her relations, nor get the better of her own passion. Susanna says, she no longer sees her best beloved. Yes, I should be sorry to lose my good people of Avon. Nothing about them gives me uneasiness, but their troubles. With them I find integrity, good sense, truth, and honour. They don't speak so well as we do; but we don't act as well as they do." Thus does the mind, wearied of artificial distinctions, turn for repose to simplicity and nature.

After the death of the dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, his son and the pupil of Fenelon, a prince of great promise, obtained, through his own merits and the friendship of madame de Maintenon, for his wife (now dauphiness), the favour of Lewis; who, having with his son preserved the distance and dignity of the monarch, became to his grandson a tender father. It is related by St. Simon, that it was at the persuasion of madame de Maintenon, who was displeased with the ascendency gained by the ministers over the imbecility of the monarch, that Lewis resolved to throw the weight of government on the dauphin, whose career, though

short, was useful and honourable. The dauphin took for the rule of his conduct a maxim exactly opposite to that of his grandfather: *Kings*, he declared, *were made for their people, not the people for their monarch;* a sentiment which he even ventured to utter in the presence of Lewis himself. The dauphin and dauphiness, by their excellent and amiable qualities, acquired the privilege of saying what they pleased in the presence of their grandfather and of madame de Maintenon. Adelaide had not yet lost the sprightly graces of her childhood, which the good sense of her maturer years had mellowed and regulated. 'Never,' says St. Simon, 'was a princess, coming so young into a foreign court, better accomplished at the time of her appearance there. Her father and mother, both persons of great sagacity and thoroughly acquainted with the French court, had been at pains to teach their daughter how to make herself happy there. The natural genius of the princess rendered their endeavours successful. From the very first she cultivated the regard of the king and madame de Maintenon, whose favour she neglected nothing to preserve, even at the expense of her own inclinations and health. Her submissive attention to them was unexampled. She studied their characters, suited her gaiety to circumstances, and thus acquired greater freedom and familiarity than even any of Lewis's favourite children. In public, she was serious, respectful, and distant, to the king; to madame de Maintenon, to whom she gave the title of aunt, polite and obliging. In private, she was gay, childish, and fluttering about them. She would seat herself on the arms of their chair, play upon their knees, embrace, caress, tease them, rummage their desks, seize their papers, open their letters, read them sometimes, when she saw them disposed to laugh in despite of themselves, give her advice unasked, and break in upon the king even when in council. Lewis XIV. could not endure to be without her, &c. &c." The capacity of the dauphiness was useful to her husband, who had great merit and was passionately attached to his wife.

The favour which the dauphiness had with the monarch provoked the jealousy of the princesses his daughters, of which the following incident is related by St. Simon. The dauphiness one evening, after prattling in several different languages, and playing a number of childish tricks, to amuse the king, observed the dutchess of Bourbon and the princess of Conti making signs to

each other of contemptuous pity. When the king went out, the dauphiness, taking aside the ladies de St. Simon and de Levi, said to them, with indignation (speaking of the princesses) 'Did you observe their gestures? I am not less sensible than themselves of the nonsense which I have been talking, but the king must be diverted.' Then, leaning on the shoulders of these ladies, and turning and leaping round them, she sung the chorus *Je m'en ris, Je m'en moque.* The ladies, in confusion, entreated her to forbear, but still louder she repeated. 'I laugh at them. What else should I do? I shall be their queen, and they will have to reckon with me.' "Ah!" adds St. Simon, "she thought so; the charming princess! and who then thought otherwise? It pleased God to punish us by disposing of her differently."

On Friday, February 5, 1712, the dauphiness was seized in the evening with shiverings, which continued through the night, ceased on Saturday, returned in the evening, and abated on Sunday. About six in the afternoon, she complained of a pain in her temple, which affected only one determinate spot, but to the agony of which she declared the pangs of childbirth were as nothing. The fever increased, and continued unabated on Monday. In the night, and through the ensuing day, she was very drowsy, and awoke only at intervals for a few minutes; her head was heavy, and some spots appeared on her skin, which it was hoped might prove the measles, then rife at Versailles, and which were regarded as a favourable symptom. The king came often to her bedside, felt her pulse, and showed great anxiety. On Wednesday, the 10th, an emetic was administered to her, which produced a copious operation, but gave to the patient no relief. The eruption also disappeared. The dauphin, who had not stirred from her bed-side, was now forced down into the gardens to breathe the fresh air; but his uneasiness carried him instantly back. On Thursday the princess was so ill, that it was judged proper to administer to her the sacraments. She was in great distress through the night. The symptoms became worse the next day, and in the evening she complained of a giddiness in her head. Any person was permitted to enter her chamber, although the king was present. He left it but a few moments before she expired, and, with madame de Maintenon, set off in his chariot for Marly. Overcome with grief, they were both unable to see the dauphin, who confined himself in his apartment during one whole day.

On Saturday the 13th, he went to Marly, and attended mass at the chapel. Madame de Maintenon afterwards waited on him in his own apartment: the meeting was on both sides very painful. The princes and princesses next paid him a short visit. "The time of the king's rising was near," says St. Simon, "and his three gentlemen went in. I ventured to present myself with them. He signified that he noticed me, with an air of kindness and condescension with which I was greatly affected. But I was alarmed at his look, which was fixed, with a degree of wildness in his eye; at his change of countenance; and at a number of large blue spots, which I and every other person in the room observed. Soon after, he was informed that the king was awake. Tears, notwithstanding his efforts to restrain them, dropped from his eyes. He turned himself, without replying and remained still. His gentlemen once or twice proposed to him to wait on the king. He neither answered nor moved. I entreated, urged, and even took him by the arm and drew him gently forward. He gave me a piercing look, and went out. I followed him a few paces, and then came back to take breath. It was the last time I ever saw him. God, of his mercy, grant I may see him for ever in that blessed abode for which his virtues prepared him!" The dauphin found the assembled court in the chamber of the king, who, the moment he perceived his grandson, embraced him tenderly several times. Tears, sighs, and broken words, were all that was uttered on both sides. The king, at length, observed in his grandson the same appearances that had alarmed St Simon, and ordered his physicians to feel his pulse; which having found feeble and indistinct, they reccommended him to go to bed. He obeyed, and never rose again. The symptoms which succeeded were similar to those which had carried off the dauphiness, and, on the 18th of the same month, at eight in the morning, proved equally fatal to her husband. He received extreme unction, and died placidly. The eldest son of this unfortunate pair, thus cut off amidst the fairest prospects, and in the bloom of their years, followed his parents to the tomb a few days after. One son only remained, for whose life the most anxious alarm was excited, an infant two years of age, and afterwards king under the name of Lewis XV.

These affecting circumstances gave rise to a general suspicion of poison. The dauphin himself had died under this impression, and warned his grandfather to be careful of his own safety. The

physicians had appeared perplexed respecting the nature of the disorder, and the mode of treating it. On opening the bodies, the notion seemed confirmed. The court-physicians were of opinion, that only poison could have produced so rapid a dissolution of the blood, and so entire and fetid a corruption. Nor was this assertion contradicted by the medical men in the city. Marechal alone, the king's surgeon, who opened the bodies, ventured to oppose the general prepossession. He maintained that there were no certain symptoms of poison, nor any very uncommon appearances. The mass of blood, he averred, had been corrupted by the natural virus of an ardent fever, of which the husband had caught the contagion from his wife. To assert any thing beyond this, he added, was only destroying the peace of the king, and cruelly embittering his latter days. Yet the same man, in a private conversation with St. Simon, told him, that he doubted whether the deaths were natural, though the indication of poison were by no means certain. Those who maintained this opinion so eagerly, he added, were desirous of criminating the duke of Orleans.

It is true, suspicions against the duke were rapidly propagated through the court, the capital, and thence to the provinces and foreign nations. The duke of Orleans (afterwards regent) was a man of talents, but of known profligacy; the infant son of the dauphin now only remained between him and the throne. These were the principal circumstances which afforded grounds for the accusation. The insults and execrations of the populace pursued him. At the funeral procession of the ill-fated pair, expressions of indignation overpowered the murmurs of sorrow. The people were scarcely restrained from tearing in pieces the object of their vengeance. In Paris it was found necessary to restrain their fury, which was vented in gestures and exclamations of horror. When the burial passed before the royal palace, the general sentiment burst forth with terrific violence. Every thing was to be feared: the feelings of the courtiers, though less vehemently expressed, were not less deep. The duke was every where regarded with horror. Those whom he attempted to accost shrunk from him abruptly, and said one to the other, ' Shall a crime so atrocious remain unpunished? Shall justice not be executed?'

It would, perhaps, be deviating too far from the plan of the present work to detail the conduct of the duke on this trying

occasion, and the measures which he thought proper to adopt. Suffice it to say, that his distress, under so cruel an imputation, appeared to be extreme; that he had really been attached to the dauphin, to whom a mutual taste for the sciences had seemed to unite him; that from their childhood they had grown up together in intimacy under the eye of Fenelon; and that, whatever might be his ambition, or however relaxed his morals, his general temper and character were adverse to the supposition of crimes so flagitious. If suspicions of treachery must be admitted, there were persons who, with a greater show of reason, rested them with the illegitimate children of the monarch, between whom and the dauphin no good-will prevailed, and whose interests were threatened by his favour and probable succession. But on subjects like these, involved in mystery and conjecture, it is difficult for the historian, however impartial, properly to decide. *Madame*, in her FRAGMENTS, observes, that the dauphiness was delicate and sickly; that she was improperly treated in her sickness; that, when nature had brought on a kindly perspiration, and her skin was flushed with eruption, she was taken from her bed and bled, a circumstance in itself sufficient to destroy a patient labouring under the exhaustion of a malignant disorder. The disease, in all its stages, appears not to have differed from a putrid fever; nor is it at all wonderful, that the anxiety and watching of the dauphin should prepare him to receive the infection, and to sink under its consequences.

The plea of poison was an excuse for the physicians' want of skill, and therefore likely to be countenanced by them. "They say," says madame de Maintenon, in a letter written on the occasion, "that the dauphin,* on account of his figure, could not have lived another year; but the duke of Burgundy,† and our dear princess, what was there against their living longer? I weep, and will continue all my life to weep, for the dauphiness. In vain do they try to make me believe that, had she lived, she would have given me great uneasiness. I shall still lament her."

The mourning for the dauphin and dauphiness was general: France never had a prince of higher hopes; the pupil of Fenelon did credit to his instructor. After the death of the prince, the king ordered his cabinet to be brought to him, and, with his own hand, burned all the papers which it contained written by the

* Meaning the father of him just dead. † The late dauphin.

archbishop of Cambray. Madame de Maintenon, who mentions this fact, justly laments it: "Never," says she, "was any thing better and more elegantly written. If the prince whom we deplore had faults, they were not to be imputed to his having followed counsels too timid, or listened to flattery."

"His chapter," says St. Simon, speaking of Fenelon, "the other clergy, secular and regular, to whom, according to difference of age, he showed the affection of a father, or a brother, all gave him the first place in their hearts. His charity comprehended all mankind; the rich and the poor, his friends and his enemies. The purity of his morals was never suspected: to suspect them would have been a dishonour. His conversation, though gay and lively, was ever restrained within the bounds of propriety. Every discreet freedom was enjoyed under his roof; he might be said to array virtue in a dress which improved her charms." What a pleasure to do justice to the sublimest of all combinations, the union of talents and of virtue! Formed to exalt and to adorn each other, how much is it to be regretted that they should be ever disunited!

Fenelon survived his pupil only two years. On his return from an episcopal visitation, his carriage was overset in a dangerous pass. He was neither corporeally hurt nor even endangered by this accident, which, however, seized his delicate and irritable nerves. Before he reached Cambray a fever came on, which soon increased to an alarming height. He died as he lived, a pattern of active yet tranquil goodness. In a letter which he wrote in his last moments to the king, his solicitude was expressed only for the wants of his diocese. He expired at the age of sixty-five, in the arms of his relations and friends, and in the midst of his clergy. Protestants and catholics equally deplored his loss; the truly good and wise man is, without narrow distinctions, the friend of mankind. His liberality and prudence, a rare example, had exactly balanced each other; he left to his heirs neither fortune nor debts. The king himself acknowledged, that the deathbed of Fenelon was worthy of a great prelate.

Lewis XIV. deeply felt his domestic misfortunes, yet he supported them with fortitude. "The first time," says marshal Villars,* "I had the honour to see him at Marly after these disastrous events, the firmness of the monarch yielded to the

* Vie de Villars

sensibility of the father. He dropped some tears, and said to me in an affecting tone, 'You see my condition, marshal; there are but few similar instances of such a succession of misfortunes as have befallen me of late. To lose, in one week, a grand-son, a grand-daughter, with their son, all extremely promising and tenderly beloved! God lays on me his chastening hand; it is what I have deserved. I shall at least have the less to suffer in the next world. But enough of my domestic troubles; let us consider what can be done to obviate the misfortunes of the nation.' This year, though so fatal to the family of the monarch, was less disastrous to France than those which had preceded it.

Lewis XIV. had now reached the advanced age of seventy-six. Madame de Maintenon was three years older. The young people of the court could but ill supply the social losses they had sustained; madame de Maintenon, therefore, contrived to add to their small circle her old friend, the duke de Villeroy, who had for many years been an exile from the court. During this interval he had maintained with the favourite a secret correspondence; she sometimes ventured to mention his name to the king, and even to show his letters, when they happened to contain interesting intelligence. She seized the present occasion to restore him to the royal favour, and succeeded in her design. He appeared at Marly, immediately after the death of the dauphin, and was received by the king with cordiality and pleasure. From that moment, he was a third person in the private parties of the monarch and his favourite, and became, it was conjectured, the chief counsellor of Lewis in the settlements which he made with respect to his kingdom and family.

The disasterous events of the latter part of his reign had filled the king with suspicions which gave him poignant anxiety; a conspiracy, it appeared to him, had been formed, of the most horrible nature, for the extirpation of his family. This notion had been strengthened by the dangerous illness of the infant prince, the only remaining son of the deceased dauphin, who had been preserved with difficulty from the fate of his family. The duke of Orleans was removed but one step from the throne; the prejudices against him have been already related; it appeared to Lewis the height of imprudence to trust wholly in his hands the infant heir. With a view of balancing the power of the duke, he listened to the importunities with which he had long been

assailed, to bestow on his illegitimate children the full privileges of princes of the blood, without even excepting that of succeeding to the crown. Madame de Maintenon used, on this occasion, all her interest in favour of her pupils. "Ah, madame!" writes the dutchess of Maine* to her, "what miracles the king can work! I know, I feel, the importance of the favour which he has deigned to confer on my family. My children will share my gratitude. I need not now be ashamed to show them in public." Lewis himself was not quite so well satisfied of this wonder-working power; he doubted, and not unjustly, of the validity of his own deed. 'It was your desire,' said he, with an air of discontent, one day to the duke of Maine. 'Take care you do not dwindle to nothing after my death, since I, in my life-time, have made you great. Give validity, if you can, to my deed.' A testament, it was believed, would give strength to the act: the same teasing arts were renewed to induce the old monarch to this new compliance. Lewis for a long time resisted what was required of him, while, in proportion to their urgency, his reluctance appeared to gather strength. Madame de Maintenon and her pupil, perceiving entreaty and remonstrance availed them nothing, changed their battery, and had recourse to different measures. After the death of the dauphin, the king had confined himself almost wholly to their society; and their attentions had been redoubled to cheer and amuse him. All at once, they assumed a different manner; they became serious, silent, and even sullen; and made no answers when he attempted to converse with them, or replied only in cold monosyllables. At the age of Lewis, habits are not to be changed; and this gloomy silence was the more barbarous, as he was utterly without resource. The king found himself alone in the midst of his court and family; and involved in a cloud through which he could not penetrate, and which thickened around him. The scheme succeeded; the will was made; and the atmosphere suddenly brightened.

The person of the young king was, by this will, entrusted to the duke of Maine; and a council of regency appointed, of which the duke of Orleans was named president, to govern the kingdom. A hole was opened in a tower of the palace, behind the presence-chamber, in which the testament was deposited, under the security of an iron door with three locks. 'There is my will,'

* Wife of the eldest prince.

said the monarch; 'what happened in the case of my father, and of my predecessors, leaves me at no loss to foresee what will also happen in the present case; but I have been urged and tormented; I could obtain neither peace nor rest till it was done. At this price I have purchased tranquillity. Take it; lay it up; it will have what effect it may; but I at least shall be no longer troubled.' He repeated the same words in the presence of madame de Maintenon, whom he regarded while he spoke with a stern and angry air.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, and the vexations that clouded his later years, Lewis XIV. held the reins of government with a steady hand. As his strength decayed, he made forced exertions, lest the business of the state should suffer from his infirmities. On the 4th of August, he gave a splendid audience to the Persian ambassador. He made new treaties and renewed old alliances. He put his papers in order, burned such as he chose should not appear, and prescribed articles of ceremonial for the infant dauphin. He wished to convoke a national council, and to re-establish the peace of the Gallican church: but, on the 22d of August, a gangrene, attended with threatening symptoms, appeared on one of his legs. The physicians were of opinion that he would not survive many days. The short interval of his life he devoted to religious meditations and offices, and displayed great tranquillity of mind: the voluptuousness of his youth, his vain-glorious wars, the sacrifice of his people, the oppressive taxes under which he left them to groan, appeared not to disturb his last moments. Some persons have endeavoured to account for this indifference by pretending that his confessor, father La Tellier, had engaged him to join the society of the Jesuits, vaunting to him of the privileges and plenary indulgences he would thus acquire. To profess with the Jesuits, was, he assured him, whatever might have been his crimes, sufficient to wash away every stain, and to secure the salvation of the criminal. The king, it is added, won over by these advantages (as who, in his situation, would not?) took the vows in secret, of which, though he adopted not the habit, he wore an almost imperceptible sign. But St. Simon, while he relates this anecdote, expresses doubts of its truth; and it is certain that the monarch confessed the irregularities of his past life, and asked pardon for the scandal they had occasioned; acknowledged that he had been too

fond of war, and exhorted his successor to avoid his example, to lessen the taxes, and to love his people. He also expressed regret, that, since the peace, he had not had time to put the kingdom in a flourishing state, and to leave the nation happy. He expired, after having received the sacraments, Sept. 1st, 1715. Some great and amiable qualities had been mingled with his faults, and his memory was, for a long time, dear to the French nation.

Madame de Maintenon at the age of eighty, seemed, in the distress which she suffered on this event, to have renewed the sensibility of youth. Her grief was poignant and sincere; tenderness and duty struggled in her mind, while she hesitated whether she ought to close the eyes of the monarch, to receive his last sigh, or to spare her feelings this affecting scene. Lewis, sinking fast into the arms of death, was no longer sensible of what passed around him, or of the endearments of friendship and affection. Every moment madame de Maintenon questioned the physicians, while her eyes were eagerly fixed on the dying countenance of an object once so dear and revered. Marshal Villeroy, who saw her emotion and dreaded its effects on her feeble frame, conjured her to retire. 'It is I,' replied she 'who should receive his last breath; I have still so much strength and fortitude.' The marshal insisted, and she appeared to yield, when she suddenly exclaimed, 'But he still lives; he may perhaps wish to see me. What if his eyes should look for me in vain at the last?' They promised to send for her; she resisted no longer, but set out for St. Cyr. 'My grief,' said she on the way, 'is great, but calm. I shall often weep, but my tears will be tears of tenderness; for, in my heart, I rejoice that he dies like a Christian.' 'I shall now have none but God,' exclaimed she, as she entered St. Cyr, 'and my dear children.' They all crowded into her presence; she gazed on them, and melted into tears, as a fond and widowed mother viewing the pledges of mutual and conjugal affection. She rejoiced in the retreat which she had prepared for herself. "I have seen," said she, in a letter to a friend, "the king die like a saint and a hero. I have forsaken the world, which I never loved, and am now in the most agreeable retirement. I wish, with all my heart, your situation was not less happy." Among the panegyrists who celebrated Lewis XIV. the abbé de Maury,* after enumerating the illustrious men whom his magnificence

* Discourse on his reception into the French academy, January 27, 1785.

fostered, and who reflected credit upon his reign, thus concludes; "Amidst this august circle, men of immortal genius whose talents he called forth and rewarded, does Lewis XIV. present himself to the eyes of posterity."

As the decline of the king's health presaged the approaching catastrophe, the illegitimate princes became uneasy to know the contents of the testament which he had made at their importunity, that measures might be taken in time, to insure its execution. Madame de Maintenon, whom they applied to on this occasion, refused any more to interfere, lest it should disturb the close of the monarch's life. But, unsolicited, when almost expiring, he himself informed the duke of Maine of the dispositions he had made. But all which had been done availed nothing; the legitimated princes wanted spirit to assert themselves; and the duke of Orleans established himself in the regency without control.

In the middle of the year 1717, the czar of Russia, Peter I. came to Paris, to acquaint himself with its various establishments, and transmit to his own empire the imitative arts. St. Cyr having attracted his notice, he went thither, examined every thing with minute attention, and requested a copy of the regulations. He then demanded permission to see the foundress of an institution so respectable, to whom he considered his homage as due. She requested leave to receive him in bed, whence her infirmities rendered it difficult for her to rise. The following is the account which she gives of the interview: "The czar arrived at seven in the evening. He sat down by my bed's head, and asked if I were sick? I told him I was. He then made them ask me what was my complaint? I replied, extreme old age. He made no answer; and appeared not to comprehend what I meant. His visit was short. He caused them to open the curtains at the foot of my bed, that he might see me. You will believe that he was satisfied with the sight." La Beaumelle adds to this account, that she blushed; and the ladies of St. Cyr affirmed, that she might even still appear beautiful.

On the death of the king, madame de Maintenon resolved never more to leave her retreat, and she kept her resolution. "It would be ridiculous in me," said she, "to think of any thing but retirement. I must beware of exposing myself to the affected kindness of those who have been made happy, the chagrin of those who are in disgrace, the murmurs of the discontented, or

the curiosity of the indiscreet." She was extremely averse to the idea of being still an object of curiosity; and would scarcely, after long intervals and earnest entreaty, admit to her retirement even the ladies she had most esteemed. Long prayers, books, the instruction of the young people, in which she took peculiar pleasure, acts of charity, and working with her needle, occupied and divided her time. She sometimes complained of her infirmities, but without repining or ill-humour. Her reflections on such occasions were rather serious than melancholy: "Because still somewhat straight," says she, "I am talked of as a person to be shewn for a wonder. Such are the glories of long life. They think it high praise, when they say of me: 'She still reasons justly; she writes with a steady hand.' Fine praise, truly! great matter for pride!" A strict regimen was prescribed to her. "I have a keen appetite," says she, in a species of doggrel verse, not without gaiety, "but no other complaint. Fagon,† when I was at the worst, left me to my own sagacity; but now, for a mere nothing, St. Cyr and Besse refuse me food. This is to live to the age of eighty? Would you then have posterity say, 'This woman, who in her time made so conspicuous a figure, had many children at St. Cyr; yet died for want of broth?'"

The following was an aphorism of this lady's; "Begin early, as I have done, to live like an old woman, and you may live as long." A steady adherence to this principle prolonged her life to the age of eighty-three years, with some infirmity, but without any serious disease.

The misfortunes of the duke of Maine rendered her last days uneasy. "In all my life," said she, "I never felt any pleasure so lively as the pain which I now suffer from the misfortunes of others. I have done well, indeed, in not seeking to elevate myself to a condition of enviable splendor." She waited with courage, the approach of death, eight days previous to which she wrote from her bed; "The sacrament of extreme unction is administered to the sub-proiress in my name, and I see my confessor taking his post."

She expired, April 15th, 1718, without pain or anxiety. Her death, though gradual and natural, greatly affected the family of St. Cyr, who were justly attached to their patroness. The duke de Noailles, who directed her funeral, would permit no funeral

† Her physician.

oration: 'Because,' says La Beaumelle, 'he thought it better that nothing should be said, than that the half only should be told.'

It is somewhat extraordinary that Lewis XIV. had, at his death, made no provision for madame de Maintenon; but the regent honourably made amends for this omission. Having desired her to name her own terms, she limited her demands to an annual pension of eighty thousand livres, (upwards of 600*l.*) which was confirmed to her during the remainder of her life.

Madame de Maintenon, who had been much distinguished in her youth, is entitled to praise for the irreproachable character she had preserved in the midst of a voluptuous age. Monsieur de Barillon, a man whom she had rejected as a lover, but whom she greatly esteemed as a friend, found, after his return from an embassy to England, his former mistress at the height of her favour. One day, observing the king and the court forming a circle round her. 'My taste,' exclaimed he aloud, 'is, at least, justified.' The cardinal d'Estrées was no less enamoured of this lady, in whose praise he composed various polite and gallant pieces, that flattered her vanity though they failed to touch her heart. His wit, his passion, and his poetry, must also give monsieur Guillaraque a place among the admirers of madame de Maintenon.

Memoirs of madame de Maintenon—Letters of Ditto—Letters of madame de Sevigné—Anquetil's Memoirs of the Court of France, &c. &c. &c.

MAGDELENE DE SAINT NECTAIRE.

MAGDELENE DE SAINT NECTAIRE, widow of Gui de St. Exuperi, was a protestant who distinguished herself in the civil wars of France. After the death of her husband, she retired to her château at Miremont, in the Limousin, where, with sixty young men, well armed, she was accustomed to make excursions on the catholic armies in her neighbourhood. In the year 1575, M. Montal, governor of the province, having had his detachments often defeated by Magdelene, resolved to besiege her in her château, with fifteen hundred foot and fifty horse. Sallying out upon him, she defeated his troop, but finding, on her return, her château in possession of the enemy, she galloped to Turenne, a neighbouring town, to procure a reinforcement. Montal awaited her in a defile, but was vanquished and mortally wounded.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

THE DUTCHESS OF NEMOURS.

MARIE DE LONGUEVILLE, sovereign princess of Neufchâtel, was born in 1625, and married, while yet in early youth, to the duke de Nemours. Madame de Nemours, by her virtues, her prudence, her sagacity in trying and difficult times, her endowments, and taste for polite literature, reflected lustre upon her birth and rank. Her Memoirs of the Court of France, during the tempestuous minority of Lewis XIV., are written with candour and ability, and form an interesting period of French history. Monsieur de Longueville, her father, who had espoused the party of the princes of the blood, was, by the address and moderation of his daughter, recalled to his allegiance, and rescued from the dangers which were about to overtake him. In times of civil contention, and amidst the rage of party, the dutchess preserved her independence, and, declining to take an active part in the factions which rent and divided the nation, contented herself with observing all that was passing. Cool and penetrating, she discerned the characters, and discovered the intrigues, of the leading men on either side, with the secret manœuvres of those who took a less open part, and availed herself of her knowledge in the composition of her Memoirs. Her high rank and station in the court of the queen-regent qualified her to be the historian of that eventful period.

Dictionnaire Historique—Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France.

MARGARET CAVENDISH,

DUTCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MARGARET, youngest daughter of sir Charles Lucas, a man of fortune and family, was born at St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, towards the latter end of the reign of James I. She lost her father while in her infancy: her mother, a beautiful and accomplished woman, educated her daughters with care and tenderness. Margaret displayed early a taste for literature, to which she devoted the greater part of her time. In 1643, the court residing at Oxford, whither she obtained permission from her mother to go, she was chosen maid of honour to the queen,

Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I. The family of the Lucases being distinguished for loyalty, Margaret accompanied her royal mistress, when driven from England by the turbulence of the times to take refuge in her native country. At Paris she became acquainted with the marquis of Newcastle, then a widower, who, already prepossessed in her favour by his friend lord Lucas, her brother, became attracted by her merit, and offered to her his hand and heart. They were married in 1645, and from Paris passed to Rotterdam, where they remained six months. Thence they repaired to Brabant, to the city of Antwerp, where, quietly enjoying the remnant of their shattered fortunes, they continued during the remainder of their exile. In this retreat, Margaret, by her talents and virtues, cemented the affection and confidence of her husband, who, respected and esteemed by his countrymen and foreigners, confined himself principally to the society of his wife, of whose value he proved his high and just sense by various elegant compliments and addresses.

The marquis becoming entangled in pecuniary embarrassments, the marchioness returned to England, with a view of obtaining the rents due to her husband, for the supply of their necessities, and the repayment of the debts they had been compelled to contract. Her efforts, however, were fruitless; and their distress must have been extreme, but for the generosity of sir Charles Cavendish, brother to the marquis, who, in administering to their relief, injured his own fortunes.

With the supply obtained from their relations, the marchioness returned to Antwerp, where she continued with her husband till the restoration of Charles II., on which event the marquis, after sixteen years' exile from his native land, made preparations for returning. The marchioness remained at Antwerp for a short period after the departure of her husband, to settle their affairs; which having successfully effected, she rejoined him in England, where the remainder of her life was devoted to domestic tranquillity, and to the cultivation of letters.

She kept a number of young ladies in her house, whom she occasionally employed as her amanuenses: some of them slept near her own chamber, that they might be ready to rise in the night, at the sound of her bell, and commit to paper any ideas that occured to her. She produced no less than thirteen folios, ten of which are in print. In speaking of herself, she says,

"That it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endow her with a poetic and philosophical genuis even from her birth, for she did write some book even in that kind before she was twelve years of age." By this account it appears, that she began to write philosophical treatises previous to having read any; her speculations of course must have had the merit of originality, since she was nearly forty years of age, she informs us, before she perused any philosophical authors, "in order to learn the terms of art." One of her maxims was curious, and may in some measure account for her numerous productions: she seldom revised the copies of her works, "lest it should disturb her following conceptions." Her writings, though now sunk into neglect, procured, during her own times, the most extravagant encomiums and lavish compliments from learned bodies, and men of eminent erudition. Some specimens of this adulation have been given by Mr. Granger, from a folio volume, now scarce, of Letters and Poems, printed in 1678, consisting of one hundred and eighty-two pages, filled with the most extravagant and hyperbolical panegyrics on the duke and dutchess of Newcastle, particularly on the dutchess, from the universities of Leyden, Cambridge, Oxford, &c. A still greater number of extracts, from the same book, are given by George Stevens, the learned editor of Shakspeare, affording a curious specimen of academic flattery, of which the following epitaph, designed for her grace, by the students of Trinity college (1668), is in proof:

"To Margaret the first:
Princess of philosophers:
Who hath dispelled errors;
Appeased the difference of opinions;
And restored peace
To Learning's commonwealth."

Whatever might have been the foundation of this lady's pretensions to philosophy, or however extravagant many of her compositions, it is certain that she added to acuteness of mind considerable powers of imagination and invention. She is said, by Mr. Jacob, to have possessed a great deal of wit, and a more than ordinary propensity to dramatic poetry. The language and plots of her plays are all original; but her fancy wanted the rein of judgment, her taste correctness, and her mind cultivation. The author of the Connoisseur, in his vision of Parnassus,* speaks hand-

* No. LXIX. vol. i.

somely of the dutchess, whom he represents as being assisted in dismounting from Pegasus, on whom she had firmly kept her seat, while he had galloped with her out of sight, by Shakspeare and Milton. He even hints that the latter borrowed many of the finest thoughts in his L'Allegro & Il Penseroso, from this lady's Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy.

A humorous anecdote is related of the dutchess: Dr. Wilkins, a man of genius and imagination, author of "An Essay towards a real Character, and Philosophical Language," projected the art of flying, when the nature of air was but little understood. He attempted, in one of his projects, to show the possibility of a voyage to the moon. "But, doctor,' said the dutchess of Newcastle, 'where am I to find a baiting-place, in my way up to that planet?' 'Madam,' replied he, 'of all people in the world, I should the least have expected this question from your grace, who, having built so many castles in the air, may lodge every night at one of your own.'

The dutchess composed plays, poems, orations, and philosophical discourses. Of dramatical writers, a species of composition for which she had a peculiar predilection, she is said to have been the most voluminous. The fertility of invention which is displayed in her plots and dialogues, atones in some degree for their various defects. The following is a catalogue of her known works:

1. The World's Olio.

2. Nature's Picture, drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the life. Written by the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent princess, the lady marchioness of Newcastle. In this volume are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical, and tragi-comical, poetical, romancical, philosophical, and historical, both in prose and verse: some all verse, some prose, some mixed, partly prose and partly verse. Also there are some morals, and some dialogues, but they are as the advantage-loaf of bread to the baker's dozen; and a true story at the latter end, where there is no feigning. London, 1656. Folio.

3. Orations of divers sorts, accommodated to divers places. Written by, &c. Folio. London, 1662.

4. Plays. London, 1662.

5. Philosophical and Physical Opinions. London, 1663. Folio.

6. Observations upon Experimental Philosophy; to which is added, the description of a New World. Second edition; Lon-

don, 1668. Folio. Mr. James Bristow began to translate into Latin some of these discourses. Vid. *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. col. 835. Plays, twenty-seven in number.

7. Philosophical Letters, or Modest Reflections upon some Opinions in Natural Philosophy, maintained by several famous and learned Authors of this age, expressed by way of Letters. By, &c. &c. London, Folio. 1664.

8. Poems and Phancies. The second impression, much altered and corrected, London, 1664. Folio.

9. CCXI sociable Letters. London, 1664. Folio.

10. The life of the thrice noble, high and puissant prince, William Cavendish, duke, marquis, and earl of Newcastle; earl of Ogle; viscount Mansfield; and baron of Bolsover, of Ogle, Bothal, and Hepple; gentleman of his majesty's bed-chamber; one of his majesty's most honourable privy-council; knight of the most noble order of the Garter; his majesty's lieutenant in Ayre Trent North: who had the honour to be governor to our most glorious king and gracious sovereign in his youth, when he was prince of Wales; and soon after was made captain-general of all the provinces beyond the river of Trent, and other parts of the kingdom of England, with power by a special commission to make knights. Written by the thrice noble and excellent princess, Margaret, dutchess of Newcastle, his wife. Folio. London. 1667

This work, styled by Mr. Langbain " the crown of her labours," was translated into Latin and printed.

11. Plays, never before printed. London, 1668. Folio.

Apocryphal Ladies, a comedy; consisting of twenty-three scenes, not divided into acts.

Bell in Campo, a tragedy, in two parts. In the second play are several copies of verses, written by the duke.

Blasing World, a comedy. A fragment.

Bridals, a comedy. Comical Hash, a comedy.

Convent of Pleasure, a comedy.

Female Academy, a comedy.

Lady Contemplation, a comedy, in two parts. Three scenes in the first, and two in the second, written by the duke.

Love's Adventure, in two parts, a comedy. A song and epithalamium in the last scene; second part by the duke.

Matrimonial Trouble, in two parts; the second being a tragi-comedy.

Nature's Three Daughters; Beauty, Love, and Wit: a comedy, in two parts.

Presence, a comedy. To this are added twenty-nine single scenes, designed to have been inserted in the play, but left out to shorten it, and printed separately.

Public Wooing, a comedy. Many of the speeches by the duke: as that of the soldier, the countryman, the spokesman for the bashful suitor; with two scenes and two songs towards the conclusion.

Religious, a tragi-comedy. Several Wits, a comedy.

Sociable Companions, or Female Wits, a comedy.

Unnatural Tragedy; prologue and epilogue by the duke. Act the second, scene the third, the dutchess against Mr. Camden's Britannia.

Wit's Cabal, a comedy, in two parts. Epilogue to the first part by the duke.

Youth's glory and Death's Banquet, a tragedy, in two parts. Two scenes and the speeches at the first part in commendation of Mlle. *Sans Pareille*, written by the duke, with all the songs and verses in the second part.

The Blasing World, Bridal, Convent of Pleasure, Presence, and Sociable Companions, printed together in one volume; the remaining plays in a second.

In the library of the late Mr. Thomas Richardson, were the dutchess of Newcastle's poems, two volumes, folio, MS. Vid. Richardson's Cat. p. 50. In that of the late bishop Willis, is another MS. of her poems in folio. Vid. Cat. p. 55. Her historical writings were defective in chronology.

She died in London, towards the end of the year 1673, and was interred in Westminster-abbey, January 7th, 1673-4 where an elegant monument is erected to her memory, and to that of the duke, who died at eighty-four years of age, 1676, and was buried with his wife.

Of the family of Lucas it is said, "that all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous." The person of the dutchess was graceful, and her manners reserved: she was indefatigable in study, humane, generous, and pious; she was an admirable economist, an excellent wife, and a kind mistress.

Biographia Britannia—Ballard's Memoirs of British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

LADY FRANCES NORTON.

Lady Frances Norton, descended from the ancient family of the Frekes, in the county of Dorset, was born about the middle of the seventeenth century. Her talents were improved and cultivated by a learned education. She was first married to sir George Norton, knt. of Abbot's-Leigh, in the county of Somerset, to whom she bore three children, two of which died young, and were buried in Westminster-abbey. Grace, the third, who displayed extraordinary powers of mind, married sir Richard Gethin, bart., of Gethin-Grot, in Ireland, and died in the bloom of life, to the inexpressible grief of her mother. To divert her thoughts from dwelling on this melancholy event, lady Norton had recourse to her pen. She wrote and published two books: "The Applause of Virtue," in four parts; published in 4to. 1705, and dedicated by the author to a relation, madame Freke, of Shroten: also "*Memento mori*, or Meditations on Death," which she dedicated to her cousin, the honourable Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton. These productions, which abound with quotations from the fathers and philosophers, bear testimony to the learning of the author, and her acquaintance with ancient literature.

Lady Norton was not less respectable for her virtue and good sense, than for her literary attainments. Her hours were divided between her studies, religious observances, and domestic occupations. Learning, which in those times made a part of the accomplishments of women of rank and fortune, precluded the necessity of an expensive and senseless dissipation, destructive of moral duties and domestic affections, in which, in the present age, the time and the talents of women are melted and frittered away. The liberalities of lady Norton to the church were upon an extensive scale. She was married a second time to colonel Ambrose Norton, and, after his death, a third time, to Mr. Jones. She was living in an advanced age, in 1720.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. DUDLEY NORTH.

The honourable Mrs. Dudley A. North, born in July, 1675, was the younger daughter of Charles lord North, of Kirtling, and baron Grey of Rolleston, by Catherine the daughter of

William lord Grey, of Wark. The two sons of the lord North being instructed at home by a private tutor, their sister was desirous of receiving the same lessons, and joining in their studies. Having made a rapid progress in the Greek and Latin languages, she wished to acquaint herself with the original language of the Old Testament, and with Oriental learning. By long and severe studies, under which her health declined, she effected her purpose. A consumptive disorder, occasioned or aggravated by a sedentary life and intense application, put a period to her existence in April, 1712. Her brother, the lord North and Grey, was, at the time of her decease, in Flanders. Her remains were carried to Kirtling (or Catlidge) in Cambridgeshire, the ancient seat of the family, and interred with her ancestors, by her uncle, the honourable Roger North, esq. whom she left her sole executor. She had made a valuable collection of books, which, after her death, were presented by her only surviving brother, the lord North and Grey, to the parochial library, at Rougham in Norfolk, founded by the honourable Roger North, for the use of that parish and the neighbouring clergy.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum.

OCTAVIA.

WIFE TO ANTONY.

Octavia, grand-niece of Julius Cæsar, and sister to Augustus, was the daughter of Caius Octavius and Atia, Romans of distinguished birth and virtue. She received in the house of her parents a strict and exemplary education; she was early accustomed to control her feelings, to discipline her imagination, to sacrifice her inclinations to others, and to impart the benefits she received. The modesty of her deportment, her unaffected and simple manners, the beauty of her person, her virtues and fine qualities, rendered her the boast and ornament of the court; while her splendid connexions, and affinity to the adopted son of Cæsar, procured her the devotion of the Roman youth, who eagerly aspired to her alliance. Octavia, humble and unambitious, shunned the public homage; dreading to be made a sacrifice to political motives, she sighed after that purer happiness, which, seated

in the mind, gratifies the heart and its affections. It was proposed during the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, that Octavia should be given to the latter as a pledge of union, and that a period might be put to the dissensions which desolated Rome: but other circumstances arising, interrupted this negotiation, and, for the present, delivered the princess from a destiny which, however adverse to her feelings, she had determined not to oppose. That the happiness of individuals should yield to the public welfare, was a principle which had been early impressed upon her mind.

Claudius Marcellus at this time possessed the consular dignity, and with it the respect and confidence of the citizens. The reputation of his virtues had attracted the attention of Octavia; by a farther acquaintance with his character, esteem was softened into tenderness; the princess rejoiced when she found herself destined, by her brother, to be the wife of a man whom her judgment and her heart equally approved. Marcellus united to an agreeable person and engaging manners, the qualities of a Roman citizen, of a hero, and of a sage. In these nuptials, Octavia found realised the most sanguine wishes of a virtuous and tender heart. Marcellus loved his wife with entire affection, and confided in her as a friend: they seemed animated but by one soul; while their affections, their pursuits, their taste, and their judgment, were in perfect unison.

This harmony received no other interruption than from the calamities with which the state was torn, when the proscription of the triumvirs deluged Rome with blood. Octavia exerted on this occasion her influence with her brother to humanise his heart, and put a stop to the effusion of Roman blood: she refused her protection and good offices to no one, while her house was the refuge of the unfortunate. When these troubles were in some degree allayed, Octavia requested permission to retire, with her husband, from the tumults of the city, to devote themselves to the leisure of a tranquil and studious life: but the pleasure which Octavius experienced in their society frustrated the execution of this plan, and still detained them in the capital. Octavia took no share in the dissipations of the court, or the amusements common to her sex and rank: secluded in her house, and devoted to her husband, she assisted him in his serious occupations, shared his pleasures, and passed in his society her most delightful hours.

Weeks and months thus glided away in delicious tranquillity, when Marcellus was suddenly seized with a fever, which, in its commencement, exhibited the most malignant symptoms: his physicians, at the expiration of two days, despaired of his recovery, and exhorted him to settle his affairs. Marcellus, receiving the sentence of his death with manly fortitude, employed the short remainder of an useful and exemplary life, in consoling his beloved wife, in entreating her to support with firmness their separation, and to transfer to the pledges of their affection her cares and tenderness. The best support of his dying moments, he assured her, would be the conviction, that she would bear with resignation her loss; that she would not indulge in weak because fruitless sorrow; but look forward to new scenes of happiness, which her virtues merited, and of which her youth, her rank, and the vicissitudes of human affairs, gave her a reasonable prospect. Having breathed his last, the sorrow which, while her services might be yet useful, Octavia had stifled in her bosom, burst forth uncontrolled, while overpowered by the acuteness of her anguish, she sunk into a trance, and remained for some hours insensible to her loss. Time only could soften a grief so sincere and reasonable: Octavia found in her widowhood no mitigation of her affliction, but in calling to mind the dying injunctions of her husband, and in the duties and cares which her children demanded. With the consent of her brother she retired from Rome, for the purpose of devoting herself to the education of her offspring, the only object which now attached her to life.

Soon after this period, the civil war having commenced between Octavius and Antony, it was proposed, by the common friends of the triumvirs, that, as a pledge of conciliation, the widow of Marcellus should be bestowed on Antony. Octavia heard this proposal with horror and repugnance; she knew not how to promise to Antony, whose infatuation to the queen of Egypt, and whose neglect of his former wife had been notorious, that affection and respect which the tenderness and virtues of Marcellus had made not less her duty than her happiness. She felt the dissimilarity of her own character to that of the man who now demanded her, and the sacrifice which was exacted from her; she foresaw the misery into which she was about to be plunged, while the peace of Rome, and the duties which she owed to her distracted country, struggled with her repugnance:

after a severe internal conflict, hopeless of happiness, she determined to become a victim to the public safety.

By the Roman laws, widows were forbidden, within the first ten months of their widowhood, to contract a new engagement; but from motives of state, a dispensation was on this occasion granted for the marriage of Octavia. A renewal of the civil war was dreaded by the people; the most auspicious hopes were, from the beauty and fine qualities of Octavia, entertained from this union; common forms appeared comparatively unimportant; the nuptials were accordingly hastened, and celebrated in Rome, in the year 714, amidst the joyful acclamations of the nation. The sadness which clouded the brow of the bride, seemed to yield to the public demonstrations of satisfaction: conscious of having bestowed on Antony, with an alienated heart, a reluctant hand, she determined to make up, by the attentive discharge of her duties, for the absence of those sentiments over which she felt she had no control.

A peace being thus concluded between the triumviri, Augustus continued in Italy, while Antony, with Octavia, passed into Greece, and remained during the winter at Athens. The Athenians omitted no respect due to the rank and virtues of Octavia, who, observing her husband at times emerging from the licentious habits in which he had but too habitually indulged, and seeking the society of men of science and learning, began to be better reconciled to her situation, and to cherish hopes of his reformation. While her youth and beauty, her gentleness, her complaisance, and watchful attentions, appeared to gain an influence over the mind of Antony, and to banish from his recollection his Egyptian mistress, the grateful sense which he manifested of her conduct awakened a real tenderness in the sensible heart of Octavia.

These promising appearances were of no long duration; the gentleness and affection of Octavia were of a nature too uniform for senses accustomed to the stimulus of licentious gratifications: her virtues, her ingenuousness, her simplicity, were feeble attractions to a debauched imagination, corrupted by meretricious art; even the zeal with which she entered into his interest, and the frankness with which she suggested plans for his advantage, disgusted the self-love of Antony: in the clear judgment and admirable understanding of his wife, he seemed to fear a rival,

while the homage which her virtues exacted appeared a tacit reproach to his vices. Cleopatra had governed him by artifice and flattery; the sincerity of Octavia was offensive to his vanity.

Augustus, still engaged in a war with the son of Pompey, demanded succours from Antony, who, under the pretence of assisting him, but for the real purpose of informing himself of the state of affairs at Rome, and of deriving from them advantage, returned to Italy. A mutual jealousy and coldness ensued; Antony, refused entrance into the haven of Brundusium, put into Tarentum, whence, at her request, he sent Octavia to her brother. Augustus, touched by the remonstrances and supplications of a beloved sister, consented to waive the cause of his contention with her husband, and to return with her to Tarentum. On this occasion, reciprocal demonstrations of reconciliation and friendship, through the mediation of Octavia, passed between the princes.

After this interview, Antony, leaving Octavia with her brother in Italy, returned into the East, where he again fell into the snares of Cleopatra. While, occupied in the duties of her family (to which she had added the children of Antony, by his former marriage,) Octavia continued at Rome, she heard with sorrow, but without anger, of the infatuation of her husband, and of the disastrous issue of the Parthian campaign. Having vainly attempted to palliate to her brother his conduct, alarmed for the safety of this unworthy husband, she resolved to return into the East, and to make a last effort to avert from him the evils by which he was menaced. Having prepared to execute her determination, she received letters from Antony, who had been informed of her design, commanding her to stop at Athens, where she soon learned that, absorbed in his passion for the queen of Egypt, he was solicitous to avoid the presence of his wife. To the harsh mandate which stopped her progress, she returned an answer full of meekness and submission, requesting directions in what manner to dispose of the presents she had brought with her, and of which she solicited Antony's acceptance. By an answer still more severe and peremptory, her immediate return to Rome was commanded; proper orders, it was added, would be given for the disposal of the presents, which she might leave behind her in Athens. On receiving these commands, Octavia without murmur at the indignities which she had suffered, re-

turned to Rome; and, taking up her residence in the house of her husband, notwithstanding the remonstrances and intreaties of her brother, who urged her to leave him to his fate, devoted herself to the education of her own and his children. She omitted no endeavours to soothe the pride and resentment of Augustus, while she implored him not to make her wrongs, which she could sustain with fortitude, a pretence for involving Rome in the miseries of a civil war. When at length, at the instigation of her rival, she was, by the orders of Antony, compelled to quit his house, her tears flowed for the fatal consequences which she apprehended from this insult, rather than from her own peculiar sorrows.

Her heroic conduct tended but to accelerate those evils to her country which she was solicitous to avert. The contempt and indignation of the people were roused by the infatuation of Antony, whom the artifices of a voluptuous woman held in disgraceful bondage, blinding him to the merits of his admirable wife, who surpassed her rival, not merely in the qualities of the heart and mind, but in the attractions of youth and beauty. In proportion as she exerted herself to lessen, by patient cheerfulness, and in kind offices to the children and friends of her husband, the public sense of her injuries, she added, without intending it, fuel to the hatred and rage of the nation. Being desirous of making one more effort to recal by her personal influence the affections of her husband, she obtained permission of her brother to execute her purpose, in the secret hope that, by the multiplied insults of Antony to his incomparable wife, the Romans might be roused to vengeance. Cleopatra, informed of the design of her rival, and dreading the effect of her merit and perseverance, put in practice every artifice to induce her lover to forbid her approach. She represented to him, that it was sufficient glory for Octavia to bear the title of his wife, while herself, a sovereign princess, submitted to that of mistress: nor, so ardent was the passion with which he had inspired her, could she think herself degraded by the proofs she had given him of her affection, while he did not, by separating himself from her, plunge her into despair. The friends of Antony, on the other side, pressed him to send back Cleopatra from Ephesus, whither she had followed him, and to avert, by this measure, the storm which threatened him from Rome. But the influence of his mistress

triumphed over the subjected mind of her lover, whom she prevailed on to take her with him wherever he should remove. On their arrival at Athens, where Octavia had been received with peculiar distinction, the queen of Egypt courted popularity by the most lavish generosity,

The war which the imprudence of Antony at length provoked, terminated in his ruin. After the battle of Actium, in which, betrayed by Cleopatra, he fled covered with disgrace, Octavia, by repeated messages, intreated him to authorise her mediation with her brother, and to allow her to be the pledge of his future conduct, while she assured him of her forgiveness of the past, and her determination never, by recrimination or reproach, to revive the memory of his disasters. But vain were all the efforts of this heroic and unfortunate woman; Antony, deaf to her supplications, chose rather to die with her perfidious rival.

Octavia, illustrious in virtue and in descent, to whom nature and fortune had been equally lavish, the dawn of whose life promised a brilliant and unclouded day, beheld the sun of her prosperity set at noon: over the remainder of her life thick darkness rested; while, towards its close, the gloom deepened. Marcus Claudius Marcellus, her son by her former marriage, who inherited the virtues of his parents, was the pride and boast of Rome; while, united to the daughters of Augustus, he was regarded as presumptive heir to the empire. This son, so dear to Octavia, in whom his father appeared yet to survive, died in the flower of his age. From a blow thus severe, which seemed to fill up the measure of her calamities, Octavia never recovered. The eulogy of Marcellus, composed by Virgil, is inserted in the Æneid, book vi. verse 860, &c. On its recital by the poet, in the presence of Augustus and his sister, the emperor melted into tears, and the unhappy mother swooned away.

Octavia gave up the remainder of her life to solitude, in which, brooding incessantly over her misfortunes, her temper became soured, and her mind broken: cherishing a spirit of misanthropy, she even sickened at the glory of her brother. She could not endure to hear any woman named who possessed the happiness of being a mother; she would suffer no person to speak to her of her son, on whom, notwithstanding, her thoughts perpetually dwelt; she rejected all comfort and amusement, appeared buried in the msot profound sadness, and sought darkness and

solitude: clothed in deep mourning, she appeared to have lost all interest in life, and to become indifferent respecting the fate of her children who survived. Repeated sorrows had exhausted her fortitude: the spring of her mind was weakened by suffering: if at time she returned to the studies in which she had before delighted, philosophy was found ineffectual to heal the wound of a deeply lacerated spirit.

In this situation, she suffered life thirteen years, and died, universally esteemed and pitied, in 744, at Rome. She left two daughters, the offspring of her union with Antony, who formed advantageous alliances. A temple, it is said by Pausanias, was erected at Corinth, in honour of her constancy and virtues. She took into her own family the children of Antony by Cleopatra, whose daughter she gave in marriage to the king of Mauritania, celebrated for his wisdom and knowledge of the sciences.

Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia, by Sarah Fielding—Bayley's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum, &c. &c.

OCTAVIA,

WIFE TO NERO.

OCTAVIA, the daughter of Claudius and of Messalina, born in the 795th year of Rome, maintained, in despite of the vices of her parents, and of the contagion of a corrupt age and court, in the midst of licentiousness, and of unmerited misfortunes, the simplicity and innocence of an unsullied life. To personal charms, she added modesty, sweetness, beneficence, purity of manners, talents, and an irreproachable conduct. Her life was a series of calamities; a dark and deep cloud obscured her fate, through which a beam of joy scarcely ever penetrated. She was betrothed in early youth, by the emperor her father, to Lucius Silanus, a noble and illustrious Roman, great-grandson to Augustus. Claudius, who entertained for his intended son-in-law the esteem which his merit justified, lavished on him honours and privileges.

On the death of the empress Messalina, who perished violently, a victim to her vices, the emperor espoused his niece Agrippina, whose ambitious projects for the aggrandizement of her family, led her, with a view of uniting the princess to Domitius (her son by a former marriage), to oppose the fortune of Silanus.

To effect this purpose, it was necessary to injure his credit with the emperor, by calumniating his character, and misrepresenting his actions. However atrocious their designs, the rich and powerful are seldom at a loss for instruments to assist in their accomplishment: Vitellius, the censor, a corrupt magistrate, sacrificed without scruple, for the advancement of his interest, and the favour of the new empress, the laws of honour and of humanity. The reputation of Silanus was blasted by falsehoods; accusations the most odious were brought against him; which, though destitute of proof or rational evidence, terminated in his ruin. He was declared unworthy of his employments, and deprived of the prætorship, the duties of which he had discharged with fidelity and popular esteem. The weak emperor suffered his judgment to be imposed upon, and his affections alienated from a man who had, by a series of services, merited the distinctions he held. Silanus was disgraced, the nuptial contract cancelled, and the lovers torn asunder.

Pollio, a Roman nominated to the consulate, was, by the flatteries and promises of Agrippina, induced to propose a marriage between the princess and Domitius, to which the indolent and unsteady Claudius with facility yielded his assent. Silanus, on the day of these inauspicious nuptials, terminated, in despair, his existence.

Agrippina, encouraged by the weakness of the emperor whose incapacity prevented him from penetrating her views, set no limits to her ambition. Having represented to him the infirm state of his health, the weight of government, and the youth of his son Britannicus, which required a support, she prevailed upon him, after the example of Augustus, who had adopted the sons of Livia, to receive Domitius into his family, by adopting him under the name of Nero. While every man of integrity reprobated a step so pernicious to the interest of the heir, a venal senate confirmed the decree. Octavia wept in secret over the violence done to her heart, the fate of her lover, and the threatening destiny of her brother. By a mock adoption, she was herself engrafted on another family; a superstitious farce, to prevent the scandal of the suppositious affinity between her and her husband. Agrippina, triumphing in the success of her arts, bent all her intrigues for securing the succession to her son, which she at length effected. The emperor having fallen a victim to poison, Nero was declared his successor to the prejudice of the rights of Britannicus.

Octavia, an alien in the palace of her father, the victim of an ambitious step-mother, the wife of a profligate, from whom she experienced neither tenderness nor confidence, bereaved of the man she had loved, indignant at the injustice suffered by her brother, and trembling for his fate, was compelled to stifle, in the bottom of her heart, a grief too poignant for words. Her unaffected beauty, her pure and simple manners, had no charm for the heart of Nero, vitiated by meretricious allurements: the wanton beauty of a slave, a woman of licentious manners and ignoble birth, had wholly fascinated his senses. The corruption of his manners had been encouraged by his preceptors and counsellors, with a view of opposing to the authority of Agrippina the blandishments of the new favourite. In vain were the remonstrances of a few individuals, who, observing with apprehension the licentious propensities of the emperor, sought to stem the tide of corruption, by representing to him the merits and the claims of Octavia. Listening only to his appetites, Nero treated as enemies all who opposed them: he even meditated a divorce from his blameless consort: when Burrhus, his governor, bluntly reminded him, that, should he repudiate Octavia, it would be necessary to restore her dowry; thus intimating, plainly, that it was to her he owed the diadem. The wandering of her husband's affections was regarded by Octavia with indifference: she disdained any competition with her rival; and considered her injuries as sufficiently avenged in the contempt which, in every worthy mind, the conduct of the emperor excited. Not satisfied with supplanting the princess in the heart of her husband, his mistress meditated a more glorious triumph, and aspired to ascend the throne. With this view she redoubled her allurements, practising with success every fascination that might tend to increase and to secure her influence.

Nero, plunged in sensuality, and surrounded by dissolute companions, became every hour more insensible to the dictates of honour, and more callous to the feelings of humanity: at length, throwing off all restraint, he abandoned himself to the most odious depravity. The ascendency of his mother, who opposed his passion for Acte, had for a time obliged him to practise some reserve; till, wearied by constraint, impelled by the impetuosity of his character, and determined to burst every barrier, he prepared to repudiate his wife, and to raise her rival to the throne.

But before these measures could be put in execution, his safety imposed on him the necessity of reflection. The senate and people, devoted to the family of the Cæsars, and with whom the virtues of Octavia had acquired popularity, might, it was probable, by a divorce, be incited to revolt: a marriage with Acte, a slave of obscure birth, would doubtless be considered as a degradation of the majesty of the purple: the hearts of the citizens would by such a step become alienated, and their views turned towards their rightful sovereign. By these ideas, which obtruded themselves on his mind, his purposes were suspended, and his passions checked. To gain over a venal senate, did not appear to be an enterprize of difficulty; persons might be suborned, nay, such had actually offered themselves, to fabricate, from a race of kings, a genealogy for the favourite. But Britannicus must first be removed, who had now entered his thirteenth year, and whose personal merit added claims to his birth. To these considerations were joined the threats of Agrippina, who, incensed at the conduct of her son, scrupled not to declare her intention of disclosing the frauds which had advanced him to the throne, and of conducting to the Roman legions Britannicus their rightful master.

Urged by motives thus pressing, Nero hesitated not in the career of crimes, but determined on the destruction of his rival. Pollio, tribune of a prætorian cohort, retained in prison a woman named Locusta, famed for her skill in preparing the most subtile poisons. To this wretch, through the connivance of the tribune, freedom was offered upon condition of the murder of the prince. A potion was, by his preceptors, administered to the ill-fated Britannicus: whether its operation was too tardy for the impatience of the tyrant, or whether the vigour of the prince's constitution resisted its venom, it seemed to produce but little effect. Enraged at the disappointment of his barbarous purpose, Nero threatened with vengeance his infamous associates, who, to appease his fury, promised to procure a more potent drug, by which an instantaneous death should be produced. This engagement was but too well performed. The poison was prepared in the chamber, and in the presence of the emperor, and administered to the victim at table. To avert suspicion, when the prince called for liquor, it was brought to him boiling, and tasted, according to the custom of the court, by the person who presented

the cup. Britannicus, as had been foreseen, complaining of the heat, water, in which the poison had been previously infused, was brought to mingle with the beverage. The prince had scarcely taken the vessel from his lips, when he fell from his seat, and instantly expired. Octavia, who was present at this catastrophe, abandoned herself, in the first moment of surprise and horror, to grief and despair. Nero sought to persuade her, that her brother was merely seized with an epilepsy, to which, he affirmed, he had been subject. The unhappy Octavia, without doubting the truth, was compelled to smother her emotions, and to affect an acquiescence which did equal violence to her understanding and her heart. She saw, in the fate of Britannicus, the family of the Claudii extinct, and her own last hope and resource blasted. Her injuries had excited general sympathy, yet her friends were powerless to assist her; impotent pity and good wishes were all that remained to her.

Agrippina, unaffectedly shocked at an event which gave to her influence the finishing stroke, and the barbarity of her son anticipating her own destiny, mingled her sorrows, whose source was less pure, with those of Octavia: she soothed the princess, with whom a similarity of fate seemed to unite her, with every testimony of apparent affection and sympathy.

The capricious Nero had, in the mean time, become disgusted with the mistress for whom he had steeped his hands in blood, having conceived a new passion for Sabina Poppæa, whom he determined to espouse. Considering his mother as the only obstacle to this design, he revolved in his thoughts, now familiar with crimes, the monstrous project of shedding the blood of her to whom he owed life. This atrocious action, at which nature sickens, instigated by Poppæa, he at length perpetrated: habituated to the vicious indulgence of every passion, nature and human feeling had become extinct in his heart. To the vices she had herself implanted in his mind, Agrippina was at length the victim: in raising him to the throne she had violated every principle of justice and humanity, and, by her own example, prepared the way for that monstrous corruption which terminated in her own destruction.

Octavia now found herself alone and unprotected, exposed to the savage fury of her husband, and the vindictive malice of a jealous rival. Nero, not daring to commit open violence against

a princess, whose birth, whose misfortunes, and whose virtues, rendered her the idol of the people, determined to be himself her executioner, and to strangle her in private with his own hands: but, by the danger and difficulty attending this project, he was at length induced to abandon it, and to content himself with procuring a divorce from his blameless wife. This idea was suggested to him by Tigellinus, the parasite of his vices, and the companion of his debaucheries, a man of mean birth, destitute of education, of talents, and of virtues, a compound of every vice, and of every odious quality. The exemplary conduct of Octavia leaving her husband without a pretence for the injustice he meditated, it was determined to allege, as a ground for their separation, that she was incapable of giving an heir to the empire. On this pretext, she was deprived of the privileges of her rank and station, and, instead of the empire which she had brought as a dowry to Nero, the estates of Plautus, and the house of Burrhus, who had been governor to the emperor, were assigned to her use.

Poppæa, not satisfied with the degradation of her rival, and impatient of the vicinity of her virtues, was intent on convicting her of some misconduct, which might afford a pretence for exiling her from Rome. In this infamous purpose she was aided by Tigellinus, who suborned a domestic of the devoted princess, to accuse her with a criminal conduct with Eucer, an Alexandrian slave, and a maker of musical instruments. With this charge, destitute of probability as of proof, was the daughter of Claudius insulted. Her women and servants underwent an examination, and, menaced with the torture, were exhorted to depose against her. If, among her domestics, the weakness of some induced them to subscribe implicitly to all that was demanded of them, others sustained with intrepidity the malice of her accusers, and, in the midst of the most cruel pangs, bore testimony to the worth and purity of their mistress. The innocence of Octavia acquired, in every unprejudiced eye, new lustre by this infamous transaction: the machinations of her enemies, predetermined to condemn her, nevertheless prevailed: she was banished to Campania as a state-prisoner, and a guard set over her.

An oppression so glaring did not escape the censures of the people, who loudly expressed their indignation: the murmurs of the populace, and their invectives against his mis[illegible]s, to whom Octavia had been sacrificed, reached the ear of the tyrant: ap-

prehensive of the consequences which seemed to menace the throne, overwhelmed with the terrors of a base mind, Nero repealed the unjust sentence, and recalled from exile his injured wife. She was received by the people with acclamations and triumph: the statues erected to Poppæa were overthrown, and those of the empress, crowned with flowers, carried through the streets, and placed in the temples. The city was in a tumult of joy, the streets resounded with mirth and festivity, while even the emperor acquired a momentary popularity for an act of justice to which he had been compelled.

Poppæa, irritated to fury by the insults of the populace, and the honours paid to her rival, and aware that Nero had yielded but to his fears, determined on a last effort for the destruction of the empress. Bathed in tears, she rushed into the presence of her lover, and, prostrate at his feet, represented in language to which passion gave force, the indignities offered to his authority, the shameful pusillanimity of thus yielding to the tide of popular clamour, and suffering the woman whom he loved, helpless and unprotected, to become the scorn of a rabble, whose insults to his mistress were but the prelude of those they were about to shower upon himself. She insisted, that the power of Octavia, thus permitted to establish itself, would proceed to impose laws on the throne, the safety and honour of which were concerned in opposing barriers to a frenzy, to which, if suffered with impunity, it would become difficult to assign limits. Nero, weak and capricious, overpowered by the blandishments and expostulations of his mistress, allowed himself to be prevailed upon to sign the sentence of death, pronounced by Poppæa on her rival. As a prelude to this tragedy, it was resolved that Octavia should be again removed from Rome, when measures should be concerted for accomplishing, without hazard, their cruel purpose.

Solicitous to gloss over their barbarity with some colour of justice, the enemies of the empress were at a loss for an excuse: to their former calumnies no credit had been given; the testimony of her women, added to her unexceptionable manners, had evinced its falsehood. To the charge of incontinence, it was now determined to add that of treachery against the state, and to suborn in evidence some person, whose office should favour the accusation. Anicetus, commander of the galleys, the assassin of Agrippina, who hesitated at no crime by which his interest

was advanced, was selected as a fit agent for the occasion. To this wretch the emperor, in person, imparted his design, observing, that having owed to him a deliverance from the treason of his mother, the benefit was yet imperfect, while he remained exposed to the more dangerous machinations of his wife. In the present case, neither blood nor violence were required of him; it was sufficient that he should declare the empress an adulteress, and himself her paramour: on his compliance, he might rest assured of a magnificent recompense for the service exacted of him, while any hesitation must of necessity be followed with death, as security for a secret involving the safety of the emperor. Anicetus, whom no scruples of honour or humanity withheld, readily acceded to the proposal: in the presence of the companions and flatterers of the tyrant, assembled for the purpose, he asserted his criminal intercourse with the empress, and thus filled up the measure of his infamy. The innocent victim of a prejudiced tribunal, on the single testimony of an unprincipled ruffian, whose evidence, unsupported by circumstances, unestablished by even the shadow of fact, criminated himself, was at once accused, tried, and condemned; and, after this mockery of justice, again remanded into exile. The fictitious partner of her offence was, to save appearances, banished to Sardinia, where the means of an indolent and licentious life were amply afforded to him. No one gave credit to the farce, though the public indignation, exhausted perhaps by its former intemperance, for the present slumbered.

The next measure adopted by the tyrant and his adherents, was to fabricate and publish a project, which was attributed to the royal exile, of having bartered her honour to the commander of the galleys, for the purpose of having at her devotion the naval force. To this was added another charge, equally curious and consistent: it was pretended that Octavia, recently divorced from the throne on the pretence of sterility, had, to conceal her connexion with Anicetus, and cover her shame, used means to procure an abortion, lest her pregnancy should announce to the public her incontinence.

Thus, overwhelmed with injury, and branded with infamy, alike unmerited, this unhappy princess was driven from her natal city and the throne of her ancestors; and, on her way to Pandataria, the place allotted for her retreat, exposed [illegible]idst a guard

of brutish soldiery, to every insult which wanton malignity could devise. Her misfortunes, her youth, and beauty, yet in its early bloom, failed to move the savage nature of her conductors, who were comissioned to aggravate her distress.

Scarcely had she reached the place of her distination, when she was warned to prepare for death, of which these insults had been but the prelude. In vain the innocent victim to the vices of her persecutors, timid in youth, her fortitude exhausted by suffering and fatigue, humbled herself before the barbarians into whose power she had been committed. In vain she declared her resignation to the injustice she had suffered, and to the triumph of her rival, with whom, content to be considered as the sister of Nero and cheerfully resigning every other claim, she wished not to dispute the heart of the emperor. As vainly she invoked the manes of her ancestors, and called on the name of Agrippina, the original cause of all her sorrows, whose severities, she declared, compared with her present sufferings, were tender mercies. Her supplications, her appeals, her despair, her streaming eyes, her uplifted hands, availed her not. Having been seized and bound, her veins were opened, while the blood, which terror had congealed round her heart, flowed slowly and with difficulty. At length, suffocated in the bath, her miseries and her life were terminated together. She expired beneath the hands of these merciless barbarians, on the 11th day of June, having but just completed her twentieth year.

Poppæa glutted her malignity by viewing the head of her illustrious rival, which she caused to be sent to her for the purpose. The fate of Octavia plunged the city in sorrow and mourning: "curses deep not loud" were muttered; every heart was penetrated, every eye bathed in tears! Retribution was not far distant: Poppæa perished miserably by the brutal caprice of a monster who disgraced the throne and human nature, and who, exactly six years after the murder of his wife, became his own executioner.

Lives of the Roman Empresses, &c.—Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

MRS. OLDFIELD.

This lady, so celebrated in the annals of the drama, was born in Pall-Mall, London, in 1683. Her father had been an officer in the Guards, and possessed a competent estate, which he

squandered in dissipation, leaving at his death an helpless and unprovided family. In these circumstances, his widow was necessitated to accept the offer of residing with a sister, who kept a tavern in St. James's market; while her daughter was placed with a sempstress, in King-street, Westminster. The young lady had a particular predilection for reading plays; and was one day amusing her relations at the tavern by the exercise of her talent, when her voice reached the ear of captain George Farquhar, who happened to dine there, and who, struck with the flexibility and sweetness of her tones, and with her agreeable figure and air immediately pronounced her admirably fitted to the stage. Her own inclinations concurring with this decision, her mother consulted sir John Vanbrugh on the occasion, who was a friend to the family. Sir John, finding upon trial her qualifications very promising, recommended her to Mr. Rich, patentee of the King's-theatre, who immediately received her. It was some time before her powers displayed themselves, till, in 1703, she established her reputation in the character of Leonora, in "Sir Courtly Nice." The following year she appeared with equal advantage in Lady Betty Modish, in "The Careless Husband." About this period she attracted the attention of Arthur Maynwaring, esq. who greatly interested himself respecting her performance, and took pains to improve her natural genius. This gentleman dying in 1712, she afterwards entered into a connexion with brigadier-general Churchill. She had one son by her former lover, and another by the brigadier. To both of these gentlemen she is said to have behaved with the fidelity, duty, and attachment, of a wife. Among many humane and generous actions for which Mrs. Oldfield was respected, may be mentioned the annuity of fifty pounds, which she allowed to Savage the poet, so celebrated for his genius, his misfortunes, and his imprudence. This annuity was regularly paid during her life. Mrs. Oldfield's talents in her profession rendered her a distinguished favourite with the town; while her taste in dress, elegance of manners, and powers of conversation, threw a veil over those parts of her conduct which were considered as reprehensible.

She died, October 23d, 1730; her body lay in state, in the Jerusalem-chamber, whence it was conveyed to Westminster-abbey. Her pall was borne by gentlemen of high rank and character. Her eldest son, Arthur Maynwaring, esq. was chief mourner.

She was interred towards the west of the south aisle, between the monuments of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Congreve. She was elegantly dressed in her coffin in fine Holland and Brussels lace. She left the bulk of her fortune to her eldest son, through whose father she had acquired it; yet she did not neglect to show a proper regard for her second son, Charles Churchill, and to her own relations.

Biographium Fœmineum.

MARIA PACHECO PADILLA.

During the civil wars in Castile, under the reign of the emperor Charles V. don John de Padilla, eldest son of the commendator of Castile, a young and gallant nobleman, distinguished for his talents, his ambition, and his courage, was the chief leader of the insurgents. In the course of their hostile operations against the government, they stood in need of money to satisfy their troops; a difficulty from which they were relieved by the boldness of the wife of their chief, donna Maria Pacheco Padilla, a woman of noble birth, high spirit, and great abilities, animated with an ardent zeal for the liberties of her country, and superior to those superstitious fears to which the dependent state of her sex, by weakening their minds, renders them peculiarly liable: donna Maria proposed that they should seize and appropriate the rich and magnificent ornaments in the cathedral of Toledo. But, lest this apparent sacrilege should give offence to the prejudices of the people, the wife of Padilla, with her retinue, clad in mourning habits, their eyes filled with tears, and their hair dishevelled, marched in solemn procession to the church, where, falling on their knees, they implored pardon from the saints whose shrines they were compelled by necessity to violate. Under this artifice, they stripped the cathedral, appeased the populace, and procured for their cause the aid of a considerable sum.

In a subsequent engagement between the two parties, which a combination of circumstances had rendered disadvantageous to the insurgents, Padilla, determined not to survive a defeat and the ruin of his party, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and, being wounded and dismounted, fell into their hands. His execution quickly followed, to which he submitted with the dauntless spirit of a man and a hero. One of his companions having expressed some indignation at hearing himself proclaimed a traitor,

Padilla calmly observed, 'that yesterday was the time to have displayed the spirit of gentlemen, the present day to die with the meekness of christians!' Being permitted to write to his wife, and to the community of Toledo, his native city, previous to his ascending the scaffold, he addressed and consoled the former in a strain of virtuous and manly tenderness, and the latter with the exultation of a martyr to freedom.

The dejected commons of Castile, depressed by this defeat, lost with their leader all their spirit and their zeal. Toledo alone, animated by the widow of Padilla, who despised unavailing lamentations, prepared, in prosecuting the cause in which their general had fallen, to redress their country and avenge his fate. Respect for her talents, admiration of her courage, sympathy with her misfortunes, and tenderness for her sex, combined to secure to donna Maria the same ascendent over the minds and affections of the people, which her husband had so recently possessed. Nor did she fail to justify by her conduct their attachment and confidence. She wrote to the French general in Navarre, whom, by an offer of powerful assistance, she sought to encourage to the invasion of Castile; while, by her letters and emissaries, she endeavoured to revive the hopes and the spirits of its cities. She raised soldiers, and, in order to defray the expense of keeping them on foot, exacted a large sum from the clergy belonging to the cathedral. To interest and excite the populace, she employed every artifice which could rouse or inflame. She ordered crucifixes instead of colours to be used by the troops, as if they had been at war with the enemies of their church. Seated on a mule, clad in deep mourning, her son in her arms, and having a standard borne before her on which was depictured the fate of her husband, she marched solemnly through the city, in mournful pomp. The passions of the people, kept by these methods in continual agitation, had not leisure to subside: animated by a spirit of enthusiasm, they became insensible to the danger of their situation, and stood alone in opposition to the power of the throne.

While their army was employed in Navarre, the attempts of the enemy to reduce Toledo by force proved fruitless: neither were their endeavours to diminish the credit of donna Maria with the people, nor to gain her, through the influence of her brother,*

* The marquis de Mondeiar.

by solicitations and promises, more successful. The French, at length, being expelled from Navarre, part of the army returned into Castile, and immediately invested Toledo. The obstinate courage of donna Maria was not yet subdued; she defended the town with vigour, while her troops, in several sallies, beat the royalists. No progress was made towards reducing the city, till the clergy, whom the invasion of their property had offended, withdrew their support from the citizens. Having soon after received information of the death of the archbishop* of Toledo, whose possession of that see had been their principal grievance, and that the emperor had named a Castilian as his successor, they openly turned against donna Maria, whom, by the most absurd legends, they injured in the esteem of the people. The credulous multitude were taught to believe, that the influence which the widow of Padilla had acquired over them was by the force of enchantment; that a familiar demon, in the form of a negro maid, assisted her councils; and that it was by infernal suggestions that her conduct was regulated. Thus instigated, impatient of a long blockade, despairing of succours from the French, and from the other cities, their former confederates, the populace took up arms, and, having driven donna Maria from the city, surrendered it to the royalists. Retiring to the citadel, the widow of Padilla, with astonishing fortitude, defended it for four months longer; till, reduced to the last extremities, she was compelled to escape in disguise, and to flee to Portugal, in which she had many relations. After her flight, the citadel surrendered; tranquillity was re-established in Castile; and the power of the crown, from the unsuccessful opposition of the commons, confirmed and extended.

Robertson's History of Charles V.

DOROTHY, LADY PAKINGTON.

DOROTHY, LADY PAKINGTON, wife to sir John Pakington, bart. and daughter of Thomas lord Coventry, keeper of the great-seal, was born in London, about the middle of the reign of James I. This lady, distinguished for her virtues and talents, is the reputed author of "The Whole Duty of Man." Of the circumstances of her private life, except as connected with the evidence for this

† William de Croy, a foreigner.

opinion, we have little account. "The Whole duty of Man" has been attributed to four different persons beside lady Pakington.

To Mr. Abraham Woodhead, of whom it is sufficient to observe, that he lived and died a zealous Roman-catholic. To Mr. William Fulman, a learned clergyman of Penshurst in Kent, who died June 28th, 1688. In 1684, bishop Fell, in a preface to the folio edition of "The Works of the Author of The Whole Duty of Man," observes, "that if God had given longer life to this eminent person, the world would have been benefited by a new work, a treatise designed and promised, "On the Government of the Thoughts." Mr. Fulman survived the date of this publication four years.

The third person to whom this celebrated production has been attributed, was Dr. Richard Sterne, archbishop of York. It is observed by Mr. Darke, his biographer, that the archbishop was suspected of being the author of "The Whole Duty of Man." This suspicion seems to have been ill founded. The archbishop owned himself the writer of a book "On Logic," and "A Comment on the 103d Psalm;" why then should he affect concealment respecting a work of great merit and celebrity? To this supposition there are also some chronological objections: when the treatise "On the Government of the Thoughts" was promised to the public, the archbishop had attained the advanced age of 87. "The whole Duty of Man" likewise differs in its style and orthography from the writings of the archbishop. The fourth reputed author of the work in dispute was archbishop Frewen. In objection to this, among other reasons, it is remarked, that in a preface to "The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety," a production allowed to be written by the author of "The Whole Duty of Man," mention is made of the plague and fire of London, whence it appears that the writer was living at the latter end of the year 1666, whereas archbishop Frewen died in 1664.

By the adversaries of lady Pakington it is objected, that the learning displayed in "The Whole Duty of Man" can scarcely be attributable to a woman. "A learned man has observed to me in a letter," says Ballard, "that 'The Whole Duty of Man' could not have been the production of a woman, from the great variation of style, and different manner of treating the subjects which it contains; beside the many quotations from Hebrew writers, with which every page abounds. In the Christian's

Birth-right, through which a close thread of logical reasoning runs, the language is particularly exalted. Both the arguments and diction of this work are such as the profoundest scholars would use." In reply to this, it may be recollected that, during the age of Elizabeth and James, it was the fashion to give to women a learned education; that the study of the languages, and even of the abstruse sciences, was the occupation of the most illustrious ladies of the court; and that in no period were there more numerous examples of female excellence and worth. Of the endowments and erudition of lady Pakington there are also various testimonies. Dr. George Hickes, a man of known probity, and intimate with the family, thus speaks of this lady, in a preface to his "Anglo-Saxon, and Mæso-Gothic Grammars," printed before his "Thesaurus," and inscribed to sir John Pakington, the descendant of lady Pakington: "Your grandmother, the daughter of Thomas lord Coventry, &c. was illustrious for every virtue, more especially such as consist in the practice of a christian life. She had moreover an excellent judgment, and a talent of speaking correctly, pertinently, clearly, and gracefully; in which she was so accomplished, particularly in an evenness of style and consistent manner of writing, that she deserved to be called and reputed the author of a book concerning the duty of man, published anonymously, and well known through the christian world for its extraordinary completeness. Hammond, Morley, Fell, and Thomas, those eminently learned men, averred that she was as great an adept in the Scriptures as themselves, and as well versed in divinty, and in all those weighty and useful notions relating to DUTY, which had been recommended and handed down to us either by profane or christian philosophers. "She was also so far from being unacquainted with the antiquities of her own country, that she knew almost as much as the greatest proficients in that kind of knowledge. Nor is this to be wondered at; since she had in her youth the most excellently learned sir Norton Knatchbull for her tutor and preceptor; and, after she was married, the famous Hammond, and others, his contemporaries, very celebrated men, for her companions and instructors."

It was declared by a lady, not long deceased, that Dr. Hickes had assured her, he had himself seen "The Whole Duty of Man" in manuscript, written in the hand of lady Pakington, with many erasures, alterations, and interlineations. Various passages

in the work itfelf afford a presumption of the sex of the writer, who contends for the intellectual privileges of women and the equality of the sexes. The following are the direct evidences in favour of this opinion.

By the author of the "Baronettage," lady Pakington is spoken of as a bright example to her age, and one of the most learned and accomplished of her sex. "Her letters," says he, "and other discourses, still remaining in the hands of her family and friends, are an admirable proof of her genius and capacity. She had the reputation of being the writer of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' the truth of which none who knew her, or were competent judges of her abilities, would call in question. Though her modesty would not suffer her to claim the honour, yet as the manuscript, in her hand-writing, now remains with the family, there is scarcely room for doubt. By her virtues and attainments she acquired the esteem of all our learned divines, who confessed themselves edified by her conversation, and instructed by her writings. These gentlemen never failed of an agreeable retreat and sanctuary at Westwood, as far as those dangerous times would permit. It ought to be remembered, to the honour of this lady and her husband, that Dr. Hammond found in their family a comfortable subsistence for several years, and at last reposed his bones in their burial-place at Hampton-Lovett, in a chapel built by sir Thomas Pakington, in 1561."

Farther proofs respecting the subject in dispute may be found in "A Letter from a clergyman in the Country, to a dignified Clergyman in London; vindicating the Bill brought the last Session of Parliament, for preventing the Translation of Bishops;" printed in London, 1702. The writer in this letter, after an eulogium on the ancestors of sir John Pakington,* adds, "but his grandfather's spending 40,000*l.* and being tried for his life during the late civil wars, because he vigorously endeavoured to prevent the martyrdom of king Charles I. and the destruction of episcopacy; the uninterrupted correspondence of his grandmother with the learned and pious Dr. Morley, bishop of Winton, and Dr. Hammond, and who is, by several eminent men (archbishop Dolben, bishop Fell, and Dr. Abbestry, declared this of their own knowledge after her death, which she obliged them to keep private during her life) allowed to be the author of the best and

* By whom the bill was brought into the house.

most masculine religious book extant in the English tongue, called 'The Whole Duty of Man;' will serve instead of a heap of instances to show how great regards this family have formerly paid to the church and kingly government."

A transcript is also given by Ballard, from a paper said to be in the possession of Dr. Snape, provost of King's-college, Cambridge, in which is the following attestation: "October 19th, 1698, Mr. Thomss Caulton, vicar of Worksop in Nottinghamshire, declared on his death-bed, in the presence of William Thornton esq. and his lady, Mrs. Heathcote, Mrs. Ash, Mrs. Caulton, and others, as follows: viz. 'On the 5th of November, 1689, at Shire-Oaks, Mrs. Eyre* took me up into her chamber after dinner, and told me that her daughter Moyser of Beverly was dead. Afterwards, among other private affairs of the family, she told me who was the author of The Whole Duty of Man; at the same time pulling out of a private drawer a manuscript tied together, and stiched in octavo, which she declared was the original, written by lady Pakington, her mother, who disowned ever having written the other books attributed to the same author, excepting The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety. She added, that the manuscript had been perused by Dr. Covil, master of Trinity college, Cambridge; Dr. Stamford, prebend of York; and Mr. Binks, rector of the great church of Hull."

By lady Pinkington's disowning the works attributed to her, it seems merely to be implied, that she did not directly avow or claim them. "The Whole Duty of Man," was published by bishop Fell, with other treatises, as declaredly the production of the same author. Having thus stated the evidence on this subject, the decision must be left with the reader. The underwritten is a catalogue of the works attributed to author of "The Whole Duty of Man," which was first printed in 1657, and translated into Latin by Dr. Richard Lucas, and into Welsh by Dr. William Bell.

"The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety, or an impar-

* The wife of Anthony Eyre, esq. of Rampton in Nottingham, who, after the revolution, wrote and published a pamphlet entitled, "The Opinion of Mrs. Eyre, Daughter of the excellent Lady Pakington, concerning the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, as the distinguishing Character of the Church of England; in a letter to a friend, occasioned by bishop Lake's declaration, that he died in the belief thereof;" London, 1689 and 1710, 8vo.

tial Survey of the Ruins of the Christian Religion undermined by unchristian Practices," London, 1725.

"The Gentleman's Calling," London, 1725.

"The Lady's Calling, in two parts," London, 1725.

"The Government of the Tongue," London, 1725.

"The Art of Contentment," London, 1725.

"The lively Oracles given to us, or the Christian's Birthright and Duty in the Custody and Use of the Holy Scriptures," London, 1725.

"A Prayer for King Charles II. in his Banishment," and a "Prayer for Resignation," are given by Ballard, copied by a lady from a manuscript of Lady Pakington's at Westwood. She had, some time before her death, been engaged in a work entitled "The Government of the Thoughts," which was mentioned by Dr. Fell in high terms, but never finished. The following eulogium is given by Dr. Fell to the writer of these treatises: "She was wise, humble, temperate, chaste, patient, charitable, and devout; she lived a whole age of great austerities, and maintained in the midst of them an undisturbed serenity."

Lady Pakington died May 10th, 1679, and was interred in the church at Hampton-Lovett in Worcestershire; a memorial of her is inscribed at the bottom of a monument erected to her husband. Sir John Pakington expended the greater part of his fortune in the service of king Charles I. in adhering to whose cause he was tried for his life.

Ballard's British Ladies—The Female Worthies.

ANNE DE PARTHENAI.

Anne de Parthenai, wife to Anthony de Pons, count de Marennes, was the daughter of John de Parthenai l'Archenesque, and of Michelli de Sorbonne, a lady of Bretagne. Michelli, the mother of Anne, was a woman of wit and talents, and lady of honour to Anne of Bretagne, wife to Lewis XII. by whom she was appointed governess to her daughter, Renata, dutchess of Ferrara. Anne received, under the superintendence of her mother, a learned education; she made great

progress in the knowledge of the languages, and became a student in theology, respecting which she took a pleasure in reasoning and disputing with the most celebrated theologians of the times. She was also skilled in music, and an accomplished performer both vocal and instrumental. Her interest and favour with the dutchess of Ferrara, added to her theological studies, drew on her, from the catholics, the suspicion of calvinism. On this subject we have from Theodorus Beza, in his "Ecclesiastical History," a direct testimony. By him we are informed, that Anthony de Pons, count de Marennes, during the life of his first wife, the lady Anne de Parthenai, sister to the lord of Soubise, was a lover of truth and virtue, and particularly conversant with the Scriptures, himself instructing, with great zeal and labour, his subjects and officers in the city of Pons. But that, after the decease of his excellent and amiable consort, "God so took away his understanding, that he espoused one of the most defamed ladies of France, Mary de Monchenu, the lady de Massey; and became, from that period, an enemy and persecutor of the truth, which he had before studiously promoted."

The influence of Anne de Parthenai over the mind of her husband, is also mentioned by Gregory Gyraldus, who testifies, that the count de Marennes and his wife pursued the same studies, with the same success. Count de Marenness was first gentleman of the bedchamber to the duke of Ferrara, to whom Gyraldus dedicated the fourth dialogue of his "History of the Poets." Soubise, brother to Anne de Parthenai, was one of the principal supports of the huguenot party. The count de Marennes was obliged to leave the court of Ferrara, for presuming to compare the dignity and antiquity of his own family with that of the dutchess of Ferrara, whom he served.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

CATHERINE DE PARTHENAI.

CATHERINE, daughter and heiress of John de Parthenia lord of Soubise, and niece to Anne de Parthenai, was born in 1554. In 1568 she married Charles de Quellence, baron de Pons, who, three years afterwards, fell in the general massacre

of the huguenots on the fatal night of St. Bartholomew, 1571. He fought bravely on this occasion, and sold his life dear. Catherine deplored his loss in several elegiac poems. In 1573, she entered a second time into the married state, and espoused Renatus viscount Rohan, the second of that name, by whom she had several children. In 1586, she was again left a widow, at thirty-two years of age. She refused to enter into any new engagement, determined to devote the remainder of her life to the care and education of her family.

Her maternal affection and solicitude were amply rewarded. The celebrated duke de Rohan, her eldest son, supported with great spirit and bravery the cause of the Reformation, during the civil wars, in the reign of Lewis XIII. Her second son was the duke of Soubise. She had three daughters: Henrietta, who died in 1629, unmarried; Catherine, who gave her hand to a duke of Deux-Ponts, and who is celebrated for her reply to Henry IV. who, enamoured of her charms, solicited her love: 'I am too poor,' said she, 'to be your wife, and too nobly descended to be your mistress.' Her third daughter Anne, who also lived single, and who survived all her brothers and sisters, inherited the genius and magnanimity of her mother, with whom she bore all the calamities of the siege of Rochelle. The courage of Catherine de Parthenai, on this occasion, was the more worthy of admiration for her advanced age, being then in her seventy-fifth year. Reduced, for three months, to the necessity of living upon horse flesh and four ounces of bread a-day, in this situation she wrote to her son 'to go on as he had begun, nor suffer any extremities to which she might be reduced, however severe, to induce him to take measures that might prejudice the cause he had espoused.' Having, with her daughter, refused to be included in the articles of capitulation, they were conveyed, prisoners of war, to the castle of Niort, in 1628. She died at Poitou, 1631, greatly lamented.

She possessed a taste for poetical composition, and published some poems in 1572, when only eighteen years of age. In 1574, a tragedy of her composing, entitled "Holofernes," was represented on the theatre at Rochelle. "She understood poetry," says La Croix du Main,* "and is much to be esteem-

* La Croix du Main, Biblioth. Francoise, p. 478. Baillet.

ed for the excellency of her wit, which her writings sufficiently testify. She composed several tragedies and comedies in French, among others the tragedy of Holofernes, publicly acted at Rochelle. She wrote also several poems or elegies, on the death of her first husband, who lost his life in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; likewise upon the admiral and other great and illustrious persons who perished on the same occasion. She translated the precepts of Isocrates to Demonicus, not yet printed. She is in great repute," continues he, "this year (1584)." If it be true, as asserted by a learned man, that madame de Parthenai, lady of Soubise, was spoken of as an author before madame de Rohan was known, she must indeed have written very young, since she married at fourteen years of age. A concealed but keen satire upon Henry IV. under the title of an apology, is generally attributed to this lady, and in the new edition of the Journal of Henry III. it is printed as hers. D'Aubigné thus speaks of this work: "The king showed it some, as being in the style of madame de Rohan. It is a prevaricating apology, of which Roquelaire cried out 'Oh, how well the authors of that piece are informed of what we do!'" Bayle declares, that whoever composed the *Apology* was a person of wit and talent.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

PAULINA.

Seneca having been condemned to death, his wife Paulina opened her veins, that she might die with her husband; but, having been compelled to live, she appeared (says Tacitus) the few years she survived, with an honourable paleness, which attested her conjugal attachment, and that a part of her blood had flowed with that of her husband.

PERILLA,

A Roman lady, who, in the age of Augustus, was distinguished for her erudition and poetical talents. She is celebrated by Ovid, whose scholar in poetry she appears to have been. Her reputation for chastity is, notwithstanding, unblemished.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

SUSANNA, daughter of Robert Perwich of Hackney, Middlesex, was born September 23d, 1636, in the parish of Aldermanbury, London. She displayed almost in infancy an uncommon capacity and thirst of knowledge. When under seven years of age she appeared eager for instruction, and delighted in acquiring information by her own exertions. In the eighth year of her age, her father undertook the superintendence of a school at Hackney, whither he removed his residence. In this situation, Susanna made rapid improvements in every accomplishment usually taught to her sex. She devoted herself more particularly to music: at fourteen years of age she was a perfect mistress of the treble viol, on which she played, whether singly or in concert, with exquisite skill and effect, giving promise of extraordinary musical powers. Her judgment and knowledge of the theory of music was not less excellent than her ear and execution: she studied her favourite art as a science, and was skilful in composition. She played also on the lute with great taste and sweetness, accompanying the instrument with her voice, which was fine and melodious. She learned some lessons on the harpsichord, on which she wanted only leisure and practice to become a proficient. She was a graceful and incomparable dancer, and carried to excellence every thing which she undertook.

The fame of her musical powers attracted the connoisseurs and masters of the art, both foreigners and natives, who visited her in great numbers, and to whom she gave by her performance universal satisfaction. She excelled likewise in needlework, in writing, in arithmetic, and in domestic order and management. Nor was she less distinguished for intellectual powers, for quickness of apprehension, wit, imagination, judgment, memory, invention, and taste. To these advantages she added a sweetness and gentleness of temper, modesty, courtesy, prudence, and good sense. Her person was beautiful, and her manners graceful and engaging.

She suffered an early disappointment in her affections, from the death of a young man to whom she was tenderly attached, and to whom she was about to have been united. This misfortune seized on her spirits, while grief and sensibility prepared

her mind for the reception of ardent devotional impressions. Her education and habits had been pious, and her heart, disappointed in its object, yielded itself to that sublime and flattering enthusiasm so congenial to fervent and susceptible tempers. Neglecting those elegant and liberal pursuits which had formerly engaged her time and attention, she devoted herself wholly to those studies and observances which she fondly believed would fit her to meet the friend she had lost in a world of more stable enjoyment. The fanatic character of the times gave strength to these dispositions, and tinged her ideas with its sombre colouring; dwelling on the calvinistic notions of original sin, predestination, and sovereign grace, she tortured her pure and innocent mind with fancied sins, doubts, and omissions. Among the books which she perused with the greatest avidity were 'Shepard's True Convert,' and 'Sound Believer,' 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted,' 'Goodwin's Triumph of Faith,' 'Brooke's Riches of Grace,' and others of a similar character. As her scrupulosity increased with these pursuits, she denied herself the recreation of music, or practised it only for spiritual uses and occasions. The necessary and daily occupations of the family at length became burthensome to her, as an interruption of her pious exercises. She abjured all innocent relaxation, nor could longer be prevailed upon to join in the dance, or in the amusements of her young companions. Rigidly severe to herself, she dreaded lest vanity, or complacency in her acquirements, should unwarily obtrude itself on her mind; she renounced every ornament of dress, and imposed on herself the most austere observances; all the energy of her character was directed against her own happiness; she seemed to believe that the God of Nature required of his creatures a moral martyrdom, and a perpetual suicide of every natural and laudable propensity. But this morose and cruel system, to which she offered herself a voluntary victim, was yet insufficient to sour the natural amenity and sweetness of her temper: amidst the sacrifice of her reason, her duties, and her happiness, she was still gentle, amiable, and affectionate.

She rejected several solicitations of marriage, declaring that no worldly advantages should induce her to change her situation: she required a certain spiritual perfection in the

person to whom she should give her hand, that probably was not easily to be met with.

In June, 1661, during the Whitsuntide vacation, she was prevailed upon to visit a friend in London, where, from sleeping in damp linen, she contracted a cold, that brought on a fever, which terminated in her death. On the 8th of June she returned to the house of her father, fully persuaded, from the symptoms she experienced, that the hour of her dissolution approached: as her disorder increased she displayed great fortitude, patience, and resignation, conversing calmly with her friends on religious subjects, and distributing to them small presents to be kept as memorials of her. She gave orders respecting her funeral, and preserved, notwithstanding severe sufferings, her gentleness and equanimity to the last. She died with courage and composure, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, lamented by her family and regretted by her friends. Her relations and the young ladies her companions, six of whom bore up the pall, attended her remains to the grave, which were followed by persons of the first rank and respectability in the neighbourhood. Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Spurstow, from 1 Cor. iii. 22. Her praises were celebrated in verse and prose, in elegy, acrostic and anagram.

The Life of Mrs. Susanna Perwich, written in Prose and Verse, by John Batchiler, London, 1661, and dedicated to "all the young Ladies of the several Schools in and about London, more particularly to those of Mrs. Perwich's school at Hackney."

PHILA.

PHILA, the daughter of Antipater governor of Macedonia during the absence of Alexander, was the most beautiful and accomplished woman of the age. The dignity of her manners and the lustre of her charms, were softened by an air of modesty and sweetness that engaged all hearts. She possessed, with uncommon prudence and judgment, a superior genius, and a capacity for the most important affairs. Her father never engaged in any enterprise without consulting her; while she used her influence with him in the cause only of virtue and humanity. Her liberality procured her absolute power among the troops; all cabals were dissolved in her presence, and all

revolts appeased by her mediation. By her knowledge of the human heart, her address, and facility of accommodating her measures to various tempers and characters, she prevented an insurrection in an army full of turbulence and faction. Nor was her administration in civil affairs less skilful and admirable. She portioned young women at her own expense, protected innocence, and opposed oppression. She seems to have been but little indebted to experience for her capacity; her father, distinguished for his political abilities, entrusted to the management of Phila, when at a very early age, the juridical affairs of the kingdom.

She gave her hand to Craterus, one of the captains of Alexander, and the most popular among the Macedonians. Craterus fell in battle, and, after his decease, his widow became the chief wife of Demetrius, who, according to the custom of the East, in which polygamy was allowed, possessed several of inferior merit and quality. This marriage proved unhappy: Phila suffered, not merely from the divided affections of her husband, but by his dissolute conduct. Attached to the celebrated Lamia, and corrupted by her seductions, Demetrius treated his wife with coldness and disrespect. Yet he confided in her abilities, and deputed her to Cassander, her brother, to justify his conduct towards Plistarchus, whom he had offended. He also showed high indignation against the Rhodians, who had presented to the king of Egypt a ship which they had captured, in which was a letter, accompanied by a magnificent present, addressed to him by Phila.

Demetrius having lost his dominions, the fortitude of Phila sunk under the prospect of impending calamities: unable to see the husband, who had treated her unworthily, a fugitive and exile, she swallowed poison, and terminated her sorrows with her life. She left by her second marriage two children, a son and a daughter, the celebrated Stratonice, wife to Seleucus, and by him yielded to his son Antiochus, who had conceived a passion for his stepmother.

Rollin's Ancient History—Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

PHILIPPA.

PHILIPPA, daughter to the count of Hainault, was espoused to Edward III. king of England. During the absence of Edward in France, David king of Scotland, with 50,000 men, invaded the northern counties of England. Philippa, superior to the weakness of her sex, prepared, on this occasion, with spirit, to repel the enemy. Having assembled an army of 12,000 men, and appointed lord Percy to the supreme command, she rode through the ranks, and, in person, exhorted the troops to fulfil, with courage, their duty; nor would she be persuaded to retire from the field, till the armies were on the point of engaging. In this battle the king of Scots was taken prisoner. Philippa, having secured her royal captive, crossed the sea at Dover, and was received at Calais with triumph and enthusiasm.

The story of the burghers of Calais, who had devoted themselves for the salvation of their fellow-citizens, and who were indebted for the mercy of Edward to the tears and supplications of Philippa, appears to have been romantic and ill-founded. It accords but little with the temper of the times, or with the brave and generous character of Edward. Many extraordinary women appeared with lustre at this period, which was the reign of gallantry and chivalry.

Hume's History of England.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

KATHERINE, celebrated under the poetical name of Orinda, daughter of John Fowler, of Bucklersbury, London, merchant, and of Katherine, daughter of Daniel Oxenbridge, M. D. was born in the parish of St. Mary Wool-church, London, January 1, 1631. A female relation, Mrs. Blacket, had the charge of her infancy and early childhood. At eight years of age, she was placed in a school at Hackney, under the care of Mrs. Salmon, where her improvements were singular and rapid. She displayed an early taste for poetical composition, and a devotional turn of mind, somewhat enthusiastic, originating probably in the sensibility of temper inseparable from genius, and in the spirit and manners of the times. She had perused the Bible throughout before she was four years of age, and had

committed to memory many passages and chapters. At ten years of age she would repeat, with scarce any omissions, entire sermons, of which she was a frequent hearer. She also began early to exercise her fancy in poetical composition. She acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, and applied herself successfully to the Italian, with the assistance of an ingenious friend, sir Charles Cotterel. She was educated in the principles of the presbyterian dissenters, but became afterwards a proselyte to the established church, and the royalist party.

In the year 1647, she gave her hand to James Phillips, esq. of the the priory of Cardigan. A son and a daughter were the fruit of this union: the former died in his infancy, the latter became the wife of —— Wogan, esq. of Pembrokeshire. The fortune of Mr. Phillips being encumbered and embarrassed, Mrs. Phillips, by her economy, prudence, and excellent management, added to her interest with sir Charles Cotterel, whose friendship for her rendered him zealous in the cause of her husband, nearly extricated him, in the course of a few years, from the difficulties in which he had been involved. Mrs. Phillips, in a letter to sir Charles, after speaking of her husband with respect and attachment, adds, "and I hope God will enable me to answer his expectations, by making me an instrument of doing him essential service, which is the only ambition I have in the world, and which I would purchase with the hazard of my life. I am exceedingly obliged to my lady Cork, for remembering me with so much indulgence; but above all for her readiness to assist my endeavours for Antenor,* which is the most generous kindness that can be done to me."

During her retirement at Cardigan, she cultivated poetry as an amusement, to beguile her solitary hours. Copies of her poems being dispersed among her friends, they were collected and published anonymously, in 8vo, 1663, without the knowledge or consent of the author. Mrs. Phillips's vexation at this circumstance, which she appears acutely to feel, and sensibly laments in a letter to sir Charles Cotterel, occasioned her a severe fit of illness.

The charms of her conversation, her modesty, sweetness,

* Mr. Phillips.

and unassuming manners, rendered her the delight of her acquintance, while her genius and talents procured her the friendship of men distinguished for their merit, their talents, and their rank, among whom may be mentioned the earls of Ormond, Orrery, and Roscommon. The affairs of Mr. Phillips having rendered the presence of his wife necessary in Ireland, she accompanied thither the viscountess Dungannon, and was received with distinction and esteem. During her residence in that kingdom, she was induced, by the importunity of the before-mentioned noblemen, to translate into English, from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Pompey, which was acted with applause on the Irish stage, in 1663, also in 1664, when it was printed and given to the public. It was likewise again performed, with considerable success, at the duke of York's theatre, in 1678. This play to which a prologue was added by lord Roscommon, was then published, dedicated to the countess of Cork.

Mrs. Phillips also translated, from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Horace, to which a fifth act was added by sir John Denham, and which was represented by persons of rank at court, with a prologue, spoken by the duke of Monmouth.

In Ireland, Mrs. Phillips renewed a former friendship with the celebrated Dr. Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down and Connor, who some time previously had published and inscribed to her, "A Discourse of the Nature, Offices, and Measures, of Friendship, with Rules of conducting it; in a letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katherine Phillips." In this production many high compliments are paid to the sex, to their capacity for friendship, and the more elevated virtues, exemplified by allusions to the celebrated characters of antiquity.

July 15th, 1663, Mrs. Phillips left Ireland, and returned to Cardigan, where she appears to have laboured under a depression of spirits, occasioned by some untoward circumstances in her husband's affairs. She continued in the country through the remainder of that year, and a part of the following, when she made a visit to London, with a view of unbending her mind, and softening her anxieties, in the society and conversation of her friends. In London she was unfortunately seized with the small-pox, which proving fatal, she expired, universally regretted, in apartments in Fleet-street, June 22, 1664,

in the thirty-fourth year of her age, and was interred in the church of St. Bennet Sheer-hog, in her family vault, under a large monumental stone.

She was of middle stature, as described by Mr. Aubry, inclining to fat; her complexion was fair and ruddy. Her poems and translations were, after her decease, collected and published in one volume folio, 1667, and entitled "Poems, by the the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda: to which are added, M. Corneille's Pompey and Horace, Tragedies, with several other Translations from the French; and her picture before them, engraved by Faithorne." A second edition was printed in 1678, in the preface to which the reader is told, "that Mrs. Phillips wrote familiar letters with facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; which, if collected, with the excellent discourses written by her on various subjects, would make a volume much larger than her poems." In 1705, a small volume of her letters to sir Charles Cotterel was published, under the title of "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus." In one of these letters, Mrs. Phillips mentions the insertion of some of her Poems in a miscellaneous collection published in Ireland. The following testimony to the merit of the Letters of Orinda to Poliarchus, is given by major Puck, in his Essay on Study: "The best letters I have met with in our English tongue, are those of the celebrated Mrs. Phillips, to sir Charles Cotterel. They are all addressed to the same person, so they run all in the same strain, and seem to have been employed in the service of a refined and generous friendship. In a word, they are such as a woman of spirit and and virtue should write to a courtier of honour and true gallantry." Mrs. Phillips is said, by Mr. Langbain, to have equalled the Lesbian Sappho in genius, and the Roman Sulpicia in virtue. To this he adds, "as they were praised by Horace, Martial, Ausonius, and other eminent poets, so was this lady commended by the earls of Orrery and Roscommon, by Cowley, and other eminent men." An anonymous writer, in the second volume of the duke of Wharton's works, thus speaks of Mrs. Phillips: "I have been looking into the writings of Mrs. Phillips, and have been wonderfully pleased with her solid and masculine thoughts, in no feminine style. Her refined and rational ideas of friendship, a subject she delights in, show a soul

above the common level of mankind, and raise my desire of practising what is thus nobly described. Though I know nothing of Mrs. Phillips but what I have learned from her Poems, I am persuaded she was not less discreet, good-humoured, modest, constant and virtuous, than ingenious. Her "Country Life" is a sweet poem, sprinkled with profound philosophical thoughts, expressed in very poetical language."

To the praise of talents, universally allowed to this lady by her contemporaries, is added that of generosity and benevolence. The qualities of the heart, united to those of the mind, form a combination equally admirable and rare. Four letters from Mrs. Phillips to the hon. Berenice, are inserted in a collection of letters published by Mr. Thomas Brown, 1697. A tribute of respect is paid to her memory by Mr. Thomas Rowe, in his "Epistle to Daphnis."

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

LÆTITIA PILKINGTON.

LAETITIA, the daughter of Dr. Vanlewin, a physician, was born in Dublin, 1712. She married young to the rev. Matthew Pilkington, a poet. This union was not happy. Mr. Pilkington was jealous of his wife, in whose chamber he one day found a gentleman, and from whom he obtained a separation. Mrs. Pilkington, in her Memoirs, notwithstanding that appearances were against her, asserts her innocence. She had afterwards recourse to her pen for her support, and raised a considerable subscription on her Memoirs, in which many anecdotes are given of Dr. Swift, with whom the writer was intimately acquainted. She died in poverty, in July, 1750, in consequence of the pernicious habit of intoxication, into which she had fallen, to lose the sense of her misfortunes. She left several children, whom her husband renounced. John, the eldest, was the author of some poems; he also wrote his own Memoirs, and died in 1763. Mrs. Pilkington, beside her poems and Memoirs, wrote a burlesque piece, entitled "The Turkish Court, or the London Prentice," acted in Dublin, 1748. She also wrote one act of "The Roman Father," which is printed in her Memoirs.

Biographium Fœmineum.

MRS. PIX.

MARY GRIFFITH, the daughter of a clergyman, and descended on the side of her mother from the family of Wallis, was born at Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire, in the reign of William III. She was a contemporary with Mrs. Manley, and with Mrs. Cockburne, and was satirised with them in a little dramatic piece, called "The Female Wits." She was the author of the following plays: "The Spanish Wives," 4to, 1696: "Ibrahim XIII. Emperor of the Turks," 4to, 1696: "The Innocent Mistress," 4to, 1697: "The Deceiver deceived," 4to, 1698: "Queen Catherine, or the Ruins of Love," 4to, 1698: "The False Friend, or the Fate of Disobedience," 4to, 1699: "The Czar of Muscovy," 4to, 1701: "The Double-Distress," 4to, 1701: "The Conquest of Spain," 4to, 1705: "The Beau defeated, or the Lucky Younger Brother," 4to.* She married a Mr. Pix, by which name only she was known.

DIANA DE POITIERS.

JOHN DE POITIERS, seigneur de St. Vallier, was in 1523 condemned to die, as an accomplice in the revolt of the constable of Bourbon. His sentence was however changed; he escaped with life, and suffered a degradation from his rank, with the confiscation of his estates. According to Mezerai, the president Henault, and other writers, the life of her father was saved by Diana de Poitiers, by the sacrifice of her chastity to Francis I. from whose embraces she passed into those of his son, Henry II. This story is, however, very doubtful, and most probably false, as, at the time of her father's disgrace, Diana had been married ten years to Louis de Breze, count de Maulevrier, and grand-senechal of Normandy, to whom she bore two daughters. Beside which, the punishment of St. Vallier, though delivered from death, was commuted into one not less terrible: he was sentenced, after his degradation, to be perpetually immured between four walls, in which was only one small window, through which he might receive his pro-

* The latter is in some catalogues ascribed to Mr. Barker.

visions. The horror he experienced at the idea of his fate, brought on a fever, which in a short time terminated his life.

Diana had been married to the senechal of Normandy, in the last year of the reign of Lewis XII.: at what time her connexion with Henry II. commenced, is uncertain; but, before he had completed his eighteenth year, her ascendency over him was established. To personal endowments she added talents, vivacity, and a cultivated understanding: she was warmly devoted to her friends, but a dangerous and implacable enemy: her spirit was high and unyielding, and she transfused into the mind of her lover the firmness and vigour of her own character. Not more fond of power than of flattery and homage, she received with pleasure the adulation of the court, while the nobles crowded around her to express their devotion. Even the constable Montmorenci, notwithstanding his severe and haughty manners, condescended to mix in her train. In vain had the dutchess d'Estampes,* during the life of Francis, essayed every art of hatred and of rivalry to disunite from Diana her youthful lover: in vain did she publish, that the mistress of the prince was married in the same year which gave birth to herself: the passion of Henry, which was carried to the utmost extravagance, appeared to be increased rather than diminished by these efforts. He seemed to delight in giving testimonies of his attachment, both in public and in private, and in displaying to the world the influence of Diana. The furniture of the palace, after he ascended the throne, the public edifices, his own armour, were all ornamented and emblazoned by a "moon, bow and arrows," the emblems and the device of his mistress. Through her mediation every favour was obtained: at her request Brassac, a gallant and amiable nobleman, who was supposed to stand high in her favour, was created grand-master of the artillery. She may be said to have divided the crown with her lover, of whose council she was the directing principle, and of whose tender and ardent attachment she was the sole object. Her influence, both personal and political, was carried to an unbounded extent. Time seemed to have no power over her attractions: her beauty appeared undiminished even in the autumn of her life: she was forty-eight years of age when Henry had scarcely attained his twenty-ninth year.

* The favourite mistress of Francis I.

After the death of Francis, the dutchess d'Estampes was compelled to quit the court, but Diana, who succeeded to her honours, had either the magnanimity or the prudence to forbear to deprive her of the possessions lavished on her by the late monarch: she was content to suffer her to retire, disgraced and neglected, to one of her country seats, where she lived in obscurity many years.

While the duke of Guise and the constable Montmorenci were in Guienne, employed in quelling an insurrection, festivals and carousals engaged the court, in which Diana de Poitiers (created by her lover dutchess de Valentinois), in whose honour they were given, presided as a tutelar deity. On these occasions the young queen, Catherine de Medicis, whose genius, taste, and beauty, rendered her inferior to no one, acted a subordinate and humiliating part. Catherine, notwithstanding her talents and superior powers of mind, was never admitted by her husband to any real participation in the government. These entertainments and tournaments were, in the spirit of the age, succeeded by spectacles of a very different nature. A number of proselytes to the doctrines of the Reformation were publicly and solemnly burnt at the stake, while the court attended these barbarous exhibitions.

The house of Guise, which had firmly united itself with the dutchess de Valentinois, whose ascendency over the king seemed daily to acquire strength, continued to establish and aggrandize itself. The profusion of the court, added to the expense of the wars in which France was engaged, rendered it necessary to increase the revenues by taxes and imposts; while the odium of these exactions chiefly rested on the dutchess. Henry, amiable, magnificent, and flexible to those he loved, was wholly governed by the suggestions of his mistress, whom he enabled to erect the superb palace of Anet, to which the lovers frequently retired. The people, ignorant and superstitious, attributed to magic and sorcery the attachment of the king, and the fascinations of Diana: it was reported that she wore magical rings, which preserved her beauty from decay, and kept alive the passion of her lover. This opinion, so soothing to her own pride, was supported and confirmed by Catherine de Medicis. Anet was situated near Dreux, in the Isle of France, upon the river Eure. Philibert de Lorme was

the architect employed in its construction: the emblems and devices of the dutchess de Valentinois were exhibited in every part. Voltaire, in the ninth canto of the Henriade, depictures love as on his flight to the palace of Anet.

Brantome, who was personally acquainted with the dutchess, describes her beauty in its most advanced periods. "I beheld Diana," says he, "only six months before her death. Even then she was so lovely, that the most insensible could not behold her without emotion. She was recovering from a severe indisposition, occasioned by the fracture of her leg, which had been broken by a fall from her horse in riding through the streets of Orleans: yet neither the accident nor the pain had diminished her charms." The dutchess was at this time sixty-five years of age.

After the death of Henry, who was accidentally killed in a tournament, his mistress received orders from the queen to retire to her own house, which command she thought proper to obey. A second mandate followed, enjoining her to deliver up the jewels of the crown, with other rich effects in her possession. She inquired if the monarch yet breathed, 'for know,' said she, 'so long as he shall retain the appearance of life, I neither fear my enemies, however powerful, nor will show any deference to their menaces or commands. Carry this answer to the queen.' The dutchess had borne to her lover no children. The Guises, after the death of the king, sacrificed Diana to make their court to the queen; while, abandoned by the flatterers and parasites who had surrounded her, the dutchess in her turn suffered humiliation. She retired from a situation where her power was extinguished, and her presence become odious, and passed the remainder of her life at the palace of Anet. Catherine, from respect to the memory of her husband, permitted her rival to retain the rich presents which his bounty had lavished upon her.

The maréchal de Tavannes, with a brutal and unmanly adulation, offered to the queen to cut off the nose of Diana; while the Guises, connected with her by marriage, and principally indebted to her for their elevation and favour, became her open enemies. The cardinal of Lorrain* would have been her

* One of the princes of the house of Guise.

bitterest persecutor, had he not been restrained by his brother, the duke of Aumale, who had married the daughter of the dutchess, and who reminded him, that he would by such conduct draw down infamy upon himself. The constable of Montmorenci alone remained faithful to her, and, from respect to the memory of the king his benefactor, withstood the enemies of his beloved mistress. Diana expressed her gratitude for the queen's forbearance, by presenting to her the palace of Chaumont sur Loire, and received from her in return the castle of Chenonceaux.

The last public act of the dutchess of Valentinois was the being recalled to court, by Catherine, to try her powers of persuasion upon Montmorenci, whom the queen was desirous of attaching to her party. Diana succeeded, and, after this proof of her influence over the constable, returned to Anet. She survived this event five years, and died in the sixty-seventh year of her age, April 26, 1566. Her body reposes under a marble mausoleum, in the centre of the choir of the great chapel of Anet, which she had herself erected.

Wraxall's History of the House of Valois—Bayle's Historical Dictionary—History of France.

PORCIA.

Porcia, the daughter of Cato of Utica, inherited the virtues and the magnanimity of her father. She strengthened her mind, and cultivated her understanding, by the study of philosophy. She married Bibulus, and, after his death, gave her hand to Brutus, of whom she was worthy, and to whom she proved her fidelity and courage. Having observed that her husband appeared to be meditating some important enterprise, she was solicitous to share in his glory, or in his cares, and to deserve his confidence, which she resolved not to ask till she had made trial of her own fortitude. With this view, she inflicted a deep wound on her thigh, the pain of which, added to the loss of blood, brought on a dangerous malady. She carefully concealed for some time the cause of her illness; till, observing her husband overwhelmed with grief and concern on her account, she seized this opportunity of addressing him. As the daughter of Cato, she told him, she had a claim

to expect, not merely the common courtesies and civilities of an ordinary wife or concubine, but to share in the thoughts and counsels, in the good and evil fortune, of her husband: and that, whatever weakness might be imputed to her sex, her birth, education, and honourable connexions, had strengthened her mind, and formed her to superior qualities. But, though the daughter of Cato, and the wife of Brutus, titles in which she gloried, she had not boasted of her fortitude, but upon trial, that had proved her invincible to pain and inconvenience. Having thus spoken, she discovered to Brutus her wound, and related the cause in which it had originated.

Brutus, affected, and struck with tenderness and admiration, raised his hands to heaven, and implored the gods to assist his enterprise, that he might live to prove himself worthy a wife like Porcia. He then imparted to her the project of freeing Rome, and restoring the republic, by the death of Julius Cæsar.

The courage which had sustained the daughter of Cato under her own sufferings, deserted her in the danger of her husband. On the day appointed for the assassination of Cæsar, Porcia, previous to its execution, sunk under the agitation of her spirits: she was seized with a succession of fainting fits, when her attendants, believing her dead, abandoned themselves to grief and lamentation. The rumour of her death reached Brutus, who, notwithstanding his grief and concern, shrunk not from the purpose he had undertaken. Cæsar fell, a victim to a virtuous, but mistaken patriotism: a combination of causes had conspired to the ruin of the republic, and to the subjugation of the Roman people, which the death of an individual was insufficient to counteract.

Brutus, perceiving he had failed in the end for which means so questionable had been adopted, resolved to leave Italy: passing by land through Lucania to Elea, by the seaside, he there took leave of his wife, it being judged necessary that she should return to Rome. The daughter of Cato, struggling with her feelings, assumed on this separation an appearance of firmness; but a picture which hung on the wall, representing the parting of Hector and Andromache, accidentally meeting her eyes, overcame her resolution. Gazing earnestly on the figure of Hector, delivering the young Astyanax into

the arms of his mother, she melted into tenderness and tears. A friend to Brutus, who was present on this occasion, repeated from Homer the address of the Trojan princess to her husband:

"Be careful, Hector, for with thee my *all*,
My father, mother, brother, husband, fall."

Brutus replied, smiling, 'I must not answer Porcia in the words of Hector to Andromache,

"Mind you your wheel, and to your maids give law."

For, if the weakness of her frame seconds not her mind, in courage, in activity, in concern for the cause of freedom, and for the welfare of her country, she is not inferior to any of us.'

When Porcia was informed that her husband had fallen by his own hand, she determined not to survive him. Being watched by her friends, who sought to prevent her fatal purpose, she snatched burning coals from the fire, and held them in her mouth till they produced suffocation.

Plutarch's Lives—Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

MODESTO POZZO.

Modesto Pozzo, born at Venice, 1555, and left early an orphan, was educated in the convent of St. Martha of Venice, where she studied Latin and poetical composition. She possessed extraordinary powers of memory, and was able to repeat literally the sermons on which she was obliged to attend. She married Philip de Georgiis, with whom she lived happily twenty years, and died in child-bed, 1592. She was the author of an Italian poem, entitled "*Floridoro;*" also of a poem upon the passion and resurrection of Christ. She published a prose composition, entitled "*De Merita delle Donne*," in which she contended for sexual equality. In her publications, she assumed the name of Moderata Fonte.* Her book On the Merit of Women appeared not till after her death. Her husband raised a monument to her memory, on which was engraven a Latin epitaph in her praise. N. di Lorzi, her daughter, wrote a preface to her works. A panegyric on her learning and talents is

* Moderata answers to Modesto, and Fonte to Pozzo.

inserted by Peter Paul Ribera, in his "Theatre of Learned Women." She is also mentioned by father Hilarion de Coste, in his "*Eloges des Dames Illustres.*"

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

PRAXILLA.

PRAXILLA, a Sycionian dithyrambic poetess, is said to have flourished in the 32d Olympiad; and is reckoned among the nine most celebrated lyrics. There is a work of hers entitled "*Metrum Praxilleum.*"

PROBA.

PROBA (Valeria Falconia), was the wife of Adelphus the Roman proconsul, in the reigns of Honorius and Theodosius, junior. She composed a Virgilian cento upon the Books of the Old and New Testament, which was printed at Frankfort, 1541. She also wrote an epitaph upon her husband.

Biographium Fœmineum.

RENATA,

DUTCHESS OF FERRARA.

RENATA, daughter of Lewis XII. and of Anne of Bretagne, was born at Blois, October 25, 1510. In 1513, she was engaged to Charles of Austria; and, in 1515, promised to Joachim marquis of Brandenburg; but, in 1527, she was married to Hercules d'Este, the second of that name, duke of Ferrara and of Modena. She is said to have possessed "a refined and delicate wit;" and to have acquired, without difficulty, the most abstruse sciences. M. Varillas declares, that she had great erudition, that she excelled in every branch of the mathematics, particularly in astronomy. Her person was somewhat deformed: but elegant manners, and a graceful and flowing eloquence, more than compensated for this disadvantage. She bore to her husband five beautiful children. She was no less distinguished for learning and talents, than for her virtues and attachment to the Reformation. It is said by Varillas, that Calvin was accessary to the conversion of this princess from the errors of the

church of Rome; but it is believed that Marot, who had before been a refugee in her court, had a still greater influence over her mind and principles. Resentment for the ill offices which her father had received from the papal court, might probably, as alleged by Brantome, lay the foundation for her abjuration of popery.

In the year 1559 she lost her husband, whose neglect and infidelities she had supported with exemplary mildness. In 1560 she left Italy, on the account of her religion, where she had been permitted, as a princess of the blood, to profess Huguenotism. She retired to her castle at Montargis, where she afforded protection and an asylum to the reformed, who flocked to her from all quarters.

The duke of Guise, who had married her daughter, Anne d'Este, sent John de Sourches Milicovne, with four troops of horse, in 1569,* who summoned her to deliver to him the chiefs of the factions, who had taken refuge at Montargis, threatening, in case of her refusal, to bring his cannon before the castle and take them by force. 'Take care what you do,' replied the spirited Renata, 'and learn that the king only hath a right to command me. Should you proceed to extremities, I will myself stand in the breach, and try if you will dare to murder the daughter of a king, whose death heaven and earth will avenge upon you, and upon your children.' Checked by her resolution, John de Sourches desisted from his purpose.

At the same time, it was represented to the dutchess, by the duke of Alençon, that her castle being a harbour for heretics, where plots against his majesty were daily devised, she must either send from her the Huguenot ministers, and forbear the exercise of their religion, or depart to some other abode. To this she answered, 'that she was too nearly related to the crown to treat it with disrespect; that the persons with her were a poor harmless people, who troubled not themselves with the affairs of the state; that she would not quit a place that belonged to her, and in which she was resolved to live and die, even in the exercise of that religion which the king had permitted her to profess.' She was, however, afterwards

* Some historians place this event in 1562; and others, in 1569, the actual departure of the protestants.

obliged, with whatever reluctance, to withdraw her protection from the fugitives; and, in dread of having an immediate garrison brought into the town, to send from her castle four hundred and sixty persons, two thirds of whom were women and children. She dismissed them with tears, in carts and travelling coaches, which she had provided for their accommodation. These poor people escaped with difficulty a stratagem planned to destroy them on the road.

The dutchess had always manifested a laudable desire to succour the distressed. In Ferrara, the subjects of her husband loved and praised her for her bounty and goodness. She displayed her tenderness and compassion more particularly towards her countrymen: every Frenchman, who in travelling through Ferrara was exposed to want or sickness, experienced her benevolence and liberality. After the return of the duke of Guise from Italy, she saved, as the army passed through Ferrara, more than ten thousand of the French from perishing by want and hardships. Her steward representing to her the enormous sums which her bounty thus expended; 'What,' replied she, 'would you have me do? These are my countrymen, who would have been my subjects, but for the vile Salic-law.'* During the civil wars in France, when retired into her city and castle of Montargis, she received and supported numbers of distressed persons, who had been driven from their homes and estates.

"I myself," says Brantome, "during the second period of these troubles, when the forces of Gascogne, consisting of eight thousand men, headed by Messrs. De Terrides and De Monsales, were marching towards the king, and passing by Montargis, stopped, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to her; I myself saw in her castle above three hundred protestants, who had fled thither from all parts of the country. An old steward, whom I had known at Ferrara and in France, protested to me, that she fed daily more than three hundred people, who had taken refuge with her."

It is also related by the same author, that when the prince of Condé was imprisoned at Orleans, during the early part of the reign of Francis, she came from Ferrara to court, to intercede for his release: she was, on this occasion, met by the

* Brantome.

king and his train, and received with honour and respect. She expressed to the duke of Guise, her son-in-law, in strong terms, her concern for the imprisonment of the prince; adding, 'that whoever had advised the young king to this measure was very reprehensible; that it was no small matter to treat in this manner a prince of the blood.' This incident is also mentioned by Thuanus. "Having come to Orleans," says he, speaking of this princess, "to compliment the king, after deploring the melancholy aspect of his affairs, she warmly reprimanded the duke of Guise, respecting the imprisonment of the prince of Condé; declaring, that had she arrived earlier she would have prevented it, and advising him for the future to use more moderation towards princes of the blood: she added, that this wound would not soon heal; and that few men had prospered, who, without provocation, offered violence to thos e allied to kings." Notwithstanding the interest she took in the prince of Condé, she afterwards broke with him, disapproving of the Huguenots taking up arms.

Henry II. and the duke of Ferrara had in vain used every method to engage the dutchess to relinquish the cause she had espoused, and to abjure the doctrines of the Reformers. She resisted with equal firmness their persuasions and menaces. A curious account has been published by M. Laboureur, respecting the commission given by Henry II. to Dr. Oriz, one of the pope's penitentiaries, whom he sent to Ferrara to convert the dutchess. He was ordered to inform her, 'that the king had, to his inexpressible sorrow, learned that she had suffered herself to be entangled in the labyrinth of those wicked and damnable opinions, which are repugnant to the holy faith. That, could he hear of her reconciliation with the church, and that she had returned to true obedience, it would afford him not less satisfaction and joy, than were he to see her raised from death to life. But that if, instead of treading in the footsteps of her progenitors, who by their exemplary zeal had protected the holy catholic faith, she still remained stubborn and obstinate, nothing could more offend and displease the king; who, in that case, would be obliged wholly to forget the respect and duties of a kinsman; as nothing was so odious to him as those reprobate sects,' of which he declared himself the mortal enemy. Should these remonstrances fail to produce

the desired effect, Dr. Oriz had orders to preach before the dutchess on polemical questions, which she and her household should be compelled to attend. Should the lady, after these methods had been pursued some days, still prove contumacious, the doctor was to declare, before the duke her husband, 'that it was the will of his majesty, that he should separate his dutchess from all company and conversation, by immuring her in some place at a distance from her children, from her friends, and those of her servants, of whatever nation, who were suspected of heresies and false doctrines. That such delinquents should be brought to justice, and, after sentence passed upon them, be delivered over to exemplary punishment.'

All these sagacious methods of convincing the judgments of the dutchess and her household proved abortive: she persevered in her heretical opinions; in consequence of which an alienation, for a period, ensued between her and the duke, who took from her the education of her children. Her daughter, Anne d'Este, notwithstanding these rigorous proceedings, betrayed a predilection for the new doctrines: her mother, who had caused her to be instructed in the sciences, had given her for the companion of her studies Olympia Fulvia Morata, a young woman of talents, who afterwards imbibed the Lutheran faith. John Sinapius, a man of eminence, was their tutor. The dutchess, in placing Olympia with her daughter, wished to inspire her with a generous emulation. This young woman lived several years at court greatly esteemed. From her conversation, Anne was led to exercise her understanding on theological subjects, and to sympathise with the new sect in their afflictions and persecutions.

Thuanus informs us, that Anne d'Este, wife to the duke of Guise, who from her infancy had, by her mother, been predisposed to the tenets of the Reformers, a disposition that had been strengthened by her intercourse with Olympia Morata, interceded, with tears, with Catherine of Medicis, in behalf of the oppressed Huguenots, while she entreated the queen, as she tendered the welfare of the king and kingdom, to divert his majesty from shedding innocent blood. Yet this princess, during the League, was zealous against the protestants; family interest, and the assassination of her husband, having combined to effect a change in her feelings.

The dutchess, her mother, Renata of Farrara, died at Montargis, June 12th, 1575, in the profession of the protestant faith.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

ANNE DE ROHAN.

ANNE, daughter of Renatus de Rohan, and of Catherine de Parthenai, heiress of the house of Soubise, and sister to the duke of Rohan, was not less distinguished for her virtues and talents than for her illustrious descent. She was the support of the reformed religion during the civil wars of Lewis XIII. in which period she sustained with heroic constancy the hardships of the siege of Rochelle; when the inhabitants lived three months on the flesh of horses, and four ounces of bread per day. Anne and her mother refused to be comprehended in the capitulation, choosing rather to remain prisoners of war. She was celebrated among her party for her piety and courage, and generally respected for her learning and capacity. She was also admired for her poetical talents; particularly for a poem written on the death of Henry IV. of France. She studied the Old Testament in the original language, and used in her devotions the Hebrew Psalms. She died unmarried, September 20, 1646, at Paris, in the sixty-second year of her age. The celebrated Anna Maria Shurman addressed some letters to this lady, which are in the collection of her works.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

MARIE ELEONORE DE ROHAN.

THIS lady, celebrated for her piety and her talents, was the daughter of Hercule de Rohan-Guémené duke de Montbazon. She was born in 1628, and educated in a convent, where she contracted a predilection for the monastic life. Of high birth and fortunes, beautiful and accomplished, the young Eléonore, at the age of eighteen, withstood the solicitations of her friends, the tears of her father, and the allurements of the world, to devote herself to a studious and secluded life. She was professed in the benedictine convent at Montargis, where, by her virtues, the sweetness of her manners, her genius, and her talents, she extorted the respect and affection of the community. She was soon after named abbess La Trinité de Caen. This dignity her humility led her to decline, till compelled to accept it by the entreaties of the superiors of the convent. Without ambition, she fulfilled the duties of her charge with gentleness, propriety, and wisdom. Her heart was tender, susceptible, and kind; her tem-

per sweet and modest; her mind elevated, sublime, and firm, of which she gave singular proofs in maintaining the rights and privileges of the abbey.

The air of the sea, near which the convent was situated, being unfavourable to her health, she became languid and weak: her physicians declared that a change of air only could restore her. On this occasion she was with difficulty prevailed upon to exchange her abbey for that of Malnoue, near Paris. Her distress on her separation from her charge, to whom she was affectionately attached, was affecting and extreme. Incapable of speaking, she embraced them with tenderness, and bedewed them with her tears. Attestations of the piety and virtue of our amiable enthusiast were sent to Rome, where a declaration was made by the pope of his intention to canonise so young and so exemplary an abbess.

In 1669, madame de Rohan was solicited by the religious of the Benedictines *de Notre Dame de Consolation du Chasse-midi*, to take upon her the government of their community; to which request, without neglecting the management of De Malnoue, she was induced to consent. In the intervals of her duties, she exercised her talents, and applied herself to study. She composed, under the title of "*Morale de Salomon*," a Paraphrase on the Proverbs, a Discourse on Wisdom, and various other tracts, in which proofs were manifested of a superior understanding. It was said of this lady, "*que le sang des rois avoit trouvé en elle une ame royale.*" To the modesty and softness of her own sex, she united the wisdom and learning of the other. She died 1681, in the convent Du Chasse-Midi, generally beloved, and sincerely regretted.

Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France.—Dictionnaire Historique des Femme Célébrées.

MARGARET ROPER.

In favour of the liberal cultivation of the minds of women, it may be observed, that at no period of English history does there appear to have been greater attention paid to the culture of the female mind, than during the age of Elizabeth; and at no time has there existed a greater number of amiable and respectable women. Even the domestic affections and appropriate virtues of the sex, modesty, prudence, and conjugal fidelity, far from

being superseded by study and the liberal sciences, are, on the contrary, both strengthened and embellished. The habits of reflection and retirement which grow out of the exercise of the understanding, are equally favourable to virtue and to the cultivation of the heart. While the mind, by seeking resources in itself, acquires a character of dignity and independence, a sentiment of grandeur and generosity is communicated to its affections and sympathies. Dissipation and frivolous pursuits, by enfeebling the understanding, have a tendency to harden and to narrow the heart. If the concentrated passions of stronger minds, and these examples among women are rare, have sometimes been productive of fatal effects, an impressive and affecting lesson, as in the sublimer devastations of nature, may be derived even from their failures. But the being restless in the pursuit of novelty, irritable, dependent, unstable, and vain, who lives only to be amused, become necessarily selfish and worthless, the contempt and burden of society, the reproach of one sex and the scorn of the other. Among women distinguished for their virtues and acquirements, in the sixteenth century, the three daughters of sir Thomas More hold an elevated rank.

Margaret, eldest daughter of sir Thomas More, lord high chancellor of England, and of Jane, daughter of Mr. John Colte of Newhall, Essex, was born in London, in the year 1508. She received, in the fashion of the times, a learned education, while men of the first literary reputation were procured by her father for her preceptors. The following interesting and patriarchal description of the family of the chancellor, is given by Erasmus. "More," says he, in a letter to a friend, "has built, near London, on the banks of the Thames (Chelsea,) a commodious house, where he converses affably with his family, consisting of his wife, his son and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is no man living so fond of his children, or who possesses a more excellent temper. You would call his house the academy of Plato. But I should do it an injury by such a comparison: it is rather a school of christian goodness; in which piety, virtue, and the liberal sciences, are studied by every individual of the family. No wrangling, or intemperate language, is ever heard; no one is idle; the discipline of the household is courtesy and benevolence. Every one performs his duty with cheerfulness and alacrity, &c." What a

charming picture, contrasted with modern seminaries of vanity and dissipation!

Margaret the eldest daughter of this amiable family, was more peculiarly distinguished for her talents and genius. Dr. Clement, and Mr. William Gonell, who ranked with the most celebrated linguists of the age, were her tutors in the languages: from Mr. Drue, Mr. Nicolas, and Mr. Richard Hart, she acquired a knowledge of the arts and sciences. Under the care of these gentlemen, she became mistress of the Greek and Latin; and made considerable progress in astronomy, philosophy, physics, logic, rhetoric, music, and arithmetic. Sir Thomas, to whom all his children were dear, regarded his eldest daughter, in whose attainments and powers he felt a laudable pride, with peculiar tenderness. She is said to have written a pure and elegant Latin style: her father delighted in holding with her an epistolary correspondence: some of her letters, which he communicated in confidence to persons of the most distinguished abilities and learning, received high and just praise. The erudition and talents of these admirable sisters were celebrated, in a Latin epigram, by Mr. John Leland the antiquarian poet. The affection of the chancellor for his daughter Margaret, is particularly mentioned in Mr. More's Life of sir Thomas, and in Lewis's edition of the same Life, by Roper.

During the extraordinary malady called the sweating-sickness, which commenced in the army of Henry VII. 1483, and, spreading its contagious influence to London, appeared again at intervals, five times, till 1528, Margaret was seized with this disorder: her father, while her recovery was doubtful, abandoned himself to the most violent sorrow; and protested, on her restoration to health, that had the malady proved fatal, it was his determination to have resigned all business, and for ever to have abjured the world.

In 1528, in the twentieth year of her age, Margaret gave her hand to William Roper, esq. of Well-hall, Eltham in Kent, a man of talents and learning, amiable, and accomplished, whose congenial qualities had united him with the family of the chancellor, by the most cordial and indissoluble ties. The young couple continued to live at Chelsea, with the family, till its worthy head, after being taken into custody, was confined in the Tower. Two sons and three daughters were the fruit of this marriage,

whose education was superintended by their mother with the most assiduous care. Drs. Cole and Christopherson, afterwards bishop of Chichester, men eminent for their skill as Grecians, were procured by Mrs. Roper, as preceptors to her children. This lady corresponded, and was personally acquainted, with Erasmus, the restorer of learning, by whom she was styled, *Britanniæ decus*, and in whose estimation she held a high place. Sir Thomas having presented to Erasmus a valuable picture, drawn by Hans Holbein, in which he was himself represented, surrounded by his children, Erasmus returned his acknowledgments in a Latin epistle, which he addressed to Margaret. In his letter he expresses the pleasure he felt in receiving a representation of a family which he so truly respected; and more especially that of a lady, whose resemblance could not be beheld without being reminded of her excellent and admirable qualities. Margaret replied to this compliment in an elegant Latin epistle; in which, after expressing her pleasure in the satisfaction the picture had afforded to her learned friend, she acknowledges him as an instructor to whom she should ever feel herself grateful.

At different periods, Erasmus addressed himself also to her sisters, Elizabeth and Cecilia; but Margaret, to whom he dedicated some hymns of Prudentius, appears to have been his favourite. Having, in the early part of her life, applied herself to the languages, she now prosecuted, with no less assiduity, the study of philosophy, of the sciences, of physics, and of theology. The two latter branches of knowledge were more particularly recommended to her by her father. Till this period, her life glided on serenely, a calm unruffled stream, in the acquisition of science, and in the bosom of her family. It became now agitated and perturbed, by the tragical fate of her beloved and invaluable father.

The chancellor, having disapproved the conduct of Henry VIII. in the business of his divorce from Catherine, his first wife, thought proper to resign the seals, and incurred, by this measure, the displeasure of a capricious tyrant. Sir Thomas, living under the same roof and in the midst of his family, the expenses of which he had hitherto defrayed from his revenue, knew not how, on the resignation of his office, to support the idea of a separation from them. Having assembled his children together, he advised with them respecting the measures which

it would be necessary to pursue: and, while they listened to him in mournful and respectful silence, thus addressed them: "I have been brought up at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's inn, and in the king's court, from the lowest degree to the highest; and yet have I, in yearly revenues, at this present time, little left me above one hundred pounds a-year. If therefore we continue to live together, we must all become contributors. But my counsel is, that we descend not to the lowest fare first: we will not yet comply with Oxford fare, nor that of New-inn; but we will begin with Lincoln's-inn diet, where many persons of distinction live very agreeably. And, should we find ourselves incapacitated from living thus the first year, we will, the next, conform ourselves to that of Oxford. Should our purses not even allow us that, we may afterwards, with bag and wallet, go and beg together, hoping, that, for pity, some good people will give us their charity; and, at every man's door, we will sing a *salve regnia*, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together." This excellent family was soon after dispersed; but Margaret and her husband still continued to reside near their father.

Sir Thomas refusing to take the oath of supremacy, the prospect now became darker; he was committed to the custody of the abbot of Westminster, whence, continuing inflexible, he was removed to the Tower. Overwhelmed with grief, his daughter was, through incessant importunity, at length allowed to visit him: admitted to his presence, she left no argument, expostulation, or intreaty unessayed, to induce him to relent from his purpose. But her eloquence, her tenderness, and her tears, proved alike ineffectual; the principles and constancy of this great, but unfortunate man, were not to be shaken. Margaret, less tenacious, or less bigotted, had herself taken the oath, with the following reservation—"*As far as would stand with the law of God.*"

The family, on this affecting occasion, seem again, from a letter addressed by Mrs. Roper to her father, to have assembled at Chelsea. "What think you, my most dear father," says she, "doth comfort us, in this your absence, at Chelsea? Surely, the remembrances of your manner of life passed among us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsels, your examples of virtue; of which there is hope, that they do not only persevere

with you, but that they are, by God's grace, much more increased." During the imprisonment of sir Thomas, a frequent intercourse of letters passed between him and this beloved daughter; and, when deprived of pen and ink, he contrived to write to her with a coal. These letters are of an affectiug nature and are printed at the conclusion of the works of sir Thomas More, published by his nephew, Mr. Rastell: many of them are also reprinted by the last editor of the Life of sir Thomas, Mr. Roper, 1731.

It is related by Dr. Knight, in his life of Erasmus, that sentence having been passed on the chancellor, his daughter, as he was returning towards the Tower, rushing through the populace and guards, threw herself upon his neck, and, without speaking, in a stupor of despair, strained him closely in her arms. Even the guards, at this affecting scene, melted into compassion, while the fortitude of the illustrious prisoner nearly yielded. 'My dear Margaret,' said he, 'submit with patience, grieve no longer for me, it is the will of God, and must be borne.' Tenderly embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. He had not proceeded many paces, when she again rushed towards him; again, in a paroxysm of sorrow more eloquent than words, threw herself on his bosom. Tears flowed down the venerable cheeks of sir Thomas, while he gazed on her with tender earnestness; yet his heroic purpose continued unmoved. Having intreated her prayers for him, he bade her affectionately farewel, while every spectator dissolved in tender sympathy.

The cares of Margaret extended to the lifeless remains of her beloved parent: by her interests and exertions, his body was, after his execution, interred in the chapel of St. Peter's *ad vincula*, within the precincts of the Tower; and was afterwards removed, according to the appointment of sir Thomas during his life, to the chancel of the church at Chelsea. His head, having remained fourteen days exposed upon London bridge, in conformity to his sentence, was about to be cast into the Thames, when it was purchased by his daughter. Being, on this occasion, inhumanly summoned before the council, she firmly avowed and justified her conduct. This boldness did not escape the vengeance of the king; she was committed to prison; whence, after a short restraint, and vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces, she was liberated, and restored to her husband and family.

The remainder of her life was passed in domestic retirement,

in the bosom of her family, and in the education of her children. She is described by Mr. More, in his Life of sir Thomas, as a woman of singular powers and endowments, and as chosen by her father, for her sagacity and prudence, as his friend and confidant. She corrected, by her own discernment, without the assistance of any manuscript, a corruption in St. Cyprian, restoring *nervos severitatis*, for *nivi vos severitatis*, as testified by Pamelion and John Coster. She composed many Latin epistles, poems, and orations, which were dispersed among the learned of her acquaintance. She wrote, in reply to Quintilian, an oration, in defence of the rich man, whom he accuses of having poisoned, with certain venemous flowers in his garden, the poor man's bees. This performance is said to have rivalled in eloquence the production to which it was in answer. Two declamations were likewise written by her, and translated both by herself and her father, with equal spirit and eloquence, into Latin. She also composed a treatise, "*Of the four last Things*," with so much justness of thought, and strong reasoning, as obliged sir Thomas to confess its superiority to a discourse in which he was himself employed on the same subject, and which, it is supposed, on that account, he never concluded. The ecclesiastical history of Eusebius was translated by this lady from the Greek into Latin: its publication was superseded by that of bishop Christopherson, a celebrated Grecian of that period. This labour of learning was afterwards translated from the Latin into English by Mary, the daughter of Margaret Roper, who inherited the talents of her mother.

Mrs. Roper, whose learning and genius procured her the respect and admiration of the most distinguished characters of her country, and of the age in which she lived, survived her father only nine years: she had been a wife sixteen years, and died in 1544, in her thirty-sixth year. In compliance with her desire, the head of her father was interred with her; in her arms, as related by some; or, according to others, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon her coffin. She was buried in St. Dunstan's church, in the city of Canterbury, in a vault under a chapel joining to the chancel, the burying-place of the Roper family.

Her husband remained a widower thirty-three years after his irreparable loss; when he expired January 4th, 1577, and was interred with his beloved wife.

The following is a translation of a Latin inscription to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Roper.

"Her lieth interred William Roper, esq. a venerable and worthy man, the son and successor of the late John Roper, esq. Also, Margaret his wife (daughter of sir Thomas More, knight, once high-chancellor of England,) a woman excellently well skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues. The above-mentioned William Roper succeeded his father, John Roper, in the office of prothonotary of the high court of King's-bench; and, after having discharged the duties of it faithfully fifty-four years, he left it to his son Thomas. The said William Roper was liberal both in his domestic and public conduct. Kind and compassionate in his temper, the support of the prisoner, the poor, and the oppressed. He had issue by Margaret, his only wife, two sons and three daughters, whose children and grandchildren he lived to see. He lost his wife in the bloom of his years, and lived a widower thirty-three years. At length (his days being fulfilled in peace) he died, lamented by all, in a good old age, on the 4th day of January, in the year of our redemption 1557, and of his age eigthy-two."

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

MARY ROPER.

MARY, youngest daughter of Margaret Roper, and granddaughter of sir Thomas More, was educated by her mother, whose talents she emulated. Under the tuition of doctors Cole and Christopherson, and Mr. John Morwen, a celebrated Grecian, she became mistress of the Greek and Latin languages, in which she composed orations highly commended by Mr. Morwen, and translated by him into English. She translated into English her mother's Latin version of Eusebius's Church History, which she dedicated to queen Mary. She also translated a part of sir Thomas More's Latin exposition of the passion of Jesus Christ, imitating the style of her grandfather so successfully, that her production has been mistaken for an original. Mr. Roger Ascham styles this lady an ornament of the court and of her sex. She was one of the ladies of the queen's privy-chamber. She was twice married; first to Mr. Stephen Clarke, and, after his decease, to Mr. James Basset.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum.

MADAME ROLAND.

It is a task not less painful than difficult to *abridge* the memoirs of this admirable woman, the heroine of the French revolution, and the martyr of liberty, to rob them of those graces, that spirit and interest, that glow through every page, and awaken in the heart of the reader the most affecting and elevated sentiments.

Born in an obscure station, the daughter of Gatien Phlipon, an artist, and of Margaret Bimont, his wife, madame Roland passed her youth in the bosom of retirement, occupied in acquiring those virtues and talents by which she became afterwards so eminently distinguished. M. Phlipon was, by profession, an engraver; he also practised painting and enamelling, but the heat which the latter required, proving prejudicial to his sight, he determined to relinquish it, and to confine himself wholly to the art of engraving, in which he employed, in an extensive business, a considerable number of workmen. By the desire of making a rapid fortune, he was also induced to enter into trade; to purchase diamonds and other jewels, for the purpose of acquiring a profit by their sale. Active and vain, but without erudition, he possessed that degree of taste and superficial knowledge which an employment connected with the arts seldom fails to inspire, and which led him to court the acquaintance of professional men. While his ambition, kept within limits, had not yet injured his circumstances, he led a temperate, regular life, and piqued himself on his honour and commercial punctuality.

His wife, with a small fortune, brought him a charming figure, and a "celestial mind."* The eldest of six children, to whom she had been a second mother, she resigned, at six-and-twenty, her place to her sister, and married M. Phlipon, whom her parents presented to her as an honest man, whose talents ensured her subsistence, and whom her reason, rather than her heart, accepted. "It is a proof of wisdom," observes madame Roland, "to be able to contract our desires: enjoyments are more rare than is imagined; but virtue is never without its consolation."

Madame Roland was the second of seven children, and the

* The language of madame Roland will be adopted in this memoir whenever it is practicable.

only one who survived: her mother frequently remarked, with pleasure, that, of all her children, she alone had never caused her sorrow or regret: her pregnancy and her delivery of this beloved daughter had been equally happy; and had even appeared to contribute towards the re-establishment of her health. The nurse selected by madame Besnard, an aunt of M. Phlipon's, in the neighbourhood of Arpajon, to take the charge of the infant, was a healthy and well-disposed woman, much esteemed for the propriety of her conduct in an unhappy marriage with a man of brutal temper. Madame Besnard had no children; her husband stood godfather to their little niece, whom they both loved as a daughter, with constant and invariable affection. Their kindness recompensed the vigilance of the nurse, whose zeal and success procured for her the friendship of the whole family of her charge. Madame Roland preserved through life an affectionate intercourse with her foster-mother, to whose simple and tender tales, of the little incidents and frolics of her infancy, she never failed to listen with patience and pleasure. This good woman never suffered two years to elapse without taking a journey to Paris to visit her foster-child.

The little *Manon*, for so was she called, was brought home to her father's at two years of age, a lively little brunette, with dark hair falling in graceful ringlets over an animated and glowing face. The prudence and fine qualities of madame Phlipon soon gave her an ascendency over the mild and affectionate temper of *Manon*, whom it was never found necessary to punish, otherwise than by gravely applying to her the title of *mademoiselle*, which was substituted by her mother, with heart-rending dignity, for kinder and more familiar appellations. Lively without being turbulent, and of a reflective temper, *Manon* desired only to be employed, while she quickly seized every idea that was presented to her. "This disposition," says madame Roland, "was turned to so good an account, that I never remember having been taught to read." "At four years old the business was in a manner completed; all that was necessary in future was only to supply me with books, which, whenever they were put into my hands, were sure to engross all my attention, which nothing but a nosegay could divert." "Under the tranquil shelter of my paternal roof, I was happy, from my infancy, with flowers and books. In the narrow confines of a prison, amidst

chains, imposed by the most shocking tyranny, I forget the injustice of men, their follies, and my own misfortunes, with books and flowers."

The parents of mademoiselle Phlipon availed themselves of her studious turn, to put into her hands the catechisms, with the Old and New Testaments; while she learned with facility every thing which was taught her. Guibol, a painter, whose panegyric on Poussin obtained the prize from the academy at Rouen, frequently visited at M. Phlipon's, where he delighted in amusing the little *Manon* with extravagant and marvellous tales. "I think I see him now," says she, "with a figure bordering on the grotesque, sitting in an armed chair, taking me between his knees, and making me repeat the creed of St. Athanasius: then rewarding my compliance with the story of *Tanger;* whose nose was so long, that he was obliged, when walking, to twist it round his arm."

At seven years of age *Manon* was sent to the parish church to attend *catechism*, in order to prepare her for *confirmation.* The children, on this occasion, repeated, as their weekly task, the epistle and gospel, a portion of the catechism, and the collect for the day. A young priest gave them instructions, and explained to them the questions necessary to the subject. The pastors were also sometimes seen among their youthful flock, whom they interrogated respecting the progress they had made. Mr. Garet, the rector of the parish, accosted *Manon* on one of these days, in order to sound the depth of her erudition, and to display, at the same time, his own sagacity. 'How many orders of spirits are their,' inquired he, with an ironical tone and air, 'in the celestial hierarchy?' 'Though many,' replied the little theologist, with a smile, 'are enumerated in the preface to the Missal, I have found, from other books, that there are only nine—*angels*, *archangels*, *thrones*, *dominions*,' &c. She went on, marshalling the spirits in their proper order, and establishing her reputation, as a chosen vessel, among all the devout matrons in the neighbourhood.

Possibly the good sense of madame Phlipon might have operated against these public exhibitions, and lessons of vanity and superstition, had not these ceremonies been committed to the care of her younger brother, an ecclesiastic belonging to the parish, who found, in the presence of his niece, a stimulus to

persons, above the inferior ranks, who, by this example, were induced to send their children also. The capacity of mademoiselle Phlipon, and even the neatness and elegance of her appearance, were additional sources of gratification to the pride of her indulgent parents. At the distribution of prizes, at the end of the year, mademoiselle Phlipon appeared without a competitor; her uncle was congratulated on the talents of his niece, and obtained, through her means, greater notice and distinction. The eagerness of *Manon* to learn, suggested to her uncle the idea of teaching her Latin; while, delighted with a new study, she received his instructions with ardour. At home, masters for geography, for writing, for music, for dancing, were provided for her: she received from her father also lessons in drawing. Amidst these various occupations she still found time for her lessons and her books: rising at five in the morning, when a profound repose reigned throughout the house, she was accustomed to steal softly, regardless of stockings or shoes, with a night-gown thrown over her, to the chamber of her mother, in a corner of which, on a table, her books were deposited. In this situation she either read or repeated and copied her lessons, with an assiduity that surprised her teachers. Her diligence and rapid progress rendered her the favourite of her masters; while the interest and pleasure they felt in assisting her, redoubled her industry and attention. Her tutors, at length, flattered by the capacity of their scholar, universally agreed, that their instructions were no longer necessary, and that they ought not to be paid, though they should gladly continue to visit at the house, to converse with their pupil, and, as friends, to behold her progress.

The influence of M. Phlipon, over the education of his daughter, was fortunately but slight, as that little was calculated to do mischief. *Manon* was somewhat obstinate, or rather she did not readily submit to authority or caprice, when her judgment resisted its dictates. Her mother, who had studied a temper, which doubtless she had contributed to form, governed her by reason, or drew her by the chords of affection; nor did she often experience opposition to her will. Her father, who issued his mandates in a higher tone, found them sometimes disputed, and seldom obeyed without reluctance. If, on these occasions, he attempted force, the affectionate and gentle *Manon* was converted into a lion. More than once, during the operation of a whipping,

she bit the thigh across which she was laid, protesting, with violence, against a chastisement so degrading. One day, being a little indisposed, it was thought proper she should take medicine. The draught was accordingly presented, and, from its nauseous scent, rejected with abhorrence: madame Phlipon tried to overcome the repugnance of her daughter, and, by her expostulations, inspired her with the desire of obedience. But, her senses still revolting, the effort proved vain. M. Phlipon, on hearing what had passed, put himself in a rage, and, ascribing to stubbornness the resistance offered to the medicine, had once more recourse to his remedy of the rod. The resolution of *Manon* was, from that instant, taken; she determined against a compliance that was to be thus extorted. A violent struggle ensued, followed by new menaces and a second whipping. The mischief was increased: *Manon*, more indignant and more resolved, uttered terrible shrieks, and, raising her eyes to heaven, prepared to throw from her the bitter potion. Her gestures indicated her design, and her father in a transport of fury, threatened a third flagellation. All at once her tears ceased to flow, she sobbed no longer, her passions were concentrated in a single resolution. Fortitude was developed by the extremity of injustice. Turning to the bed-side, and leaning her head against the wall, she presented herself to the rod in silence and meek determination. "My father," said she, "might have killed me on the spot, but he would not have drawn from me a single sigh." Her mother, dreadfully agitated by the scene, at length drew her husband from the room, and, without uttering a word, put to bed the refractory daughter, and left her to repose. Having returned at the end of two hours she conjured her, while her eyes were filled with tears, to comply with their wishes. *Manon*, looking steadfastly in the face of her mother, made an extraordinary effort, and swallowed the medicine at a draught. In a quarter of an hour it was, however, thrown back; a violent paroxysm of fever ensued, for the cure of which it was necessary to have recourse to other means. Mademoiselle Phlipon was, at this time, but little more than six years of age. After relating this anecdote, she thus observes: "I experienced the same inflexible firmness that I have since felt on great and trying occasions; nor would it at this moment cost me more to ascend undauntedly the scaffold, than it then did to resign myself to brutal treatment, which

might have killed, but could not conquer me." This anecdote is related at large, as an affecting lesson to parents and tutors.

The conduct of his daughter seemed to have produced on M. Phlipon its proper effect. From that instant she never received another blow, nor did he even undertake to control her: on the contrary he caressed her frequently; taught her to draw; took her out to walk; and treated her with a kindness that ensured her respect and submission. The seventh anniversary of her birth was celebrated as the attainment of the age of reason; when it was intimated to her, that she was expected to follow its dictates. This politic compliment, without increasing her vanity, gave her confidence in herself. The discretion of children is increased by an obligation to its early exercise.

Her days now glided on in domestic peace and mental activity. Her mother, almost always at home, received but little company. Two days however were appropriated to going abroad: one to visit the relations of her father; and the other, which was Sunday, to go to church, to take a walk, and to see her maternal grandmother, who, from an attack of the palsy, had gradually declined into a state of dotage. This, to the lively spirits of *Manon*, was rather a painful task: no books were to be found at her grandmother's, or none but the Psalter; which, for want of other amusement, she used to read over twenty times in French, and chant the Latin. When she was gay the old lady would weep, and laugh if she happened to get a blow or a fall. This, though told it was the effect of disease, did not please *Manon*: she could have borne with the laughter of her grandmother; but her grievous and imbecile cries rent her heart, and inspired her with terror. Madame Phlipon, who considered these visits as an indispensable though a painful duty, refused to yield to the weariness and disgust of her daughter, whom she laboured to convince of the propriety of her conduct. "I know not how she managed it," says this daughter, "but my *heart* received her lessons with emotion." Happy, thrice happy and respectable mother! When her uncle Bimont (the young ecclesiastic) met *Manon* at his mother's, her joy was inexpressible: with him she danced, sung, played, and romped.

The studies which occupied her time rendered the days short: she soon exhausted, with the elementary books, the little family library. When new books were not to be procured, the

old ones were devoured again and again. Two folio Lives of the Saints, a Bible, in an old version of the same size, a translation of Appian's Civil Wars, and a description of Turkey, written in a wretched style, were thus read. Also the comical romances of Scarron, a collection of pretended *bon mots* (which however were perused but once), the Memoirs of the brave De Pontis (a great favourite), those of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, whose pride did not displease the young lady, with several other antiquated works. In her passion for knowledge, she picked up a treatise on heraldry, which she instantly began to study; its little figures and coloured plates having excited and amused her curiosity. Her father was, soon after, astonished on her giving him a specimen of her science, in some remarks on a seal not engraven according to the rules of art. She became afterwards, on this occasion, his oracle, nor did she ever mislead him. A treatise on contracts fell into her hands, which she likewise endeavoured to understand, but, from weariness, soon resigned her purpose. The Bible, of which she frequently returned to the perusal, had, for her, peculiar attractions: if, by the simplicity of its language, it gave her on some subjects premature information, it at least exercised her thoughts, without seducing her imagination. In searching the house for books, she at length discovered a new and unforseen supply. The work-shop of her father joined to the room in which she sat with her mother: in this apartment, which was handsome and neatly furnished, she was accustomed to receive her lessons. A recess, on one side the fire-place, was converted into a light closet, in which stood a bed, a chair, a small table, and a few shelves. This was the sanctuary of *Manon*. In an evening, or at hours when the workmen were absent, she used to steal into the shop, where the different instruments of her father's art, and various pieces of sculpture, were deposited. One day she remarked there a recess, in which one of the young men kept his books. Volume by volume was carried off by *Manon* to her little closet, eagerly read, and again, in silence, deposited in its place. Fortunately these books were inoffensive, and generally well chosen. Madame Phlipon had made the same discovery; and *Manon* one day recognised in the hands of her mother a book which had previously passed through her own. No longer considering herself as under any restraint, she felt emancipated by this example from all future compunction. The young man took

notice of the occasional disappearance of his books; all parties seemed agreed by a tacit convention. In this way *Manon* perused many volumes of travels, of which she became passionately fond; and also some plays of second rate authors, and the Plutarch of Dacier. This last work proved more to her taste than any thing she had yet read, without excepting even pathetic histories, with which however she was greatly affected. "Plutarch," says she in her Memoirs, "was the intellectual food that exactly suited me. Never shall I forget the Lent of 1763, at which time I was nine years of age: I carried Plutarch with me to church, instead of the Exercises of the Holy Week. It is from that period that I may date the impressions and ideas which, without my dreaming of ever becoming one, made me a republican." Telemachus, and the Jerusalem Delivered, impeded for a time the current of these sublime impressions, by a majesty of a different kind: the tender Fenelon touched her heart; while Tasso fired her imagination. Sometimes, at the request of her mother, she read aloud; but this, by diverting her from that close attention in which she delighted to indulge, proved irksome. "Rather," says she, "would I have plucked out my tongue, than have so read the episodes of the island of Calypso, and a number of passages in Tasso. With Telemachus I was Eucharis, and with Tancred, Erminia. Completely metamorphosed into these heroines, I thought not as yet of being, with some other personages, something myself. None of my reflections came home to me. I was the very identical characters, and saw only, on their account, the objects which existed."

A young painter, notwithstanding, named *Taberal*, with a soft voice, languishing features, and a fine complexion, who came about this period occasionally to the house of M. Phlipon, seems to have called, in some degree, the contemplation of his daughter from fictitious heroes: but this emotion, neither strengthened by indolence, nor improper society, was transient and fleeting.

The powerful impression produced on the mind of mademoiselle Phlipon by the works enumerated, were soon after diverted by different productions, among which may be named the writings of Voltaire. Employed one day in perusing Candide, a lady who had just laid down her cards, with which she had been playing in the same room, desired to see the

book which engaged the attention of her young friend. On the return of madame Phlipon, who had quitted the apartment, she expressed her surprise at the subject of her daughter's studies. *Manon* was ordered by her mother, who to the observation of her visitor had made no reply, to replace the book where she had found it. From that day forward never was the officious lady favoured with one smile from our little student. The conduct of madame Phlipon was unaltered by this incident: her daughter was allowed to read all the books which came in her way, not without the knowledge, but without the interference, of her mother. No mischief appears to have ensued from this privilege; *Manon* read no immoral publications, which were probably withheld from her; but the taste which she acquired from intellectual improvement superseded the necessity of any particular watchfulness.

Her father also, perceiving her love of letters, presented her with books; of which, piquing himself on confirming the serious habits of her mind, his choice was curious: Fenelon on the education of females, and Locke on that of children in general, were put into the hands of a student who was herself a child. But this incongruity was not without its benefits. "I loved to reflect," says this truly admirable woman: "I seriously desired to improve myself: I studied the movements of my mind: I felt that I had a destination which it was requisite I should enable myself to fulfil. Religious notions began to ferment in my brain, and soon produced a violent explosion."

The progress of mademoiselle Phlipon in the Latin seems not to have been very great; "her little uncle," as she was accustomed to call the abbé Bimonte, young, indolent, and sprightly, took more pleasure in prattling and sporting with his niece, than in teaching her to decline nouns, and conjugate verbs: she however acquired sufficient Latin to chant and understand the psalms, and to give her facility in the study of language: a few years after she learned the Italian, without a master, and with little difficulty. In drawing, her father rather amused himself with her aptitude, than cultivated her talent in the art, in which her mother, from prudential motives, was not desirous that she should excel. "I would not have her become a painter," said she; "it would require an intercom-

tunity of studies and connexions, that we can well dispense with." She also was taught to hold the graver, of which she soon overcame the first difficulties. Her drawings and engravings served for little presents to her relations on the anniversary of their birth-days, kept with great solemnity.

Little *Manon* was fond of dress, and her mother, though plain in her own attire, took pleasure in adorning her daughter, whom she clothed with a degree of richness and elegance not perfectly suited to her condition. On a Sunday this finery was exhibited in the *Thuilleries*, where the *bourgeoise* of Paris were accustomed to parade; and, on other occasions, at festivals and family visits. The vanity of youth is content with simple gratifications. Contrasted with these exhibitions, the young lady, so elegant on a Sunday, at church, and in the public walks, with a demeanor and language suited to her appearance, would, nevertheless, during the week, attend her mother to market in a linen frock; or step out alone to purchase any little article that had been omitted or forgotten. This contrast was yet farther extended: the child who was set to study science and systems; who could explain the circles of the spheres, and enumerate the celestial hierarchy; who handled the crayon and the graver; and who, at eight years of age, was the best dancer in the youthful parties that met on extraordinary occasions; this child, so intelligent and accomplished, knew how, in the kitchen, to make an omelet, to pick the herbs, or skim the pot. Happy simplicity! in which the useful, the ornamental, the gay, and the serious, so delightfully blend. "It was this mixture of occupation," says madame Roland, "properly ordered, and rendered agreeable by my mother's good management, that made me fit for every thing, that seemed to forbode the vicissitudes of my fortune, and enabled me to support them."

Madame Phlipon, who was serious without bigotry, who conformed to the rules of the church, and endeavoured to believe, did not neglect to present to her daughter religious considerations, which were received with respect and attention. "These notions," says madame Roland, "were of a nature calculated to impress a lively imagination, notwithstanding the doubts suggested by my infant reason, which regarded with surprise the transformation of the Devil into a serpent, and

thought it cruel in God to permit it." Having received confirmation with the temper of a mind that reflects on its duties, *Manon* prepared herself, with real awe and sacred terror, to receive her first communion. Being well read in books of devotion, her thoughts were wholly occupied with the importance of a future state, unalterable and eternal. The age of sentiment was by religious fervors prematurely brought forward; an extraordinary revolution agitated her feelings, and introduced into her mind a timid scrupulosity. Watching over her thoughts, lest any profane image should introduce itself, these solicitudes were also extended to her studies: for the rational desire of acquiring knowledge was substituted the feelings of a devotee.

But a life which became every day more strict and retired, appeared yet too worldly for the first ardours of a young enthusiast, who had acquired a taste for divine communications, who passed her hours in perusing the lives of the saints, and the explanation of the church ceremonies, with all their mystic signification; and who unfeignedly regretted, that the persecuting fury of pagans no longer conferred the crown of martyrdom on heroic christians. After profound meditation, *Manon* began to think seriously of embracing a new vocation: the idea of parting with her mother had, till this period, never failed to overwhelm with affliction her affectionate and susceptible mind; but now the silence and solitude of a cloister presented a grand and romantic image of sacrifice and seclusion, which seized on her imagination, and captivated her senses. In this disposition of mind, one evening after supper, falling at the feet of her parents, she shed in silence a torrent of tears. Alarmed at this sudden emotion, they earnestly entreated her to explain the cause of her distress; when, in a voice interrupted with sobs, she implored them to send her to a convent; a measure which, however painful to her feelings, her conscience irresistibly demanded. Her excellent mother, much affected at her request, having raised her from the ground, inquired what it was that made her desirous of leaving them; while she observed, at the same time, that they had never refused to her any reasonable demand. *Manon*, in reply, declared it was her wish to communicate, for the first time, in a disposition suited to the solemnity of the occasion. M. Phlipon, having com-

mended her zeal, and expressed his readiness to comply with her desire, she was accordingly placed in a respectable house, of a mild order, in which the education of youth was professed by the nuns. "While pressing my dear mother in my arms," says she, "at the moment of our first separation, I thought my heart would have burst; but I was acting in obedience to the voice of God, and passed the threshold of the cloister, offering up to him with tears the greatest sacrifice I was capable of making. This was the 7th of May, 1765, when I was eleven years and two months old." "How," adds she, "shall I recal to my mind, in the gloom of a prison, and amidst commotions which ravage my country, and sweep away all that is dear to me, that period of rapture and tranquillity? What lively colours can express the soft emotions of a young heart, endued with tenderness and sensibility, greedy of happiness, awakening to the feelings of nature, and perceiving only the Deity?"

The scholars of the cloister were, from the age of six to that of seventeen or eighteen, divided into two classes, which took their meals at separate tables. The capacity and gravity of the little *Manon* secured her, notwithstanding her youth, a place in the first. The regularity of a life which the variety of her studies only diversified, was suited to her active, yet methodical mind: her diligence still left her leisure, while she improved every moment of her time. In the hours set apart for recreation, she was accustomed to retire from the crowd, to read or reflect in some solitary spot. "Every where," said she, "I perceived the hand of the Deity; in the beauty of the foliage, the breath of the zephyrs, and the fragrance of the flowers. I was sensible of his beneficent care, and I admired his wonderful works." The majestic sounds of the organ, and the melodious voices of the nuns, chanting their devotions, completed the transport of a young enthusiast. Beside the mass, to which the boarders, in the morning, were regularly conducted, half an hour in every day was consecrated to meditation, to which those only who appeared capacitated to improve it were admitted. This privilege was conferred with zeal upon mademoiselle Phlipon, who, not content with this distinction, earnestly entreated to receive her first communion at the approaching festival of the Assumption. This request, notwithstanding her short residence in the convent, was, with the

unanimous consent of the superiors, readily granted. The monk who officiated at the cloister, an upright and enlightened man, whose good sense and mildness of temper softened the austerities of his demeanor, was well fitted for his office. While he directed the pious affections of his new charge to all that was great and sublime in morality, he took a pleasure in developing the germs of virtue, by the instrumentality of religion, without any mixture of its absurd mysticism. Mademoiselle Phlipon loved him as a father, and during the three years that he survived, after she had quitted the convent, went regularly to confess to him, from a considerable distance, at the eve of great festivals.

A young novice took the veil soon after the arrival of mademoiselle Phlipon at the convent, whose sensations on this occasion were affecting, mingled, and acute. "I was myself," said she, "the very victim of the sacrifice. I thought they were tearing me from my mother; and I shed a torrent of tears. With sensibility, that renders impressions so profound, and occasions so many things to strike us, that pass like shadows before common eyes, our existence never becomes languid. If life be measured by the sentiment which has marked every moment of its duration, I have already lived to a prodigious age."

Prepared by every means which the catholic religion, so striking and so impressive, can devise to raise the imagination, and move the senses of a youthful votary, the little *Manon* was called to communicate at the altar; while transported with divine love, and bathed in tears, two nuns were obliged to support her to the sacred table. These unfeigned marks of devout sensibility obtained her great consideration among the pious sisterhood, who failed not to recommend themselves to her prayers. "Dwell with me awhile," says she, "in those peaceful days of holy delusion. Think you, that in an age so corrupt, and in a social order so perverse as the present, it is possible to taste the delights of nature and innocence? Vulgar souls may find pleasure in such an age; but those for whom pleasure alone would be too little, impelled on the one hand by passions that promise them more, and restrained on the other by duties which, however severe or absurd, they are bound to respect, their enjoyments consist of little else than the dear-

bought glory of sacrificing the feelings of nature to the tyrannical institutions of mankind." Some months had elapsed since the residence of mademoiselle Phlipon at the cloister: once a-week she was visited by her parents, who took her out on a Sunday, after service, to walk in the *Jardin du Roi*. Though she never parted from them without tears, she yet returned with pleasure to the cloister, which she walked through with measured steps, the better to enjoy its solitude, while a melancholy, full of charms, penetrated and absorbed her soul. "I longed," said she, "to be received into the bosom of the Deity; where I hoped to find that perfect felicity of which I felt the want."

The arrival of two young ladies from Amiens, about this period, gave a turn to her thoughts. In the society of the youngest, about three years older than herself, who possessed a sedate and reflecting temper, she first experienced the charms of confidence and friendship. Sophia Cannet, with feelings less acute than those of her new friend, possessed a cool and composed mind: gentle, without being forward in her demonstrations of kindness, she courted the good-will, of no one; but, when opportunities occurred, obliged every body. She was fond of working, of reading, and of reasoning: she was of a pious turn, and, with less tenderness than mademoiselle Phlipon, was equally sincere. Sophia loved to analyse, to discuss, to know every thing: she was fond of talking, and spoke fluently. The two friends, though different in temper, yet united by a congeniality of character, shared in the occupations and pursuits of each other; and, in the transports of a common zeal, and a common affection, assisted each other in the attainment of all that was praise-worthy. Mademoiselle Phlipon had also inspired in the breast of a nun a very tender attachment. Angelica Boufflers, who had taken the veil at seventeen: full of vivacity and sensibility, the acuteness of her feelings, and the sentiments of her heart, were exalted by compression and restraint. Born to no inheritance, the want of fortune had placed her in a state of servitude among the lay-sisters, with whom she had nothing but her station in common. Her active disposition, and superior qualities of mind, rendered her, in the convent, equally useful and respectable: while she enjoyed the esteem that was her due, she was appointed

to offices of distinction and trust. Her affection for mademoiselle Phlipon was not less tender than constant; it followed her through life, and rendered her a sincere participator in all the vicissitudes of her fortune.

At the entrance of *Manon* into the cloister, it had been determined that she should remain there only a twelvemonth; the time having elapsed, she took leave of her companions, with a promise of frequent visits. Some family circumstances induced her parents to place her for the present with her paternal grandmother; a lively, good-humoured, and agreeable woman, who with pleasure accepted the charge. A little estate, which, devolving by inheritance to the elder madame Phlipon, had rendered her independent, enabled her, with a younger sister, a devout, simple, and worthy woman, to occupy decent apartments in the island of St. Louis, whither she had retired after the death of her husband. Pleased with the society of young people, of whose attentions she was proud, with her *Manon* lived happy; while, from her lively and polished manners, she received considerable improvement. Her promise of visiting the convent was too dear to the heart of mademoiselle Phlipon to be easily forgotten; thither, accompanied by her aunt, or her father, who took a pleasure in indulging her, her walks were frequently directed. In the intervals of these visits, she entered into an epistolary correspondence with her friend Sophia. "This correspondence," says she "was the origin of my fondness for writing; and one of the causes of the facility which I acquired in composition."

Mademoiselle Phlipon had completed her twelfth year, and the thirteenth glided tranquilly away under the roof of her grand-mother; the quiet of whose house accorded admirably with the tender and contemplative disposition which *Manon* had brought with her from the convent.

She accompanied her aunt every morning to mass, where her gravity and devotion obtained the notice of those who hope to gratify the Deity by peopling the cloisters with victims, and violating the first principles and duties of nature. Though the piety of *Manon* was sincere, her understanding was too good to suffer her to be a bigot; nevertheless, she secretly cherished in her heart a design of taking the veil. St. Francis de Sales, one

of the most amiable of the saints in the calendar, had made a conquest of her affections; and the ladies of the Visitation, of which he was the founder, were already her adopted sisters. Lest she should give pain to her parents, whose consent, during her minority, she was assured would be withheld, she was unwilling yet to disclose to them her plan: beside, should her resolution fail during the days of probation, she felt that to reveal it would be giving a triumph to the profane.

Her grandmother's little library was laid by her under contribution, while the *Philotée* of St. Francis de Sales, and the Manual of St. Augustin, became her favourite studies. Delicious aliment for a fervent spirit abandoned to celestial illusions! The controversial writings of Bossuet, which, about this period fell into her hands, furnished fresh food for her mind; while, in defending the faith, they let her into the secret of the objections opposed against it, and led her to investigate the grounds of her belief. This first step gradually conducted her, in a course of years, after having been Jansenist, Cartesian, Stoic, and Deist, to complete scepticism. "What a route," observes she, "to terminate at last in patriotism, which has brought me to a dungeon!" In the intervals of her theological studies, she amused herself with some old books of travels, and mythology in abundance: but the Letters of madame de Sevigné, by their ease, their elegance, their vivacity, and their tenderness, fixed her taste.

Her grandmother saw but little company, and seldom went from home, but her vivacity animated their domestic circle: the old lady, who set a high value upon the graces, and upon every thing that embellishes social life, was delighted with the complaisance, the desire of pleasing, and the gentle and amiable manners of her pupil, who, placed in the midst of *kind hearts* that studied her happiness, became every day more affectionate and docile.

The following curious account is given by madame Roland of a visit paid, with her grandmother, to a distant and opulent relation, whose children had been placed under the care of madame Phlipon. 'I am very glad to see you,' cried this voluble lady (madame de Boismorel) on their entrance, in a loud and frigid tone. 'And who is this fine girl? Your grand-daughter I suppose? She promises to make a pretty woman! Come

hither, my dear, and sit down by my side. She is a little bashful. How old is she? She is somewhat brown, to be sure; but her skin is clear, and will grow fairer a year or two hence. She is quite the woman already. I will lay my life that hand must be a lucky one. Did you ever venture in the lottery?' 'Never, madam; I am not fond of gaming.' 'I dare say not: at your age, children are apt to think their game a sure one. What an admirable voice! So sweet, and yet so full-toned. But how grave she is. Pray, my dear, are you not a little of the devotee?' 'I know my duty to my God, which I endeavour to fulfil.' 'That's a good girl! You wish to take the veil, don't you?' 'I know not what may be my destination, nor do I seek as yet to divine it.' 'Very sententious, indeed! Your granddaughter reads a good deal, does she not?' 'Reading, madam, is her greatest delight; she always devotes to it some part of the day.' 'Ay, ay, I see how it is: but take care she does not turn author; that would indeed be a pity.' *Manon* felt as much joy when an end was put to this visit, as if relieved from some grievous suffering. 'Mind now,' said the lady, at parting, 'that you don't forget to buy me a ticket in the lottery; and, do you hear, let your grand-daughter chuse the number. I am determined to try her hand. Come, give me a kiss, my little dear; and don't look so much upon the ground. You have very good eyes; even your confessor will not blame you for opening them. Yes, yes, many a fine bow will come to your share, take my word for it, and that before you are much older.'

This behaviour appeared to our little philosopher very strange; she asked her grandmother many questions respecting this fashionable lady; but kept to herself the impressions which had been made on her mind. With the son of this lady, who afterwards visited them, a sensible and amiable man, of a gentle and serious character, *Manon* was much better pleased. This gentleman was suspected of derangement, from his conduct in bringing up his son, whose education, which he superintended himself, was directed by philosophical views. "I began," says madame Roland, "to suspect that there were two sorts of reason; one for the closet, another for the world; a morality of principle, and a morality of practice; from the contradiction of which resulted many absurdities, which did not escape my observation. In short, it appeared to me, that

persons of the gay world call every one insane who is not affected with the common madness. Thus did materials for reflection gradually accumulate in my active brain."

The year allotted for mademoiselle Phlipon to remain with her grandmother passed away; and she returned to the arms of her excellent mother. It was not without regret that she quitted the isle of St. Louis, its pleasant quays, and the tranquil banks of the Seine, where she met no objects to interrupt her meditations, as, in the fervency of her zeal, she repaired with her aunt to pour forth her devotions at the foot of the altar. Notwithstanding her attachment to her mother, whose merit, accompanied with reserve, was of a more solid kind, she took leave of her kind hostess with a torrent of tears. It was still upon the banks of the Seine that she was to reside; but the house of her father was not quiet and solitary like that she had quitted: the moving picture of the Pont-Neuf varied the scene every moment. In returning to the parental roof, she seemed literally to be entering the world: yet a free air, and an unconfined space, still gave scope to the reveries of a romantic imagination; while her sensibility, which powerfully contributed to develope her mind, gave to every object, and to every situation, a more striking and vivid hue. She still continued to take lessons in music; her master, who, though somewhat of a composer, understood but little of the science, was ambitious of communicating to his pupil all he knew. 'Put soul into it!' he was frequently exclaiming; not less afflicted at her want of expression in singing, than at the facility with which she pursued a chain of reasoning. 'You sing an air,' said he, 'as nuns chant an anthem.' He perceived not that his scholar possessed too much genuine feeling to be able, thus mechanically, and without embarrassment, to give to the sentiment of the song its proper tone. Her geography, history, arithmetic, writing, and dancing, were resumed: her father also made her again take up the graver, to which he wished to attach her by the tie of interest, sharing with her, at the end of the week, the profits of some trifling details in the art. But of this occupation she soon became weary; nor did she conceal her disgust. No restraints being imposed upon her inclinations, she quickly threw aside the graver, which she never resumed. In the morning she accompanied her mother to hear

mass, and when the hours devoted to her masters were over, retired to her closet to read, write, and meditate. In the long evenings she joined her mother, who read to her while she employed herself with the needle. For the purpose of digesting what she had heard, she committed to paper, on the succeeding mornings, what had most forcibly struck her in the evening readings, and returned to the book to copy the passage, or to recover the connexion. This habit becoming a passion, she borrowed and hired books, which she returned not till she had made their best passages her own. In this manner she went over *Pluche*, *Rollin*, *Crevier*, the *Père d'Orleans*, *St. Real*, the abbé *de Vertot*, and *Mezeray*, the driest of writers, but the historians of her country, with the annals of which she wished to acquaint herself. Her uncle, the ecclesiastic, who had formerly taught her Latin, had improved his situation: he boarded with the first vicar, the abbé le Jay, at whose house *Manon*, with her parents, was accustomed to pass the evenings on Sundays and holidays. The abbé received his company in a large library, which afforded to mademoiselle Phlipon a new and delightful resource.

With her friends, at the convent, she still kept up her intercourse: Sophia had returned to her family; but, before her departure, had prevailed on her mother to meet madame Phlipon. In this interview the friendship of the young people was consecrated and confirmed, while their parents smiled at their promises of perpetual amity; which were, however, never violated. A correspondence was settled between them, in which they mutually imparted their observations and reflections.

By the death of the abbé Jay, *Manon* was deprived of the use of his library, in which she had found literati and historians, mythologists and fathers of the church. This source failing, she was obliged to have recourse to the booksellers, where her father, ill qualified himself for the selection, asked for whatever his daughter pointed out; whose choice generally fell on works respecting which her curiosity had been excited by quotations or extracts. She thus perused translations of Diodorus Siculus, and other ancient historians; the abbé Velly's history of France, with the continuations; Pascal, Montesquieu, Locke, Burlamaqui, and the principal French dramatists. To improve herself, and to acquire knowledge, were the only ends she had in

view. "I felt," says she, "a sort of necessity of exercising the activity of my mind, and of gratifying my serious propensities. I panted after happiness, which I could find only in the powerful exertion of my faculties. Placed in the hands of a skilful preceptor, and applying solely to a particular study, I might have extended some branch of science, or have acquired talents of a superior kind. But should I have been better or more useful? Certainly, I should not have been more happy. I know of nothing comparable to that plenitude of life, of peace, of satisfaction, to those days of innocence and of study."

On holidays, in fine weather, mademoiselle Phlipon was taken by her father to the public walks, where he was proud of displaying his daughter: he accompanied her also to every exhibition or work of art, in those days of luxury, so frequent in Paris. On these occasions, while he pointed out to her what was worthy of notice, he visibly enjoyed his own superiority. These worldly amusements, and the images they called up, agreed but ill with the devotion and studies of a sober recluse, upon whose mind, accustomed to reflection, they could not fail of producing a contrariety of impressions. Mademoiselle Phlipon, while she opposed to the principles she had acquired in the closet the maxims and manners of the world, became disturbed and uneasy; her reason received a shock that urged her to the investigation of the grounds of her faith. The first thing which confounded her in the religion which she professed, was the universality of its pretensions, which condemned to destruction all those by whom it was denied, or to whom it remained unknown. When, instructed by history, she considered the extent of the earth, the succession of ages, the diversities of human character, and of human opinon, the absurdity of this idea forcibly struck her mind, to which it appeared not less impious than absurd. "I am deceived," says she, "in this article of my creed, it is evident; am I not in some other equally wrong? Let me examine." From this moment she was lost to the church: when an enthusiast begins to reason, emancipation is not far distant. Next to the cruelty of damnation came the folly of infallibility, which was also in its turn disapproved and rejected. What then remained? The search went on, through a number of years, with an activity and anxiety not difficult to conceive by those who have traced a similar

path. Critical, moral, philosophical, and metaphysical writers, next engaged the attention of our young student; while comparison and analysis became her employment. She had lost her good confessor, the monk of the convent; it was necessary to make another choice. The abbé Morel, who belonged to the parish, was selected on this occasion: with austere principles, the abbé was not wanting in good sense. When informed of the doubts of his penitent, he was eager to put into her hands the apologists and champions of the christian church. "Behold me, then," says she, "closetted with the abbés *Gauchet* and *Bergier*, with *Abbadie*, *Holland* and *Clarke*, with the rest of the reverend phalanx. I perused them with critical severity, sometimes making notes, which I left in the books when I returned them to my spiritual guide. The abbé inquired, with astonishment, if I had written and conceived these notes! But the most whimsical part of the story is, that from these works I first got an idea of those they pretended to refute, and noted down the titles in order. In this way did the treatise on *Toleration*, the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, questions concerning the *Encyclopédie*, the *Bon Sens* of the marquis d'Argens, the *Jewish Letters*, the *Turkish Spy*, *Les Mœurs*, *L'Esprit*, Diderot, d'Alembert, Raynal, and the *Système de la Nature*, passed in succession through my hands."

While thus exercising her understanding on important subjects, the person of mademoiselle Phlipon approached fast towards maturity: her serious and studious habits had given to her character a certain rectitude and severity, which a timid and scrupulous conscience had confirmed: she became mistress of her imagination by learning to control it, and to resist the first impulse of what appeared dangerous or wrong. "Pleasure, like happiness," said she, "I can see only in the union of what charms the heart with the senses, and leaves behind it no regret. With such sentiments, it is difficult to forget, and impossible to degrade oneself." "In the mean time that renunciation of the world, and contempt for its pomps and vanities, so strongly recommended by christian morality, accorded but ill with the feelings of nature. These contradictions at first tormented me, but my reasoning necessarily extended itself to rules of conduct, as well as to articles of faith. With equal attention I appli d myself to the investigation of what I ought to

do, and the examination of what it was possible for me to *believe*. The study of philosophy, considered as the moral science and the basis of happiness, became now the only one to which I referred my reading and observations."

In philosophy, as in poetry, the lively imagination of mademoiselle Phlipon converted her into a personage of the drama: in reading Telemachus, she was Eucharis; and in Tasso, Erminia. In controversy she took the part of the authors of Port Royal, whose logic and austerity agreed with her temper: her aversion to the jesuit character, sophistical, evasive, and flexible, was strong and instinctive. Among the sects of the ancients she gave the palm to the stoics, and, like them, absurdly endeavoured to consider pain as no evil. In studying *Descartes* and *Malebranche*, she beheld in every animal a machine, mechanically performing its evolutions. While delighted with the sagacity of Helvetius, his system of self-interest excited her disgust. She persuaded herself that he delineated mankind not from nature, but as corrupted by society; she studied him that she might not become the dupe of the world, but without adopting his principles as the standard for her own actions; she opposed to his system the sublime traits of history, and the virtues of its heroes. "It is thus," said she, "on the recital of a glorious deed, that I should have acted." She became a passionate admirer of republics, because it was in them that she found the most heroic actions, and the men most worthy of respect. She rejected with disdain, the idea of uniting herself to an inferior man; and asked with a sigh, why she was not born a republican?

She made, with her family, a journey to Versailles, and, for one entire week, was a spectator of the court; where her reason was offended by the homage paid to rank, and the exclusive privileges of the great. When asked, by her mother, if she was pleased with her excursion, 'Yes,' replied she, 'if it terminate speedily; but should we remain here a few days longer, I shall so perfectly detest the people whom I see, that I shall not know what to do with my hatred.' 'Why, what harm do they do you?' inquired madame Phlipon. 'They give me a feeling of injustice, and oblige me every moment to contemplate absurdity.' She recollected Athens, where, without the spectacle of despotism, she might have admired the fine

arts: she thought of Greece, and sighed: fancy transported her to the Olympic games, and she lost all patience at being a Frenchwoman. Dazzled by the history of the golden periods of the republic, she forgot their storms, their errors, and their crimes; to which she was at length fated to become a victim. "The sphere of my ideas," says she, "continually enlarged. At an early period of my life, my own happiness, and the duties to which it might be attached, occupied my mind; afterwards, the love of knowledge made me study history, and turn my thoughts to all that surrounded me: the relation of my species to the Diety, so variously represented, disfigured, and caricatured, next attracted my attention; but the welfare of man, in society, fixed it to a determinate point." Amidst investigation and uncertainty the following conclusions were impressed on her mind: that individual consistency, or an entire harmony between our principles and our actions, is necessary to personal happiness: that it is incumbent on every man, as a justice due to himself, so to regulate his affections and habits, that he may not become the slave of any one: that a being is *good* in itself, when all its parts concur to its preservation, its maintenance, or its perfection; a principle not less true in the moral, than in the physical world. She believed that the due proportion of our desires, and the harmony of the passions, formed the moral constitution, of which wisdom only could secure the excellence and duration. That virtue and prudence, as it respected the individual, was nothing more than good sense, applied to moral purposes. But that virtue, properly so called, could spring only from the relation of a being with his fellows: "a man, therefore," said she, "is prudent as far as self is concerned, and virtuous in what regards others. In society there is no independent happiness; there every thing is relative; we sacrifice a part of our enjoyments that we may not risk the whole. But even here the balance is in favour of reason. If the life of the honest is laborious, that of the vicious is still more so: the man who stands in opposition to the interest of the majority, can seldom be tranquil, because he is surrounded by enemies; a situation, always painful, however flattering in appearance. To these considerations may be added that sublime instinct, which corruption may mislead, but which no sophistry can annihilate; which impels us to admire wisdom and generosity

of conduct, as we do grandeur in nature, and symmetry in the arts. These principles appeared to our young philosopher, to comprise the whole of human virtue, independent of all systems, whether religious or metaphysical. "Having combined and demonstrated these truths," says she, "my heart expanded with joy; they offered me a port in the storm, where I could now examine with less anxiety the errors of national creeds and social institutions." "It was not all at once," adds she, "that I fixed myself in this firm and peaceful seat, in which, enjoying the truths demonstrated to me, I am content to remain ignorant of what cannot be known, giving myself no disturbance about the opinions of others. I have here comprised, in a few words, the result of the studies and meditations of several years; in the course of which, if I have sometimes shared in the sentiments of the deist, sometimes in the incredulity of the atheist, and sometimes in the sceptic's indifference, I have been always *sincere*, because I had no inducement to change my faith, in order to relax my morals, which were fixed upon a foundation that no prejudice could shake. I therefore sometimes felt the agitation of doubt, but never the torment of fear." Thus reasoning, mademoiselle Phlipon thought fit to conform to the established worship, and to go to confession, for the edification of her neighbour, and to preserve the peace of her mother, while she frankly declared to her confessor, that she scarcely knew of what to accuse herself, so moderate were her desires, and so quiet was her life. The worthy priest, who, to keep his charge in the faith, had exhausted his library and his rhetoric, had the good sense not to complain, while he contented himself with exhorting her to distrust the spirit of pride. Satisfied with her attendance at the holy table three or four times a-year, he thought proper, in a spirit of philosophical toleration, to give her absolution. On these occasions, mademoiselle Phlipon recollected the words of Cicero, who observes, "that to complete the folly of mankind, with respect to the Deity, it remained only for them to transform him into food, and then to devour him."

The abbé le Grand, the friend of her uncle, frequently visited at the house of M. Phlipon. The abbé, who, with an excellent understanding, had little of his profession besides the gown, was fond of talking with the daughter of his host, to whom he brought books and works of philosophy, the principles of which

he discussed with great freedom. "Philosophy," says madame Roland, "in calling forth the powers of my soul, and giving firmness to my mind, did not diminish the scruples of sentiment, or the susceptibility of my imagination, against which I had reason to be so much on my guard." From morals mademoiselle Phlipon turned her attention to physics, to which the mathematics succeeded. She amused herself with geometry, while there was no need of algebra; with the dryness of which, or the absurd contradictions in which it has been involved, she soon became disgusted.

Her correspondence with Sophia, was still one of her greatest pleasures; several journeys which had been made by her friend to Paris, had drawn closer to them the bonds of amity. Thus in offices of social kindness, or in solitary studies, transported by her imagination to distant ages, the days of this admirable young woman glided tranquilly away. Sundays and holidays were devoted to bodily exercise; to an excursion in the country, or a parade in the public walks. "During these walks," says she, "in which my vanity, powerfully excited, was on the watch for whatever might show me off to advantage, an insupportable vacuity, uneasiness, and disgust, made the pleasure purchased seem always too dear. Accustomed to reflect, and to render to myself an account of my sensations, I inquired into the cause of this inquietude. Is it, said I to myself, to please the eye, like the flowers of a parterre, and receive a few transient praises, that persons of my sex are brought up in the practice of virtue, and that their minds are enriched with talents? What means this desire of pleasure, so intense, which preys upon me, and even when it should seem that it ought to be most gratified, fails to make me happy? What are to me the admiration or the compliments of a crowd of persons, of whom I have no knowledge, and whom, did I know, I should probably despise? Is it to waste my existence in frivolous cares, or tumultuous sensations, that I am placed in the world? No! I have doubtless a nobler destination. That admiration which I so ardently feel for whatever is excellent, generous, and exalted, tells me, that it is to practise these things I am called. The sublime and affecting duties of a wife and a mother will, on some future day, be mine: it is in rendering myself capable of fulfilling these, that my early years should be employed: by keeping within bounds my own

inclinations, I shall learn to direct those of my children. By the habit of governing my passions, and by the care of cultivating my mind, I shall secure to myself the means of giving happiness to the most delightful of societies; of providing for the man who shall deserve my heart a never-failing source of felicity, and of communicating to all about us a portion of the same bliss. Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom. Overcome by my emotion, I shed a flood of tears, while my heart exalted itself to the supreme Intelligence, the principle of thought, and the source of sentiment: 'Oh, thou, who hast placed me on the earth, enable me to fulfil my destination, in the manner most conformable to thy will, and most beneficial to my fellow-creatures!' This unaffected prayer, simple as the heart that dictated it, is now my only one. In the tumult of the world, in the depths of the dungeon, I have pronounced it with equal fervor. I have pronounced it with transport in the most brilliant circumstances of my life. I repeat it, in fetters, with resignation. Persuaded that, in the course of these things, there are events which human wisdom cannot prevent; and convinced that the most calamitous are impotent to overturn the firm mind; that peace at home, and submission to necessity, are the elements of happiness, and constitute the true independence of the hero and the sage."

In the country, mademoiselle Phlipon found objects more analagous to her turn of mind, to her tender and serious temper. In the wild woods of Meudon, amidst its avenues of pines and towering trees, she experienced, accompanied by her parents, her sweetest recreation and most delightful moments. At five o'clock on a Sunday morning, simply dressed, and carrying a few books, this happy family would frequently embark, in a little boat, on the Seine, which, in the silence of a smooth and rapid navigation, carried them to the shores of Belle-vue, whence, by a steep ascent, they proceeded to Meudon. At a cottage on the way, they breakfasted on a bowl of milk, and, at the lodge of one of the porters in the park, took their humble dinner, rendered delicious by exercise and temperance. "Delightful Meudon," exclaims madame Roland in her Memoirs, "how often, beneath thy refreshing shade, have I blessed the Author of my existence, desiring what, at some future period, might render it complete. But this desire was without impatience; it was that charming sentiment that serves to gild, with the rays of hope, the clouds

of futurity. How did I love to rest myself under the lofty trees, bordering the glades, through which the swift and timid doe bounded along! I recollect also the more *sombre* spots, whither we retired during the heat of the day. There, while my father stretched on the turf, and my mother softly reclined on a heap of leaves, which I had collected for the purpose, enjoyed their afternoon's repose, did I contemplate the majesty of thy silent groves, admire the beauties of nature, and adore the Providence whose benefits I felt. The glow of sentiment heightened the colour of my humid cheeks, while my heart enjoyed all the delights of a terrestrial paradise!" Happy those, whose pure and undebauched minds are susceptible of these exquisite and simple pleasures!"

An account of her excursions, and the sentiments which they excited, found their way into the letters of mademoiselle Phlipon to her friend, sometimes in prose, and sometimes intermingled with verse; the easy and happy effusions of a mind to which "all was picture, life, and happiness." Such, oh nature and virtue! such are thy charms, and such thy rewards! From Sophia she received, in return, a description of the persons with whom she associated at Amiens, and a sketch of their characters, by which she was enabled to judge of their general insignificance. It appeared to her, on striking a balance at the end of the year, that, in her solitude, she had seen more persons of merit, than had her friend amidst routs and assemblies. This, perhaps, may be accounted for, from the profession of her father as an artist, and from his residence in the capital. The situation of Sophia, at Amiens, among provincial gentry, and commercial men, in haste to acquire wealth, was less advantageous. The circumstances in which mademoiselle Phlipon was placed, her education, her studies, by making her feel the injustice, or observe the folly, of a variety of privileges, and political distinctions, combined to awaken in her mind a republican ardour, and to prepare her for the part she afterwards performed. In all her readings she was the champion of democracy; at Sparta, Agis and Cleomenes were her heroes, and the Gracchi at Rome. "I retired," says she, "with the plebeians to the Aventine-hill, and gave my vote to the tribunes." She candidly adds: "Now that experience has taught me impartiality, I see, in the enterprise of the Gracchi, and in the conduct of the tribunes, crimes and mischiefs of

which I was not then aware." When present at the spectacles which the capital so frequently afforded, she compared, with grief, this parade and luxury with the abject misery of the degraded populace, who worshipped idols of their own making, and applauded the ostentation for which they paid by the sacrifice of the necessaries of life. The dissolute conduct of the court, and that contempt of morality which pervaded all ranks, filled her with surprise and indignation. She perceived not in these excesses the germs of revolution. While the French laughed and sung at their own miseries, she conceived the English justified in regarding them as children. She attached herself to those neighbours; de Lolme had familiarized her with their constitution; she sought an acquaintance with their literature, which she yet only studied through the medium of translations.

About this period, having completed her eighteenth year, she caught the small-pox, her parents having unfortunately cherished prejudices against inoculation. The affecting solicitude of her mother, on this occasion, made an indelible impression on her affectionate heart. She recovered slowly, after severe suffering and imminent danger, though without any detriment to her beauty: the disorder, which had been combined with a putrid and miliary fever, the eruption of which had checked the pustules, left behind it no vestiges. The doctor, finding, in one of his visits, the *Récherche de la Vérité* of Malbranche laying on the bed of his patient, chid her for wasting her spirits at such a time in study. 'Why, my good sir,' replied she, 'did all your patients thus amuse themselves, instead of getting angry with the disease and the doctor, you would have much less to do.' Some persons in the chamber were conversing on public affairs; all Paris was running, they said, to some new loan, or edict, which had just appeared. 'The French,' observed the doctor, 'take all upon *trust*.' 'Say rather,' replied his patient, 'upon *appearances!*' 'True,' said he, 'the expression is just and profound.' 'Don't chide me then for reading Malbranche,' answered she eagerly; 'you see my time is not thrown away.'

An excursion to the country being necessary for the re-establishment of her health, mademoiselle Phlipon repaired to the house of her relations, M. and madame Bernard, with whom two years before she had passed a month. This situation was particularly calculated to fix her attention on the vices of civilized

life. Madame Bernard had married the steward of a *fermier-général*, whose house she superintended. This man, when dying, had left a large fortune to his son, who lived at a great expense, and who spent a small part of the year at his château at *Soucy*, whither he carried the manners of the town. With a view of keeping his estate in order, he had requested M. and madame Bernard to lodge there during a part of the summer. They were well accommodated, and enjoyed the pleasures of a park, whose wildness formed an agreeable contrast with the gardens and the château. The sister-in-law and step-mother of its owner resided with him, and did the honours of the house. To this family mademoiselle Phlipon was introduced, and, to a mind like hers, their haughty condescension and insignificant character, their luxury, caprice, and extravagance, could not fail of affording materials for reflection. She recollected, on this occasion, the expression of Montesquieu, "That financiers support the state as the cord supports the criminal."

In the little library of her relations, she found the works of Puffendorf, the poems of Bernis, and a life of the English Cromwell. She observes, that in the multitude of books which chance or circumstances threw in her way, she had not yet met with the writings of Rousseau. "The truth is," adds she, "I read him late, and it was well for me that I did so: he would have turned my brain, and I should have read nothing else." Her mother, she had reason to believe, kept his writings out of her way: she had given no opposition to her critical and philosophical researches, however bold or free; but she sagely concluded, that to a *heart* so susceptible, stimulants were not necessary. With the same ideas, she opposed her application to painting and music. "As to me," says this amiable daughter, "I was so much accustomed to love her person, and to respect her decisions, that I never importuned her on any subject. Beside, study, in general, afforded me so large a field of occupation, that I was a stranger to the pain of *ennui*. When I become a mother, in my turn, said I to myself, it will be my business to make use of what I have acquired; I shall then have no leisure for farther studies: I was earnest to turn my time to account, and afraid of losing a single moment."

Though living in a narrow sphere, and in comparative solitude, mademoiselle Phlipon, on the confines of the great world, saw a variety of objects, on which she had leisure to observe.

At eighteen years of age, she had been only once to the opera, and once to the *Théatre Francais*. She was sometimes taken by her father to the inferior theatres, where the mediocrity of the performance inspired her with disgust, and made her content with studying, in her closet, the works of the great masters of the drama. Happily placed out of the vortex of dissipation, and at a distance from temptation, with her mind busily employed, her principles took deep root, and her virtues acquired an habitual firmness. Thus progressively advancing in every valuable attainment, she had reached that critical period when new duties and new prospects expanded themselves before her. The propriety of her conduct, the reputation of her fine qualities, an agreeable person, and the bloom of youth, procured her a variety of suitors, who sought to obtain her favour, and the approbation of her parents. These offers frequently involved her in disputes with her father, who, esteeming commerce as the source of riches, espoused the cause of those whose actual possessions, or hopes of acquiring property, promised his daughter an advantageous establishment. The young lady, less solicitous on this subject, occupied by her studies, happy at home, and detesting trade as the foundation of avarice and fraud, uniformly persisted in rejecting her mercantile admirers. "My father," says she, "was sensible that I could not accept an artisan, properly so called: his vanity would not suffer him to entertain such an idea of life: but the elegant jeweller, who touches nothing but fine things, from which he derives great profits, appeared to him a suitable match, more especially when already established in business, and in a fair way of making a fortune. But the mind of the jeweller; no less than that of the mercer, whom he looks upon as beneath him, and also of the rich woollen-draper, who regards himself as superior to both, appeared to me to be alike engrossed by the lust of gold, and by mercenary calculations and manœuvres. Such men must necessarily be strangers to those elevated ideas and refined sentiments by which I appreciated existence: occupied from my infancy in considering the relations of man in society, brought up in the strictest morality, and familiarized with the noblest models, had I then, I asked myself, lived with Plutarch and the philosophers to no better purpose than to connect myself for life with a petty shopkeeper, incapable of entering into my ideas, or of justly appreciating my value." 'Tell me,'

said her father, in a conversation upon this subject, 'who it is that will suit you?' 'Tell me also,' replied she, 'why, in bringing me up, you taught me to think, and suffered me to contract habits of study. I know not what kind of a man I shall marry, I know, only, it must be one who can share my sentiments, and to whom I can communicate my thoughts.' 'There are commercial men who possess both politeness and information.' 'Yes, but not of the kind I want; their politeness consists in a few phrases and bows, and their knowledge relates to the strong box, and would assist me but little in the education of my children.' 'You might educate them yourself.' 'The task would appear laborious, if not shared by the man to whom they would owe their existence.' 'Do you suppose that *l'Empereur's* wife is not happy? They have just retired from business, are buying capital places, keep an excellent house, and receive the best company.' 'I am no judge of the happiness of other people; but my own affections are not fixed upon riches. I conceive that the strictest union of hearts is necessary to conjugal felicity; nor can I connect myself with a man who does not resemble me. My husband must even be my superior; for, since both nature and the laws give him pre-eminence, I should be ashamed of him if he did not in reality deserve it.' 'You want a counsellor I suppose? But women are not very happy with these learned gentlemen; they have a great deal of pride, and very little money.' 'My God, sir! I do not judge of a man's merit by his cloth, nor have I ever told you that I affect such or such a profession: I want a man I can love.' 'And, according to you, such a man is not to be found in trade?' 'I confess, I do not think it probable. I have never seen a tradesman to my liking; and the profession itself is my aversion.' 'It is however a pleasant thing for a woman to sit at her ease, in her own apartments, while her husband is carrying on a lucrative commerce. Now, there is madame d'Argens, &c. &c.' 'But, my father, I have too well perceived, that the only way to make a fortune in trade, is by selling dear what you have bought cheap, by overcharging the customer, and beating down the poor workman. I should never be able to descend to such practices, nor to respect a man whose occupation they were. It is my wish to be a virtuous wife; but how should I be faithful to a husband who would hold no place in my esteem; even admitting the possibility of my marrying such a man. Selling

amonds and selling pastry seem to me nearly the same thing; ıcepting, indeed, that the latter has a fixed price, and, if it soils ıe fingers more, requires less deceit. I have no preference be-veen them.' 'Do you than suppose that there are no honest adesmen?' 'I will not absolutely affirm it; but I am persuaded ıe number is small; and the few who are honest possess not all require in a husband.' 'You are extremely fastidious, me-ıinks: but if you should not find the idol of your imagination?' I will die a maid!' 'That would perhaps be a harder task than ou imagine: *ennui* will come at last; the crowd will be gone ; you know the fable.' 'Oh! I would take my revenge, *by serving happiness*, from the very injustice that would rob me f it.' "I experienced," said she, "a slight sensation of melan-ıoly, when, on casting my eyes about me, I could perceive othing suitable to my taste. But the feeling soon subsided. I as sensible of my present comforts, and, over futurity, hope ırew its enlivening beams. It was the plenitude of happiness verflowing its banks, and clearing away from my future pros-ects every thing unpleasant."

A young physician, from the south, well educated, of a lively isposition, and some talents, made his pretensions. 'Well,' ıid madame Phlipon to her daughter, in a tone of tender inquiry, what think you of this man? Will *he* suit you?' 'My dear mother, is impossible for me yet to tell. Gardanne, with his three tails, is medical look, his southern accent, and his black eyebrows, ems more likely to allay than to excite a fever.' 'But you can ertainly tell whether he has inspired you with dislike.' 'Neither islike nor inclination: which of the two may come hereafter I annot say.' 'We ought to know, however, what answer to give hen a proposal shall be made in form.' 'Is the answer to be inding?' 'Assuredly, if we pass our word to a decent man, we ıust adhere to it.' 'And, if I should not like him?' 'A reasonable oung woman, not actuated by caprice, after having once mature- weighed the motives that determine her in so important a esolution, will never change her mind.' 'I am to decide then pon the strength of a single interview.' 'Not exactly that; the ıtimacy of M. de Gardanne with our family enables us to judge f his conduct and way of life; and, by means of a little inquiry, re shall easily learn his disposition. These are principal points; he sight of the person is of much less moment.' 'Ah, mamma,

I am in no haste to marry.' 'I believe it, daughter; but, at some time or other, you must settle yourself in the world; and you have now attained the proper age. You have refused offers from many tradesmen, and they are the people from whom your situation makes offers the most likely to come. You seem determined not to marry a man in business: the present match is in every external point of view suitable. Take care then not to reject it too lightly.' 'It appears to me there is time enough yet to think about it. M. Gardanne is not, perhaps, himself decided, since it is certain he has seen me but once.' 'True, but if that is your only excuse, it possible may not be of long duration. Revolve the matter in your mind, and two days hence let me know your opinion.' Thus ended the dialogue, when her mother kissed her forehead, and left her to reflection.

These arguments made on the mind of her to whom they were addressed some impression, they at least determined her not to form a precipitate conclusion. A second interview with M. de Gardanne made, however, but little difference in her feelings.

Her mother, from some observations that she had made, believed that she saw, in the suitor of her daughter, symptoms of an imperious disposition; a discovery that failed to alarm the philosophical *Manon*, who, accustomed to watch over herself, to regulate her affections, and to restrain her imagination, and impressed with a strong sense of the rigour and sublimity of the duties of a wife, was not aware of the importance of temper to domestic happiness. "I reasoned like a recluse," says she, "equally a stranger to the passions and to mankind. I took my own tranquil, affectionate, generous, and candid heart, as a common measure of the moral qualities of my species." This connexion had nearly taken place, but the minute inquiries of M. Phlipon respecting his intended son-in-law gave offence: M. Gardanne complained of this inquisitorial scrutiny: mademoiselle Phlipon seized the opportunity with eagerness to dissolve the engagement, and an end was put to the negotiation. The young lady rejoiced in her escape, and her mother, who had been alarmed by the vehemence of the lover's remonstrances, readily acquiesced in the decisions of her daughter.

The health of madame Phlipon began to decline; she had a stroke of the palsy, which, with affectionate fraud, she represented to her daughter as a rheumatic affection: the precarious tenure

of her life rendered her doubly anxious for that daughter's establishment. One day, in particular, she urged her with melancholy earnestness to accept an honest jeweller, who demanded her hand. 'He has in his favour,' said she, 'great reputation for integrity, habits of sobriety, and mildness of disposition, with an easy fortune, which may become brilliant. He knows that yours is no common mind, professes great respect for you, and will be proud of following your advice. You might lead him any way you like.' 'Why, mamma, I do not want a husband who is to be led; he would be too cumbersome a child for me.' 'Do you know that you are a very whimsical girl? For, after all, you would not like a master.' 'My dear mother, let us understand each other: I should not like a man who would give himself airs of authority; he would only teach me to resist; but, neither should I like a husband whom it would be necessary to govern. Either I am greatly mistaken, or these beings, five foot and a half high, with beards upon their chins, seldom fail to make us perceive that they are the stronger. Now, if the good man should think proper to remind me of that superiority, he would provoke me; and, if he should submit to be governed, I should be ashamed of my power.' 'I understand you; you would like a man to think himself the master, while obeying you in every thing.' 'No, it is not that neither: I hate servitude, but I do not think myself made for empire; it would only embarrass me; my reason finds it quite enough to take care of myself. I should wish to gain the affections of a man so completely worthy of my esteem, that I might be proud of my complaisance; of a man who would make his happiness consist in contributing to mine, in the way that his good sense and affection might think meet.' 'Happiness, daughter, does not always consist in that perfect conformity of ideas and affections which you imagine: were it so, a happy couple would be a phenomenon.' 'Neither do I know any whose happiness I envy.' 'Perhaps so; but still, among those matches, there may be many preferable to a life of celibacy.' This affectionate mother went on to hint at the probability of her own decease, of its consequences to her daughter, and her anxiety to see her, before that event, the wife of a worthy man. These images overwhelmed mademoiselle Phlipon with grief, and drew from her a flood of tears. 'What,' said her mother, smiling, 'you are alarmed, as if, in taking our resolutions,

we ought not to calculate all possible chances. An honest worthy man offers you his hand; you are turned of twenty, and will no longer see so many suitors as have, during the last five years, paid you their homage. I may be snatched away, do not then reject a husband, who has not, it is true, the delicacy on which you set so great a value; a quality rare, even where we look for it most: but he is a man who will love you, and with whom you may be happy.' 'Yes, mamma,' replied she with a sigh, 'happy as you have been.' Madame Phlipon, disconcerted at this remark, remained silent, nor from that moment renewed the subject. "A stranger," observes her daughter, "might, at the first glance, have perceived the great difference between my father and mother; but who, like me, could *feel* all the excellence of the latter? I had not, however, fully calculated all she must have had to suffer. Accustomed from my childhood to see the most profound peace prevail in the house, I could not judge of the efforts it might cost to maintain it."

During the later periods of her life, mademoiselle Phlipon was more quick-sighted; she had gained an ascendency over her father, of which she always availed herself in favour of her mother: but, in private, not a word passed between the mother and daughter on the subject: respecting the husband and the father they were mutually reserved and silent, excepting when any thing could be said in his praise.

M. Phlipon had lost, by degrees, his habit of industry; parish business had first called him from home; sauntering abroad had afterwards become his passion; a rage for gaming next assailed him; connexions formed at a coffee-house led him elsewhere; and the lottery held out allurements too great to be resisted. The desire of making a fortune, engaged him in speculations foreign to his profession, speculations in which he was not always successful. He was disgusted with labour, and the thirst of riches made him set every thing at hazard. As his art was less exercised, his talents diminished; while an irregular life impaired his faculties: his sight became weak, and his hand tremulous. His pupils, without the superintendence of their master, were less capable of supplying his place; it became necessary to diminish their number, and the tide of business turned into other channels. These changes had gradually taken place; madame Phlipon perceived them, and grew pensive; sometimes

she imperfectly intimated the state of affairs to her daughter, who concealed the observations she had made, lest they should add to the inquietude of a mother whom she tenderly loved. Thus clouds gathered over their domestic happiness; and, though the peace of the family appeared unchanged, its cheerfulness and confidence was no more.

Madame Phlipon had, for more than a year, been declining in her health: after various remedies, administered by the physicians in vain, they prescribed exercise, of which she was no longer capable, and country air. Just before Whitsuntide, 1775, it was agreed that the family should pass the holidays at Meudon. Madame Phlipon appeared relieved by this little excursion, and resumed a portion of her accustomed activity. Her daughter, on their return to town, proposed a visit to the convent, where she had promised, after the holidays, to call on her friends. At the moment of setting out, her mother, a little fatigued by the exertions of the preceding day, declined accompanying her: mademoiselle Phlipon would then have broken her engagement, but this her mother would not permit. Her visit to the convent was short. 'Why are you in such haste?' said her friend, St. Agatha; 'does any one expect you.' 'No, but I am anxious to return to my mother.' Why, you told me she was better?' 'I did so; nor does she expect me so soon: but I know not what it is that torments me; I shall not be easy till I see her again.' "On saying this," says she, "I felt my heart swell, as it were, in despite of me."

On the subject of these *presentiments*, to which, on other occasions, madame Roland alludes in her Memoirs, she justly observes, that they can be nothing more than rapid glances, caught by persons of quick perception and exquisite feelings, of a multitude of things, in themselves undefinable and scarcely perceptible, which are *felt* rather than understood; and whence an emotion results, for which, at the time, it would be difficult to account, although afterwards justified by the event. This perception is lively in proportion to our sensibility, and to our interest in the object of our anxiety.

On the return of mademoiselle Phlipon, who had hurried from the convent, she found, standing at the door of the house, a little girl, the child of a neighbour, who exclaimed on her approach: 'Ah, mademoiselle! your mamma is taken very ill; she

has sent for my mother, who is gone up stairs with her to her apartment.' Struck with terror, she uttered, in reply, some inarticulate sounds, and rushed towards her mother's chamber. She found her reclining in an arm-chair, her head fallen on her shoulder, her eyes wild, her mouth open, and her arms hanging lifeless. Her countenance brightened on seeing her daughter, while she spoke with difficulty a few half-formed words. She made an effort to raise her arms, but one only obeyed the impulse. Laying her hand on the face of her daughter, she wiped away the tears with which it was bedewed, tapped her gently on the cheek, and tried to smile. Again she endeavoured to speak: vain attempt! palsy had annihilated half her frame. Mademoiselle Phlipon, overwhelmed with grief, had in an instant dispatched messengers for her father and the physician, while she flew herself to a neighbouring apothecary. The disorder increased with a rapid and dreadful progress, while the short and convulsive breathing of the invalid indicated approaching dissolution. Her daughter, with excessive activity, ordered every thing; and, before it could be done by others, did every thing herself. At ten in the evening, the physician, taking aside M. Phlipon, proposed to send for a priest, who, according to the forms of the catholic church, might administer to the patient extreme unction. Mademoiselle Phlipon, standing with a light, which she held mechanically at the bed-feet of her dying mother, appeared as if in a stupor, a waking and terrible dream, that suspended all her faculties. Her eyes were fixed on one spot, her heart was occupied by one sentiment. At length, letting the candle fall from her hand, she fell senseless on the floor. On her recovery, she found herself in the parlour, surrounded by the family. Turning her eyes towards the door, she rose from her seat, and, with supplicating gestures, while she was held back, implored permission to return to the chamber of her mother. The constraint which was opposed to her, and the mournful silence that prevailed, but too well expressed that all was over. Her father at that instant entered the room, pale and speechless with sorrow. His appearance drew forth a general exclamation of grief. His daughter, in a sort of frenzy, broke from those who withheld her, and rushed impetuously forth. Having reached the chamber, she threw herself on the bed of her mother, in a transport of anguish and despair. It was with difficulty, after acting a thousand ex-

travagances, that she was separated from the corpse, and carried into the house of a neighbour, whence her relation, M. Besnard, took her in a carriage and conveyed her to his own. She fainted on alighting, and being put to bed, passed a fortnight between life and death, in terrible convulsions; struggling with a continued sense of suffocation. A strong constitution, and the unwearied attentions which she received from her relations, could only have preserved her from falling a victim in this first trial of sorrow. Eight days elapsed before she experienced the relief of tears, the sluices of which were at length opened by a letter from Sophia; the soothing tenderness of friendship recalled her faculties, and melted, while it consoled, her heart: it produced an effect which the warm bath and medical skill had essayed in vain. To moral disorders moral remedies can only be administered with success. As her tears flowed freely, the convulsions abated, their paroxysms became less frequent, the sense of suffocation ceased, and her health began to amend. Her father presented himself before her in the garb of sorrow: he undertook to comfort her by those common-place expressions and sentiments to which the understanding attends with disgust, and which the heart repels as an insult. "I felt," says she, "the inefficacy of this pretended consolation, so little adapted to my turn of mind; and, for the first time, perhaps, measured the distance that separated my father from myself. It seemed as if he was tearing away the reverential veil under which I had hitherto considered him: I found myself, by the loss of my mother, completely an orphan: my father could never understand me: a new kind of grief oppressed my afflicted heart: I fell again into the deepest despair. The tears and sorrows of my worthy relations, however, still offered me occasions of tender emotion; they had their effect, and I was snatched from the perils that threatened my existence. Why, alas! did it not then terminate? It was my first affliction; by how many others has it been followed!"

Madame Phlipon was only fifty years of age, when an imposthume in her head, which had long been forming, and which discovered itself, after her decease, by the flux that took place through her nose and ears, put an end to her existence. "On the day that she was snatched from me," says her daughter, "I left her at three o'clock in the afternoon, apparently well. I returned at half past five. She had been struck with the

palsy. At midnight she no longer appertained to me. Feeble toys of a pitiless destiny! why are such lively sentiments, and projects so grand, connected with an existence so frail?" The character of the deceased had been more amiable than brilliant. "Naturally wise and good," observes her daughter, "virtue did not seem to cost her any effort; she knew how to render it mild and easy like herself. Prudent and calm, tender without passion, her pure and tranquil spirit respired gently, as flows the docile stream that bathes with equal complacence the valley which it embellishes, and the foot of the rock by which it is restrained." With a temperament sanguine and ardent, like that of mademoiselle Phlipon, most fortunate for her youth was the possession of such an instructress.

'It is charming,' said the abbé Legrand, mournfully, at the bed-side of this affectionate daughter, whom he came to visit at the house of her relations, 'It is charming to possess sensibility, but unfortunate to have so much of it!' As mademoiselle Phlipon began to recover, her kind friends were eager to receive in succession the persons who came to visit her, in the hope of diverting the melancholy that had seized her spirits. "I seemed not to exist," says she "in the world where I was placed. Absorbed in grief, I scarcely paid attention to what was passing around me. Recalling by starts the frightful idea of my loss, shrieks all on a sudden would escape me, my outstretched arms stiffened, and I swooned away."

During the intervals of these transports, she recollected the cares and the kindness of her relations, and sought to alleviate their concern and anxiety. The abbé Legrand talked to her of her mother, in order to rouse her attention, and to lead her insensibly to other objects and ideas. When he believed her sufficiently recovered to attend to a book, he brought to her the celebrated Heloise of Rousseau. "The perusal of this," says she, "was my first employment. I was then twenty-one years of age; I had read a great deal; I was acquainted with a considerable number of writers, historians, learned men, and philosophers; but Rousseau made on me an impression similar to that which Plutarch had done when I was eight years of age. It appeared to me that this was the proper food for my mind, and the interpreter of those ideas which I had before

entertained, but which Rousseau alone knew how to explain to me. Plutarch had prepared me to become a republican; had roused that strength and grandeur of character by which a republican is constituted; had inspired me with a real enthusiasm for public virtue and liberty. Rousseau pointed out to me the domestic happiness to which I could aspire, the ineffable enjoyments I was capable of tasting. Ah! if he is able to protect me from follies, could he arm me against a passion? Amidst the corrupt age in which I was destined to live, and the revolution which I was then far from anticipating, I acquired beforehand all that could render me capable of great sacrifices, and expose me to great misfortunes. Death will only be to me the term of both. I expect it; nor would I have filled the short interval which separates me from it with the recital of my private history, had calumny not dragged me upon the stage, for the purpose of making on those whom she would ruin a more cruel attack. I love to publish truths, that interest not myself alone; and I wish to conceal none, that their connexion may serve towards their demonstration."

The return to her father's was a new trial for the affectionate sensibility of mademoiselle Phlipon. They had taken the ill-judged precaution of removing her mother's portrait, as if the place where it had hung would not more painfully recal her loss. She instantly demanded it, and it was restored to its situation. The domestic cares now devolved on mademoiselle Phlipon. "I have never been able to comprehend," observes she, "how these cares can absorb the attention of a woman, however considerable may be her household, who possesses method and activity; a little vigilance, and a wise distribution of employments, are all that is necessary.* Leisure," adds she, "will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time. Those who want time are the people who do nothing. Nor is it surprising that women who receive and pay useless visits, or think themselves ill dressed unless many hours are consecrated to the science, find their

* Madame Roland's acquaintance with her sex could not have been very extensive. Has their education been such that we may reasonably expect from them method, activity, vigilance, and wisdom? Alas, no! These are great qualities, and rarely combined.

days long from mere lassitude, and yet too short for the performance of their duties."

The studies of mademoiselle Phlipon became every day more dear to her, and constituted her only consolation. "Left more than ever by myself," says she "and often in a melancholy humour, I felt the necessity of writing. I loved to render to myself an account of my own ideas, and to enlighten them by the intervention of my pen. When not employed in this way, I revised still more than I meditated. I pursued a chain of reasoning, and by these means bridled my imagination." She entitled her performances, of which she began to make some collections, "The Works of Leisure Hours, and different Reflections." Her intention was by this means to fix her opinions, and to possess a register of her sentiments and the progress of her mind. "Never," says she, "did I feel the slightest temptation to become an author. I perceived, at a very early period, that a woman who acquires this title, loses more than she gains. The men do not like, and her own sex criticise, her. If her works are bad, she is ridiculed; if good, she is bereaved of the reputation annexed to them. If the public are forced to acknowledge that she has talents, they sift her character, her morals, her conduct, and balance the reputation of her genius by the publicity which they give to her errors.* Beside," adds she, with truth, "my *happiness* was my chief concern, and I perceived that the public never interfered with the happiness of any one without marring it. Ah, my God! what an injury did those persons do to me, who took it upon them to withdraw the veil under which I loved to remain concealed. During twelve years of my life, I have laboured along with my husband in the same manner as I ate with him, because the one was as natural to me as the other. During his administration, if it was necessary to express great or striking truths, I employed the whole bent of my mind; that its efforts should be preferable to those of a secretary, was but natural. I loved my country;† I was an enthusiast in the cause of li-

* Madame Roland might have added, and if they cannot find any real blemishes in her conduct, they are ingenious to substitute fiction for facts; the more absurd, the more credible and the more eagerly received.

† Fickle people, and frivolous as light! unworthy of the sacrifices that have been made for them!

berty; I was unacquainted with any interest, or with any passions, that could enter into competition with these; and my language, which was that of the heart and of truth, ought to have been pure and pathetic." But to return.

Monsieur Phlipon, for some time after the death of his wife, endeavoured to remain more at home with his daughter; but of this constraint he soon became weary. The means of rendering his house agreeable to him, by drawing a circle of acquaintance round him, were not in her power, since she had no other society than that of her old relations. "If I wished to converse with him," said she, "we had but few ideas in common, and he then probably hankered after a mode of life, with which he did not wish that I should become acquainted. Become a widower at the very moment when he stood in need of new chains to confine him at home, my poor father kept a mistress, that he might not present to his daughter a step-mother: he had recourse to play to indemnify himself for the loss of business; and, without ceasing to be an honest man, he ruined himself insensibly, and without making any noise."

The relations of mademoiselle Phlipon, confiding in her father's affection for her, believed that to his guardianship her interest might safely be entrusted. If she felt the contrary, filial delicacy and respect kept her silent. "Behold me then," says she, "alone in the house, my time divided between my work and my studies." Her servant, a little woman, lively and gay, and fifty-five years of age, attached herself to a mistress who rendered her life happy and comfortable. This woman attended her, during the absence of her father, in her walks abroad, which seldom extended beyond the church, or the residence of her relations. "I carried with me to church," says she, "if not the tender piety I formerly possessed, at least a sufficiency of decency and recollection. I no longer accompanied the *ordinary of the mass*. I read some christian work: I had preserved a great passion for St. Augustine; and assuredly, there are fathers of the church whom one may peruse without being devout: there is food in them both for the heart and the mind."

Mademoiselle Phlipon wished to study the eloquence of the pulpit, and for this purpose to go through a course of sermons. With Bossuet and Flechier she was already acquainted;

Bourdaloue and Massillon followed. In the memorandum-book of this young philosopher might be seen the names of these celebrated divines by the side of those of Paw, of Raynal, and the author of the System of Nature. Unfettered by systems, truth and improvement were the objects of her pursuit. From reading sermons, a natural transition, she passed to composing one. Wearied with the constant recurrence of mysteries, she determined to draw up a moral discourse, in which the incarnation and the devil should not be mentioned. She took for her subject, *the love of her neighbour*. Her little uncle, become a canon of Vincennes, whom she amused with her performance, blamed her for not taking up this employment earlier, that he might have availed himself of her talent.

The grief and sensibility displayed by mademoiselle Phlipon at the death of her mother, attracted notice, and procured her many marks of regard. M. de Boismorel, whom she had not seen since his visits at her grandmother's, came to pay his respects to her at the house of her father. He repeated his visit, during her absence from home, and was taken by her father into her little apartment, on a table in which her compositions were lying. Monsieur Phlipon, proud of the genius of his daughter, talked to his guest of her studies, and, having excited his curiosity, took upon himself to gratify it by communicating to him some of her writings. Mademoiselle Phlipon was, on her return, on learning what had passed, displeased and offended. But her anger was appeased the next day, by the receipt of a well-written letter from M. Boismorel, with an offer of the use of his library, expressed in the most obliging and flattering terms. A correspondence, from this incident, commenced between them, which afforded to our young student both instruction and pleasure.

A visit to the family of M. Boismorel followed, who resided in a charming house, near the banks of the Seine, at a little distance from Paris. Mademoiselle Phlipon and her father were received by the ladies of the family in a summer saloon. 'How well your dear daughter looks!' exclaimed the mother of M. Boismorel, whom the reader may probably recollect; 'but, do you know, that my son is enchanted with her? Tell me, mademoiselle, do you not wish to be married?' 'Others have already thought for me on that subject, madam,

but I have not as yet seen reason to come to any determination.' 'You are difficult, I suppose; have you any repugnance to a man of a certain age?' 'The knowledge I might have of a person would only determine my attachment, my refusal, or my acceptance.' 'Those kinds of marriages have most solidity; a young man often escapes through our fingers, when one thinks him most attached. She is dressed with taste,' observed the old lady, turning to her daughter-in-law. 'Ah, extremely well, and with so much modesty!' replied the young lady, who was a devotee, and whose agreeable face was shaded with the curls of her hair, disposed with much nicety and art. 'How different,' added she, 'from that ridiculous mass of plumage we see fluttering above empty heads! You do not love feathers, mademoiselle?' 'I never wear them, madam; because, being the daughter of an artist, and on foot, they would seem to announce a rank which does not belong to me.' 'But would you wear them, were you in a different situation?' 'I do not know; I attach but little importance to trifles: I estimate, in regard to myself, these matters by convenience only, and am careful never to judge respecting any one in consequence of the first glimpse of her toilette.' This severe observation was pronounced with mildness. 'A philosopher!' exclaimed the lady, with a sigh, recollecting that her guest belonged not to her own sect. M. Boismorel put an end to this personal inquisition, by conducting mademoiselle to visit his garden and library. Here she recovered her ease and her spirits, while she pointed out the volumes, and collections of works, with the perusal of which she wished her obliging host to favour her. Among these were Bayle, and the *Memoirs* of the academies. On another visit to this family, in which mademoiselle Phlipon met a large company, she observes: "Those points of view in which I consider the world, and examine it unperceived by any one, serve but to disgust me, and to attach me still more to my own manner of living."

M. de Boismorel carried his young friend to the meeting of the French academy, on the anniversary of St. Lewis, where she listened with pleasure to a discourse of the abbé de Besplas, who mingled with his subject some bold philosophical opinions, and oblique satires upon government. At the theatre mademoiselle Phlipon appeared with the same unaf-

fected ingenuous character: without considering those who were around her, she smiled and wept at the various incidents and sentiments pourtrayed or expressed on the stage, with the happy simplicity of uncorrupted youth.

The eulogy on Catinat, by La Harpe, which had gained the prize at the academy, inspired M. de Boismorel with the desire of making a visit to St. Gratien, where Catinat had, at a distance from the court and its honours, ended his days in retirement. He proposed this pilgrimage to M. Phlipon and his daughter, who agreed with pleasure to accompany him. On the morning of a Michaelmas-day, they proceeded to the valley of Montmorency, and visited the borders of the lake by which it was embellished. They then ascended to St. Gratien, and reposed under the shade of the trees which Catinat had planted with his own hand. After a frugal repast, they spent the remainder of the day in the park of Montmorency, where they beheld the cottage which had been inhabited by J. J. Rousseau.

Through M. Boismorel mademoiselle Phlipon became acquainted with all that was novel and interesting in the republic of letters. "I saw him but seldom," said she, "but I heard from him every week. His conduct was that of a man of sense and sensibility, who honoured my sex, esteemed my person, and, as it were, protected my taste. His letters resembled himself: an agreeable seriousness characterised them; they bore the stamp of a mind superior to prejudices, and of a respectful friendship." This gentleman, greatly attached to literature, and admiring the talents of his young *protegée*, pressed her to choose a subject, and to make an essay of her genius in composition. Thus urged, mademoiselle Phlipon explained to him her disinterested attachment to study, which she wished to render serviceable to her happiness, without the intervention of any kind of glory, which she justly considered as calculated only to trouble her repose. With her arguments on this subject, she mingled extempore verses, which her correspondent replied to in the same style.

Calling on her one day, he informed her that he was desirous of practising a stratagem to quicken the industry of his son, a youth of seventeen years of age, whose application to his studies had lately begun to give way to a taste for dissipa-

tion, and who took more delight in the Italian opera than in the mathematics. 'It is necessary,' proceeded monsieur de Boismorel, 'that you should reprimand my son in a letter full of wisdom and penetration: in short, write in such a manner as your own mind shall dictate; stimulate his self-love, and awaken generous resolutions.' 'Me, sir! me? and in what manner, I beseech you, shall I be able to preach to your son?' 'Adopt any mode you please; your name shall not appear; it shall be so contrived as if some person, acquainted with his conduct and interested in his welfare, takes this method to warn him of his danger. I will get the letter conveyed to him at a moment when it shall produce its full effect. At a proper opportunity he shall be informed to what physician he is indebted for his cure.' 'Oh! you must never mention my name! But you have other friends, who can do this service better.' 'I think otherwise; and I demand of you this favour.' 'Very well; I renounce every other consideration, to demonstrate my desire of obliging you. I shall transmit to you the rough draught of my letter, of which you shall give me your opinion and corrections.' On the same evening mademoiselle Phlipon drew up a pointed and somewhat ironical epistle, calculated to flatter the self-love, and excite the reason of a young man, and to recal his attention to serious subjects, by considerations in which his happiness was involved. The father, delighted with this production, besought his young friend to send it without the alteration of a word. It was accordingly inclosed in a letter to Sophia, to be put into the post-office at Amiens. Several circumstances were, previous to its reception, arranged by monsieur Boismorel, for the purpose of insuring its effect. The young man received it, was touched by its contents, attributed it to the celebrated Duclos, and went to thank him for his kindness. Deceived in this conjecture, he makes farther guesses with no better success; and, at length, in some measure, resumes his studies.

Not long after this circumstance, M. de Boismorel walking with his son on a very hot day, from Bercy to Vincennes, where mademoiselle Phlipon was then with her uncle, and whither he brought to her the abbé Delisle's translation of the Georgics, was struck with a *coup de soleil.* Having treated it

lightly a fever ensued, followed by a coma,* which carried him off, in the vigour of his age, after a few days' illness. Mademoiselle Phlipon wept bitterly the death of her kind friend and valuable instructor; "nor can I ever recollect him," says she, "without experiencing that mournful regret, that sentiment of veneration and tenderness, which always accompanies the remembrance of a good man." When time had in some degree softened her sorrow, she composed a monody to his memory, which, without disclosing it to any one, she sung, accompanied by her guitar. On a visit of condolence, which her father paid to the son of their lost and valued friend, the young man told him in a vacant tone of voice, that he had found and thrown into a corner the letters of mademoiselle Phlipon to his father, to be restored to her if she should wish it; and that among them he had discovered the original of a certain epistle, which he had himself received. His guest, sensible of what was alluded to, said but little in reply. The youth appeared to be piqued, "whence," says his fair monitress, "I concluded that he was a fool, and troubled myself no more about him."

Many circumstances less interesting, and less important to the formation of the mind of this truly admirable woman, this martyr to humanity and virtue, whose untimely fate can never be sufficiently lamented, are here omitted, lest this article should be extended to an unreasonable length.

In speaking of Saint-Lette, one of the members of the council of Pondicherry, and who, on his return to Paris, in 1776, brought letters from a friend to M. Phlipon and his daughter, which introduced him to their acquaintance, "Those," says the latter, "who have seen much, are always worth hearing; and those who have felt much have always seen more than others, even when they have travelled less than Saint-Lette. He presented me with several of his performances: I communicated to him some of my reveries; and, in a prophetical tone of voice, and with a full persuasion of the event, he repeated to me several times, 'You are in the right, mademoiselle, to be on your guard, for all this will end in your writing a book.'" 'It shall then be under another person's

* An apoplectic disorder.

name,' replied the young lady, 'for I will sooner eat my fingers than become an author.'

Saint-Lette met at M. Phlipon's a man destined to have a powerful influence on the fate of his daughter, and with whom she had been acquainted for some months.

Her friend Sophia, whose situation led her into mingled society, had frequently mentioned in her letters a man of merit, who, on account of his place, occasionally resided at Amiens, where he visited at her mother's, and who came every winter to Paris, and often in the spring made still longer journeys. Sophia, pleased with a man whose instructive conversation, amidst the frivolous crowd by which she was surrounded, appeared to her with peculiar advantage, whose austere and simple manners inspired confidence, and who, without being beloved by the world, to which he bore but little resemblance, was yet generally respected, talked to him of her *dear friend;* while in the family, the warmth and constancy of an attachment formed in a convent, and to which time had given respectability, was a perpetual theme. M. Roland had also been shown the portrait of this dear friend. 'Why, then,' said he frequently, 'do you not make me acquainted with her? I go to Paris every year, cannot I carry to her a letter?'

The desired commission was at length obtained, in September, 1775. "I was still in mourning for my mother," says the friend of Sophia, "and in that mild, melancholy, state of mind, which succeeds to violent grief. Whoever presented himself from Sophia could not fail to be well received."

"This letter," observes Sophia, in her introductory epistle, "will be delivered by the philosopher whom I have already mentioned to you, M. Roland de la Platiere, an enlightened man, of pure morals, and who cannot be reproached with any thing but his great admiration of the ancients, at the expense of the moderns, whom he despises, and the foible of loving to speak too much of himself." "I beheld," says her *dear friend*, to whom this description was addressed, "a man somewhat more than forty years of age, tall, negligent in his appearance, and with that kind of formality contracted by study; but his manners were simple and easy, and, without possessing the polish of the world, they connected with the gravity of a philosopher the politeness of a man of birth. His person was lean,

his complexion accidentally yellow; his forehead, sparingly furnished with hair and very open, did not injure the regularity of his features, which, however, it rendered more respectable than seductive. When he became animated in conversation, or with the idea of any thing that pleased him, an extremely subtle smile, and a lively expression which pervaded his countenance, made him appear quite another person. His voice was masculine, his sentences short, like those of a man whose respiration is not very long. His discourse, full of facts, from a head replete with ideas, occupied the judgment rather than flattered the ear. His language was sometimes poignant, but harsh and destitute of harmony."*

La Blancherie, about this period, returned to Paris, whence he had been for some time absent. On his visit to mademoiselle Phlipon, where he learned the death of her mother, he manifested a degree of surprise and grief, that, while it affected, pleased her. He repeated his visits, and was received with pleasure. M. Phlipon, whose continual absence from home rendered his daughter's situation delicate, and who disliked the trouble of performing the office of a duenna, announced to her his intention of desiring La Blancherie to desist from his visits. Mademoiselle heard this resolution with some degree of chagrin: interested in favour of La Blancherie, she had begun to believe it possible to love him. "The head, I believe," says she, "was only at work; but it was making some progress." Having formed the resolution of softening in some degree her father's prohibition, by imposing the injunction herself on La Blancherie, she addressed to him a polite letter of dismission, which, while it deprived him of all hope of replying, did not destroy that of having pleased. This circumstance gave rise to some melancholy, but not unpleasing, reflections in the mind of the fair writer; which were, however, suspended by the arrival of Sophia at Paris, who remained some time in the capital, with her mother and her sister Henrietta. "The latter," says mademoiselle Phlipon, "being now more on a level with us, in consequence of the age she had attained, and the sedateness she had acquired, be-

* It is justly observed by madame Roland, that the charms of the voice possess a powerful influence over the senses; and that this charm does not merely belong to the quality of the sound, but results still more from that delicacy of sentiment which varies the expression, and modulates the accent.

came also my dear friend. The charms of her lively imagination darted coruscations around, and animated the ties which she had formed."

The friends, with mademoiselle d'Hangard, often repaired to the Luxembourg, where they met La Blancherie, whose respectful salute was by one of the party returned with some emotion. 'You then know this gentleman?' says mademoiselle d'Hangard, who had at first imaged the salute intended for herself. 'Yes, and do not you?' 'Oh! certainly; but I have never spoken to him. I visit the mademoiselles Bordenave, the youngest of whom he demanded in marriage.' 'Is it long since?' was a question asked by one of the ladies with some degree of earnest curiosity. 'A year, perhaps eighteen months. He found means to get himself introduced into the house: he went thither from time to time, and at length made a declaration. These young women are rich, the youngest is handsome. He has not a farthing, and is in search of an heiress, for he made a similar demand in respect to another person of their acquaintance, of which they were informed. The ladies dismissed him; and we call him *the lover of the eleven thousand virgins*. How did you know him?' 'By seeing him often at madame l'Epine's concert, answered mademoiselle Phlipon, while she bit her lips and withheld any farther information, chagrined at the idea of having thought herself beloved by a man who, in soliciting her hand, had probably been influenced only by sordid motives: while yet more mortified by the recollection of the letter she had written to him, she found in what had passed a subject for meditation and future caution.

A few months after this adventure, a little Savoyard came one day to tell the maid of mademoiselle, that some person wanted to speak to her. The servant went out, and returning informed her mistress, that M. la Blancherie intreated to see her. It was on a Sunday when madame Phlipon expected her relations. 'Yes,' replied she, 'let him come immediately; go, find and bring him with you.' The lover of the eleven thousand virgins entered; the lady was seated in a corner near the fireside. 'I did not dare, mademoiselle, to present myself to you, after your prohibition. I was extremely desirous to speak to you, and I cannot express what I felt in consequence of the dear and cruel letter which you then addressed to me. My

situation is since altered; I have projects at present with which you must not remain unacquainted.' He then began to unfold to her the plan of a moral and critical work, to which he invited her approbation and concurrence. He was allowed to go on for some time without interruption, and, even after he had finished speaking, to make some little pause. Mademoiselle then began to observe to him, with calm politeness, that she had herself taken the trouble to request the discontinuance of his visits, on account of those sentiments respecting her, which he had thought proper to declare to her father, and for which she was desirous of demonstrating her gratitude. That, at her time of life, the vivacity of the imagination was but too apt to mingle itself with every transaction, and even sometimes to change their appearance. But that error was not a crime, and she had already recovered from hers with too good a grace to give herself any more concern on that subject. She admired his literary projects, she added, but without wishing to participate in them, or in those of any other person. She must, therefore, confine herself to wishes for his success, and it was to tell him this that she had consented to see him, and also that he might hereafter avoid every similar attempt. Having thus spoken, with great composure, she besought him to conclude his visit.

Surprise, grief, agitation, were all about to be displayed, when a stop was put to the exhibition by an observation of the lady, 'that she was ignorant whether the mademoiselles Bordenave, and others whom he had honoured with his addresses, nearly at the same period, had expressed themselves in regard to him with equal frankness; but that hers was unbounded, nor did the resolutions she had taken in consequence admit of any explanation.' At the same time she rose, bowed, and made a motion with her hand towards the door. One of her relations entering at that moment, the lover of the eleven thousand virgins retreated in silence, and made his appearance no more. "Who," says the lady, "has not since heard of the *agent-general of the correspondence of the arts and sciences?*" But to return to M. Roland.

During the last eight or nine months, he had several times visited at M. Phlipon's, where, though his visits were not frequent, neither were they short; they appeared also to be paid

with pleasure. With his frank and instructive conversation, mademoiselle Phlipon was never wearied, while the attention with which he found himself listened to by a sensible and amiable young woman, interested and gratified his feelings. It was on the eve of his return from Germany that this acquaintance commenced; he was then preparing for a tour into Italy, and, in the arragement of his affairs previous to his journey, he chose to deposit his manuscripts with his new and amiable friend, who, should any misfortune happen to the author, was to remain mistress of their disposal. This mark of confidence and esteem was not received without gratitude and pleasure. On the day of his departure, M. Roland, accompanied by Saint-Lette, dined at mademoiselle Phlipon's. On taking leave, he asked permission to salute his fair friend, a privilege which was not granted without a blush. 'You are happy in departing,' said Saint-Lette to him, gravely; 'but make haste to return, in order to demand another.'

During the stay of Saint-Lette in France, his friend Sevelinge became a widower. Saint-Lette repaired to him at Siossons, where he resided, and brought him back with him to Paris, in the hope of diverting his grief. They visited mademoiselle Phlipon together. Sevelinge possessed a cultivated mind, and a taste for letters. Saint-Lette in leaving France felt a pleasure in having introduced his friends to each other. Saint-Lette at length reimbarked for Pondicherry, where he arrived ill, and died within six weeks. His death was regretted by his friends in France, and more especially by Sevelinge. A correspondence had taken place between the latter and mademoiselle Phlipon. "His letters," says she "which were written in a good style, and abounded in agreeable description, afforded me great pleasure. They wore an appearance of a mild philosophy, and a melancholy sensibility, for which I always possessed a great inclination. What Diderot has said on this subject is exceedingly just, 'that great taste supposes great sensibility, delicate organs, and a temperament inclined to melancholy.'"

Monsieur Phlipon at length began to discover, that it was useless to display abilities at the expense of postage. His daughter, chagrined at this intimation, communicated her perplexity to her little uncle, who authorised her to cause the letters of

Sevelinge to be addressed to his house. Some manuscripts which, at the desire of Saint-Lette, had been entrusted to the perusal of Sevelinge, were returned to the author, with critical observations; "of which," says she, "I was exceedingly vain; for I did not suppose my *works* worth examination. They were in my own eyes reveries, sage enough, but common, and relating to things with which it appeared to me every one was acquainted. The only merit which I thought they possessed, was their originality, in having been compossed by a young maiden. The events of the revolution, the change of affairs, the variety of my situations, the frequent comparisons with a great crowd, and with people esteemed on account of their merit, were all necessary, in order to make me perceive, that the platform on which I stood was not encumbered by numbers."

The academy of Besançon proposed, as the subject for a prize, the following question: "In what manner can the education of women contribute to render men better?" Mademoiselle Phlipon, struck with the idea, seized her pen, and composed a discourse, which she sent without a name, but which was not judged worthy of the reward; an honour which no one obtained. The question was proposed anew for the following year. "In wishing to treat on this subject," says she, "I deemed it absurd to determine on a mode of education unconnected with general manners, which depend on government, and conceived that we ought not to pretend to reform one sex by the other, but to ameliorate the species by means of good laws. Accordingly, I mentioned what it appeared to me that women ought to be; but added, that it was impossible to render them such but by a new order of things. This notion, certainly philosophical and just, did not come within the plan of the academy. Instead of solving, I reasoned on the problem."

A copy of this discourse was sent to M. Sevelinge, who confined his remarks to the style. "My head," says the author, "became cool, I discovered my work to be defective in the very foundation, and I amused myself with criticising it, as if it had been the production of another."

In this communication of talents between the correspondents, more than a twelvemonth elapsed. Sevelinge appeared at length to be uneasy respecting the situation of his young

friend, and weary himself of living alone.* He made many reflections on the charms of a rational society; his correspondent agreed with him; and they reasoned for some time on the subject. The gentleman soon after made a journey to Paris, and presented himself at M. Phlipon's, incognito, as if upon business. Mademoiselle, though she received him herself, did not recollect her friend, who withdrew with a mortified air. This circumstance recalled his features to her memory; but still she remained doubtful as to his identity. His letters at length made the discovery. The singularity of the adventure produced on the mind of the lady a disagreeable, though undefinable, impression. The correspondence relaxed, and after a time entirely ceased.

Mademoiselle Phlipon went sometimes to Vincennes, to visit her uncle at his canonical residence, where the walks were delightful, and the society agreeable. The castle of Vincennes was inhabited by a number of persons, whom the court gratified with apartments. "My uncle," says his niece, "was well received every where, but visited little, and saw at home only a small number of persons. But on our return from a walk, we usually stopped in the evening at the pavilion on the bridge, belonging to the park, where the women assembled. There I found new pictures to paint. The tragedies of Voltaire, which she read and rehearsed with her uncle, occupied a part of the days: "and those lame concerts," says she, "after supper, when, on the table which they had just cleared, muff-cases served by way of pulpit to the good canon Bareux, in spectacles, snoring in a thorough-bass, while I scraped on the violin, and my uncle made a noise with his flute. Ah! I shall recur to these gentle scenes, if they permit me to live."

The manuscripts left by M. Roland under the care of mademoiselle Phlipon, during the eighteen months which he passed in Italy, made her better acquainted with the author than even a personal intercourse could have done. They consisted of travels, plans of works, reflections, and anecdotes respecting the writer, whose strong mind, austere probity, strict principles, knowledge, and taste, thus discovered themselves. Born amidst opulence, he was descended from an ancient family,

* Sevelinge was fifty-three years of age, possessed a small fortune, and held a place in the department of the provincial finances.

whose fortunes had been melted away by prodigality and disorder. The youngest of five brothers, who had been made to enter the church, he had left his parental mansion at the age of nineteen, to avoid taking orders or entering into commerce, to both of which he was equally averse. He had formed a project of going to the Indies, which the state of his health had prevented. M. Godinat, a relation and inspector of manufactures at Rouen, proposed to him to engage in that part of the administration. The young man complied, distinguished himself by his activity, and at length became advantageously settled. Travelling and study divided his time. Before he set out to Italy, he brought to M. Phlipon's his best-beloved brother, a benedictine and a prior, a man of talents and amiable manners, who sometimes visited mademoiselle, and read to her the notes which M. Roland transmitted to him, and which contained the observations made on his journey.

On the return of the traveller, mademoiselle Phlipon found in him a valuable friend. "His gravity, his manners, his habits," said she, "made me consider him only as a philosopher who existed by reason. A sort of confidence established itself between us, and, in consequence of the pleasure which he experienced in my society, he contracted by degrees the desire of visiting me more frequently." Near five years elapsed, from the commencement of the acquaintance, before M. Roland declared other sentiments than those of friendship. He was esteemed by the lady more than any man whom she had hitherto known, yet she had remarked an external unsuitability both in the lover and in his family. She told him frankly, that he did her honour in his addresses, to which she would consent with pleasure, had she thought it an advantageous connexion for him. She then discovered to him the state of her father's affairs, who had completely ruined himself. "I had saved," says she, "in consequence of the accounts, which I had at length taken upon me to demand of my father at the risque of experiencing his hatred, five hundred *livres* of yearly income, which, with my wardrobe, formed the remainder of that apparent affluence in which I had been brought up." She dissuaded M. Roland from thinking of her, as a third person might have done. He however persisted, and, affected by his disinterestedness, the lady consented that he should disclose his sentiments to her father: but, preferring to express

himself on paper, it was determined that his explanation with M. Phlipon should not take place till after his return to the place of his residence. During the remainder of his stay in Paris, the friends met daily, and mademoiselle Phlipon, considering him as the being to whom she was about to unite her destiny, became attached to M. Roland.

On his return to Amiens, he explained to M. Phlipon his wishes and his designs. His letter did not please. The person to whom it was addressed had no inclination to accept for his son-in-law an austere man, in whose look he felt a censor. He replied to the address of M. Roland with harshness, and even with impertinence, nor did he communicate what had passed to his daughter till he had dispatched the answer. She instantly took her resolution. Having informed M. Roland, that the event had but too well justified her apprehensions, and entreated him to abandon his design, that it might not occasion to him farther mortification, she declared to her father her intention of retiring to a convent; a measure which his conduct had rendered necessary. Before her departure she resigned to him the portion of plate that belong to her in right of her mother, that he might be able to satisfy some debts that pressed for payment. She then hired a small apartment at the *Congregation*, to which she retreated, with a resolution to circumscribe her wants within the limits of her scanty income.

After severely calculating her expenditure, she laid aside something for presents to the servants of the house. Potatoes, rice, and beans, stewed with a little butter and a few grains of salt, formed the principal articles of her diet. She went out only twice a-week, once to visit her relations, and once to her father's, where she cast an eye over his linen, and carried back with her what wanted repairing. The remainder of her time "inclosed," says she, "within my roof of snow, for I lodged near to heaven, and it was winter," was passed in solitude and in study, to which she resigned herself. The affectionate Agatha spent with her half an hour every evening, and softened the severe lot she had chosen, with the tender sympathy of friendship. This consolation, and a walk in the garden when every one had retired, were the only relaxations which our admirable young philosopher allowed to herself. "I fortified my heart," said she, "against adversity, by deserving happiness, and thus I avenge myself on that fortune

that refuses to grant it. The resignation of a strong mind, the peace of a good conscience, the elevation of a character that defies misfortune, those laborious habits that make the hours fly swiftly away, that delicate taste of a sound understanding which finds in the sentiment of existence, and in the idea of its own value, indemnifications unknown to the vulgar: such were my treasures! I was not always free from melancholy, but this had its charms; and, if I was not happy, I had within my own bosom all that was necessary to be so."

M. Roland, surprised and distressed at what had passed, continued to write to his respectable friend, as a man who ceased not to feel for her all the sentiments she deserved, but who had been hurt by the conduct of her father. Near six months thus wore away, when he returned, and visited her at the grate, "where," says she, "I still retained the countenance of prosperity." Having offered to her his hand anew, he pressed her to leave her retreat. "I reflect," says she, "profoundly on what I ought to do. I do not conceal from myself, that a man less than forty-five years of age would not have waited several months to prevail upon me to change my resolution, and I readily allow that this idea had reduced my sentiments to a state in which there was no illusion. But, on the other hand, I consider that this offer, so maturely reflected upon, ought to convince me that I was esteemed. In fine, marriage was, as I believed, a severe tie, an association, in which the wife usually charges herself with the happiness of two individuals. Was it not better for me then to exercise my faculties and my courage in this honourable task, than in the retirement in which I lived?" These and other reflections determined her conduct, and she at length became the wife of a worthy man, who understood and prized her value. "To him," says she, "I devoted myself with an excess, more enthusiastic than discreet. In consequence of considering nothing but the felicity of my partner, I perceived that something was wanting to the completion of mine. I have not ceased, however, for a single moment, to behold in my husband one of the most estimable of men, and to whom I deem myself honoured to belong. But I have often felt that parity did not exist between us, and that the ascendency of a predominating character, added to twenty additional years, rendered one of these superiorities too great. If we lived in solitude, I might have many unpleasant

hours to pass; if we mixed with the world, I might be beloved by others, and some might affect me to much: I therefore plunged myself into study along with my husband; another excess which had its inconvenience also, and I accustomed him not to know how to do without me during a single instant."

The first year of their marriage was spent at Paris, whither business, which respected the manufactures, called M. Roland. He employed his wife as his *amanuensis*, and the corrector of his proofs, a task, however little suited to her cultivated mind, which she fulfilled with humility and exactness. "I respected my husband to so great a degree," says she, "that I easily supposed he knew every thing better than I did. I was so fearful of a cloud upon his brow, and he was so tenacious of his opinions, that it was not until long after that I acquired confidence enough to differ from him." After the business of a secretary and a housekeeper was finished, this excellent and attentive wife, finding the state of her husband's health to be delicate, condescended to prepare for him, with her own hands, the viands that suited him best; she filled up the remainder of her time with the study of botany and natural history, of which she entered into a course.

After leaving Paris, they spent four years at Amiens, where madame Roland performed the duties of a mother and a nurse, without ceasing to participate in the labours of her husband, who was charged with a considerable portion of the New Encyclopedia. "We never quit our study," says she, "but to walk in the neighbourhood of the town: I form an herbal of the plants of Picardy, and a taste for aquatic botany gives rise to *l'art du tourbier*. Frequent maladies render me uneasy respecting Roland's preservation; my cares were not useless to him; this constituted a new tie: he loved me because I was devoted to him; my attachment to him was strengthened by the services I render to him."

During their stay at Amiens, Sophia gave her hand to the chevalier de Gomicourt, who lived six leagues from the town, and farmed his own estate. Henrietta, who had been partial to M. Roland, to whom her family had wished her to have been united, loudly approved of the preference which he had given to her friend, to whom the generosity and affecting sincerity of her character doubly endeared her. This charming young woman was sacrificed to an old man, who, at seventy-five years of age,

was advised by his physician and his confessor to take another wife. Both the sisters became widows. Sophia grew devout, and fell into a languishing state of health. "The difference of our ideas," says madame Roland, "in respect to pursuits and opinions, added to absence and business, have relaxed without dissolving our attachment. Henrietta, always frank, lively, and affectionate, has come to visit me during my captivity, and would have occupied my place to have ensured my safety." Roland, after their marriage, wished his wife to see her friends but seldom. She complied with this request, till time and confidence in her character had removed from her husband all injurious apprehensions respecting rivalship in her affection. "This prohibition was ill judged," says she; "marriage is grave and austere;* if you deprive a woman of sensibility of the pleasures of friendship with persons of her own sex, you diminish a necessary aliment, and expose her to temptation."

In 1784, M. and madame Roland removed to the generality of Lyons, and settled at Villefranche, in the paternal habitation of the former, where an ancient mother still resided, with her eldest son, a canon and a counsellor. The philosophy of madame Roland was here put to the proof, by the terrible temper of her mother-in-law. In the autumn they repaired to Thezée, two leagues from Villefranche, where, after the decease of their mother, they passed the greater part of the year. This country, arid in respect to its soil, was rich in vines and in woods. "It was there," says madame Roland, "my simple taste became conversant in all the details of rural economy: it was there that I employed for the relief of my neighbours some acquired knowledge: I became the physician of the village, so much the more beloved as giving succour instead of demanding retributions, while the pleasure of proving useful rendered these cares agreeable."

In 1789 madame Roland snatched her husband from the grave, during a frightful malady, from which her cares only could have saved him. She passed twelve days without sleep, and without undressing, and six months in all the anxiety of a perilous convalescence. "Yet," says she, "I was not even indisposed; so much does the heart confer strength, and double our activity."

* To this austerity inequality of age must doubtless contribute.

The revolution ensued, that extraordinary epoch in human affairs: the friends of liberty and humanity, in the hope of beholding the regeneration of their species, and meliorating the lot of the lower and more unfortunate classes of mankind, rejoiced and triumphed. Respectable but mistaken transport! M. and madame Roland gave, by their opinions, offence at Lyons to many individuals, "who," observes the latter, "habituated to commercial calculations, could not conceive how any one should be induced, through mere philosophy, to provoke and applaud changes, which could only prove useful to others." M. Roland, elected a member of the municipality on its first formation, distinguished himself by his inflexible justice.

Being deputed to the constituent assembly in behalf of the interest of Lyons, he repaired to Paris, where they passed nearly a year. It was at this period that they connected themselves with those respectable but unfortunate men, destined, with themselves, to become the martyrs and the victims of the sacred cause of humanity and freedom.

In 1784 they had made the tour of England, and in 1787 that of Switzerland, an interesting account of which has since appeared in the posthumous works of madame Roland. During these journeys they acquired some valuable and interesting friends. They also visited several parts of France, and had projected a visit to Italy.

M. Phlipon had been prevailed on by his daughter and son-in-law, who paid the few debts which he had contracted, to retire from business: they at the same time settled on him an annuity. His proud heart was hurt at this obligation. He died, during the severe winter of 1787, at sixty-three years of age, in consequence of a catarrh with which he had been long affected. The uncle of madame Roland expired at Vincennes, in 1789. They lost also, soon after, her husband's favourite brother.

Public affairs now absorbed their attention, and swallowed up all their time, while they resigned themselves to the passion of serving their country, and thus benefiting the human race.

M. Roland had executed the office of inspector of commerce and manufactories in the *generality* of Lyons, with knowledge, activity and probity. He had digested in his closet, during this period, the materials with which his experience furnished him, and continued the dictionary of manufactures for the "New En-

cyclopedia." A correspondence had also taken place about this time between him and Brissot, whom congenial principles had mutually attracted. This correspondence was, by the revolution, still farther encouraged. Brissot, at this juncture, having begun a periodical paper, M. and madame Roland (who assisted her husband in all his literary labours) frequently contributed towards it. They became thus, without any personal intercourse, intimate and confidential friends. Notwithstanding his situation in life, his family, and his connexions, which might be supposed to attach him to the aristocracy, Roland was, by his turn of mind and character, rendered interesting to the popular party. Amidst the political struggles of the revolution he was elected a member of the municipality of Lyons: in this situation his inflexible integrity led him to lay open, without reserve, the numerous abuses that had crept into the administration of the finances; a conduct by which his enemies were multiplied. The debt of the city of Lyons, which exhibited an epitome of the disorders of the state, was found, on examination, to amount to the sum of forty millions of lives.* To solicit assistance for the manufactures, which had suffered in the revolution, it became indispensable to commission a deputy-extraordinary to the constituent assembly, and M. Roland was the person chosen for the purpose.

On the 20th of February, 1791, he arrived with his family at Paris. Madame Roland, who had been five years absent from the place of her birth, and who had watched with a lively interest the progress of the revolution and the labours of the assembly, whose characters and talents she had anxiously studied, seized this opportunity to attend their sittings. "Here," says she, "I saw the powerful Mirabeau, the only man in the revolution whose genius could guide the others, and sway the assembly; the astonishing Cazalés, the daring Maury, the artful Lameths, and the frigid Barnave. I remarked with vexation that kind of superiority on the side of the court party, which dignified habits, purity of language, and polished manners, cannot fail to give in large assemblies. But strength of reason, and the courage of integrity, the lights of philosophy, the fruits of study, and the fluency of the bar, could not fail to secure the triumphs of the patriots, if they were all honest, and could but remain united."

* 1,666,667*l*.

At Paris they were visited by Brissot, with whose mind and writings they were already conversant. Brissot introduced to them several of the other members, whom similitude of principles, or zeal for the public good, drew frequently together. It was even agreed that they should meet four evenings in the week in the apartment of madame Roland, whose lodgings were conveniently situated for the purpose. By this arrangement she became acquainted with the progress of affairs, in which, from her taste for political speculation, and for the study of mankind, she was deeply interested. "I knew," says she, "the part which became my sex, and never stepped out of it. I took no share in the debates which passed in my presence. Sitting at a table, without the circle, I employed myself with my needle, or in writing letters: yet, if I dispatched ten epistles, which was sometimes the case, I lost not a syllable of what was passing, and more than once bit my lips to restrain my impatience to speak. What struck me most, and distressed me exceedingly, was that sort of light and frivolous chit-chat, in which men of sense waste two or three hours without coming to any conclusion. Taking things in detail, you would have heard excellent principles maintained, and some good plans proposed; but, on summing up the whole, there appeared to be no path marked out, no fixed result nor determinate point towards which the view of each individaul should be directed. Sometimes, for very vexation, I could have boxed the ears of these philosophers, whom I daily learned to esteem more for the honesty of their hearts and the purity of their intentions. Excellent reasoners all, and all philosophers, and learned theoretical politicians; but, totally ignorant of the art of managing mankind, and consequently of swaying an assembly, their wit and learning were too generally lavished to no end."

Robespierre was sometimes of these parties. Persuaded at that time, of his zeal for liberty, the usual penetration of madame Roland was suspended in his favour, while she was inclined to attribute his faults to the excess of patriotism. "That kind of reserve," observed she, "which seems to indicate either the fear of being seen through, because we can get nothing by being known; or the distrust of a man who finds in his own bosom no reason for giving credit to the virtue of others; that kind of reserve for which Robespierre is remarkable, gave me pain, but I mistook it for modesty. Thus it is that, with a favourable pre-

possession, we transform into symptoms of the most amiable qualities, the most untoward dispositions. Never did the smile of confidence rest on the lips of Robespierre; while they were almost always contracted by the malignant grin of envy, striving to assume the semblance of disdain. His talents as an orator were below mediocrity; his vulgar voice, ill-chosen expressions, and faulty pronunciation, rendering his discourse extremely tiresome. But he maintained principles with warmth and perseverance; and there was some courage in doing so, at a time when the defenders of the popular cause were greatly diminished in numbers: on this account I esteemed Robespierre."

At a juncture when the fears of Robespierre were greatly roused for his safety, M. and madame Roland drove to his house, near midnight, to offer him an asylum. He had already quitted his habitation: they proceeded therefore to Buzot's, whom they wished to interest in his favour. 'There is nothing,' said Buzot, after some hesitation, 'that I would not do to save that unhappy young man; though I am far from thinking of him as many others do: he thinks too much of himself to be greatly in love with liberty; but he serves its cause, and that is enough for me.'

The mission of Roland having detained him seven months at Paris, he quitted it in the middle of September, after obtaining for Lyons every thing that it could desire; and passed the autumn in the country, employed in the vintage.

One of the last acts of the constituent assembly was the suppression of inspectors. M. and madame Roland considered whether it would be better to remain in the country, or to pass the winter in Paris, where Roland might prefer his claim to a pension, as a recompense for forty years service; where at the same time he could continue his labours for the Encyclopedia, in the focus of science, amidst artists and men of letters. In the month of December they accordingly returned to Paris. The members of the constituent assembly had retired to their several homes; and Petion, who had been chosen mayor, was occupied with his office: they also saw Brissot less frequently. Their attention was now wholly engaged with the plan of establishing a journal of the useful arts; and of diverting their minds by study from public affairs, which exhibited a melancholy aspect.

About the middle of March, they were informed by one of their friends, that the court, full of perplexity and alarm, was desirous of doing some popular act, and had even an idea of appointing patriot ministers. Several persons, he added, had turned their thoughts towards M. Roland, whose literary reputation, administrative knowledge, justice, and vigour of mind, afforded a prospect of stability. Roland, at that time, frequented the jacobin society, and was employed in its committee of correspondence.* The 21st of the same month, Brissot called upon madame Roland, and repeated, in a more positive manner, the same intimation, while he inquired whether her husband would take on himself the burthen of administration. Madame Roland replied, that she had mentioned the affair to him, when it was first started, in the course of conversation, and that it appeared to her, that, after taking into the account all the dangers and difficulties his zeal and activity would not object to such a field for exertion; but that it was a business that required farther consideration. Roland did not shrink from the task proposed to him; his confidence in his own abilities inspired him with the desire of being serviceable to his country, and to the cause of freedom. Such was the answer that, on the following day, was given to Brissot.

On Friday the 23d, Brissot and Dumouriez came, on the breaking up of the council, to inform Roland that he was appointed minister for the home department, and to salute him as their colleague. They staid but a few minutes, while they appointed an hour, in the ensuing day, for Roland to take the oaths. 'There goes a man,' said madame Roland, speaking of Dumouriez, whom she had then seen for the first time, as they went out: 'there goes a man of a subtle mind, and a deceitful look; against whom it will perhaps behove you to be more upon your guard than against any other man whatever: he expressed great pleasure at the patriotic choice he was employed to an-

* Madame Roland read these letters, and often undertook to answer them. She considered that the society might exert its influence in disseminating good principles. "Persuaded," says she, "that a revolution is no better than a terrible and destructive storm, if the improvement of the public mind keep not pace with the progression of events; and sensible of the good that might be done by taking hold of men's imaginations, and giving them an impulse towards virtue, I employed myself with pleasure in this correspondence."

nounce, and yet I shall not be surprised if, on some future day, he brings about your dismission.' It appeared to her impossible that Dumouriez and Roland could act long in concert. "On one side," says she, "I beheld integrity and frankness personified, with rigid justice, devoid of all courtly arts, and of all the dextrous manœuvres of a man of the world. On the other, I fancied I could recognise a libertine of great parts, a determined adventurer, inclined to make a jest of every thing except his own interest and fame."

Roland, by his indefatigable industry, readiness in business, and methodical habits, was soon enabled to arrange in his head the various branches of his department; but the principles and manners of his chief clerks opposed to him formidable obstacles. For the first three weeks he was enchanted with the apparently excellent disposition of the king, to whose professions he gave entire credit, 'Good God!' said his wife to him, 'when I see you and Claviere* set out for council with all that delightful confidence, it always seems to me that you are on the point of committing some egregious folly." "I never," observes she, "could bring myself to believe in the constitutional vocation of a king, born and brought up in despotism, and accustomed to arbitrary sway. Had Lewis been sincerely the friend of a constitution that would have restrained his power, he must have been a man above the common race of mortals: and had he been such a man, he would never have suffered those events to occur that produced the revolution."

The first time Roland appeared at court, the simplicity of his apparel excited the surprise and indignation of the court satellites, who, deriving from *etiquette* their sole importance, believed that the state depended on it preservation. 'Oh, dear sir,' said the master of the ceremonies, with a countenance of alarm, whispering Dumouriez, and glancing at Roland, 'he has no buckles in his shoes.' 'Oh lord!' answered Dumouriez, with comic gravity, 'we are all ruined and undone.' A council being held four times a-week, the ministers agreed on those days to dine by turns at each other's houses. They were received by madame Roland as her guests every Friday. Dumouriez, she observed on these occasions, had more of what is called *parts* than all his collegues put together, and less *morality* than any one of

* One of his colleagues in office.

them. "He wanted nothing," says she, "but strength of mind in proportion to his genius, and a cooler head to execute the plans he conceived."

In the mean time, the troubles respecting religion, and the preparations of the enemy, called for decisive measures, while the refusal of the king to sanction the decrees, tore of the veil with which he had sought to conceal his purposes. At first this refusal was evasive; the ministers complained of the delay; Roland and Servan, in particular, remonstrated incessantly, and spoke with becoming spirit the most striking truths. Their situation had become critical; the public weal was in danger; it was incumbent on the ministers, who professed patriotism, either to provide the means of safety, or to relinquish their office: Roland proposed writing a letter to the king to this purport; his colleagues, unwilling to lose their places, objected and demurred; while Dumouriez, intent on playing at leisure his own cards, left them to settle the business.

The postponement of the sanction had reached its utmost limits: sensible that the council had neither the firmness nor the unanimity to act collectively, it was determined between M. and madame Roland, that it because the integrity and courage of the former to step forward alone. The question was no longer to resign, but to deserve a dismission. Madame Roland composed the celebrated letter on this occasion. "Studious habits," says she, "and a taste for letters, made me participate in the labours of my husband, as long as he remained a private individual: I wrote with him as I ate with him, because one was almost as natural to me as the other, and because my existence being devoted to his happiness, I applied myself to those things which gave him the greatest pleasure. Roland wrote treatises on the arts, I did the same, although the subject was tedious to me. He was fond of erudition. I helped him to pursue his critical researches. Did he wish, by way of recreation, to compose an essay for some academy, we sat dow to write in concert, or else separately, that we might afterwards compare our productions, choose the best, or compress them into one. If he had written homilies, I should have done the same. When he became minister, I did not interfere with his administration; but, if a circular letter, a set of instructions, or an important state paper were wanting, we talked the matter over with our usual freedom, and,

impressed with his ideas, and pregnant with my own, I took up the pen, which I had the most leisure to conduct. Our principles and turn of mind being the same, we were agreed as to the form, and my husband risqued nothing in passing through my hands. I could advance nothing, warranted by justice and reason, which he was not capable of realising, or supporting by his energy and conduct. But my language expressed more strongly what he had done or promised to do. Roland *without me* would not have been a worse minister; his activity, his knowledge, his probity, were all his own: but *with me* he attracted more attention; because I infused into his writings that mixture of spirit and of softness, of authoritative reason and of seducing sentiment, which are perhaps only to be found in a woman endowed with a clear head and a feeling heart. I composed with delight such pieces as I deemed likely to be useful; and felt in so doing greater pleasure than had I been known as the author. I am avaricious of happiness, and with me it consists in the good I do."

While M. and madame Roland were reading over this letter, *Pache** came in. 'Tis a very bold step,' observed he. 'Very bold, without doubt,' answered madame Roland, 'but just and necessary: what signifies any thing else?' The letter was carried to the council, with the intention of being read aloud; but the king, when pressed anew for his sanction, waived the discussion, and required from each of his ministers their written opinion on the following day. Roland returned home, added to his letter a few introductory lines, and delivered the whole into the hands of the king on the morning of the next day, the 11th of June. On the 12th, Servan, one of his colleagues, walked into his apartment, with a cheerful countenance: 'Congratulate me,' said he, 'I am turned out.' 'I am much mortified,' replied madame Roland, 'that you should have that honour first; but I hope ere long it will be awarded to my husband.' Servan went on to inform them, that it was Dumouriez who had, in his majesty's name, demanded from him his *port-folio*, of which he was going to take charge himself. 'Dumouriez!' exclaimed madame Roland; 'his conduct surprises me but little; yet it is infamous, and the other ministers in that case ought not to wait for their dismission.' The three preceding days, Dumouriez had held

* A man raised to office by Roland, whose calumniator he afterwards became.

long and frequent conferences with the queen. The opinion of Roland coincided with that of his wife, that the ministers ought not to wait till they were dismissed. He communicated to his colleagues the letter he had sent to the king in the morning, from which he expected to meet with treatment similar to that experienced by Servan. After a long debate, it was agreed that they should meet early on the next day, and that Roland should, in the mean time, prepare a letter for them all to sign. The ministers having assembled at the appointed hour, expressed their doubts respecting the letter, and concluded that it would be better to declare their sentiments to the king in a personal conference. While they deliberated, a messenger from the king ordered one of them (Duranthon) to repair alone to his majesty. 'We will wait for you at the Chancery,' said Roland and Claviere. Scarcely had they reached it when Duranthon returned, and, with an hypocritical face of concern, drew slowly from his pocket an order for the discharge of his two colleagues. 'You make us wait a long while for our liberty,' said Roland with a smile; 'I perceive that our delays have made us lose the start.' 'Well,' said he, on his return to madame Roland, 'I also am turned out.' 'I hope,' replied she, 'it is better deserved on your part than on that of any one else. But one thing remains to be done; that you should be the first to acquaint the assembly with your dismission, and to send them a copy of its cause, your letter to the king: since he has not profited by the lesson it contained, you ought to render that lesson useful to the public.' This idea was immediately executed: it answered a double purpose. "Utility and glory," says madame Roland, "were the consequences of my husband's retreat. I had not been proud of his elevation to the ministry, but I was proud of his digrace." Thus did Roland and his wife return to private life.

While her husband remained in the ministry, madame Roland determined neither to pay nor to receive visits, nor to invite any female to her table. "I had," said she, "no great sacrifices to make on this occasion, for my acquaintance was not extensive; beside, my love of study equals my detestation of cards; and the society of silly people affords me no amusement. Accustomed to spend my days in domestic retirement, I shared the labours of Roland, and pursued the studies suited to my own particular taste. Twice a-week indeed I gave a dinner to some of the ministers, a few members of the assembly, and persons

with whom my husband had business; but I had not the rage of interfering. Out of all the rooms of a spacious apartment, I chose for myself the smallest parlour, which, by removing into it my books and bureau, I converted into a study. It often happened that the friends and colleagues of Roland, when they wished to speak to him confidentially, instead of going to his apartment, where he was surrounded with clerks, would come to mine, and request me to send for him. Thus, without intrigue, or idle curiosity, I found myself drawn into the vortex of public affairs. Roland, with that confidence which ever subsisted between us, had a pleasure in afterwards conversing with me, in private, respecting what passed on these occasions; an intercommunity of knowledge and opinions was thus established between us."

With the revolution of the 10th of August every one is acquainted: Roland was at that period recalled to the ministry, which he re-entered with renovated hopes. 'It is a great pity,' said madame Roland, on this occasion, 'that the council should be contaminated by that Danton, who has so bad a reputation." 'What can we do?' said some friends, in reply to this remark; 'he has been useful in the revolution, and the people love him: there is no prudence in making malecontents: it will certainly be better to make the most of him as he is." "There was some reason in this," observes madame Roland; "still it is easier to deny a man the means of influence, than to prevent his putting it to a bad use. Here began the faults of the patriots. The instant the court was subdued, an excellent council should have been formed, the members of which, being distinguished for knowledge, and irreproachable in their manners, would have given dignity to the government, and impressed foreign powers with respect. The thing which most surprised me," says she, "after the elevation of my husband gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a number of persons, particularly those employed in important affairs, was the universal meanness of their minds: it surpasses all that can be imagined, and pervades every rank. But for this experience, never should I have thought so poorly of my species, nor was it till then that I assumed any confidence in myself. In this scarcity of able men, the revolution having driven away successively those whose birth, fortune, education, and circumstances, had rendered them,

by a somewhat higher cultivation, superior to the mass of the people, it is no wonder if we fell gradually into the hands of the grossest ignorance, and the most shameful incapacity." Speaking again of Danton, who visited almost daily at the minister's hotel: "While I contemplated his forbidding and atrocious features, I could not bring myself to associate the idea of a good man with such a countenance. I never saw any aspect so strongly expressive of the violence of brutal passions, and the most astonishing audacity, half disguised by a jovial air, an affectation of frankness, and a sort of simplicity. My lively imagination represents every person, with whom I am struck, in the action that I conceive suitable to his character. In this manner have I often figured Danton, with a dagger in his hand, encouraging by his voice and example a band of assassins, more timid or less ferocious than himself: or else, when satiated with his crimes, indicating his habits and propensities by the jestures of a Sardanapalus." Danton, and Fabre d'Eglantine, an unprincipled hypocrite, sought, by vaunting their own patriotism, to throw madame Roland off her guard, and make her speak out. "It was a subject," says she, "on which I had nothing to conceal or dissemble. I avow my principles equally to those whom I suppose to participate in them, and to those whom I suspect of cherishing sentiments less pure. In regard to the former, it is confidence: to the latter, pride. I disdain to disguise myself, even under the pretence, or with the hope of being better able to fathom the minds of others. I lay open my whole soul, and never suffer a doubt to exist of what I really am."

Danton and Fabre ceased to visit at Roland's towards the latter end of August; cautious, no doubt, of exposing themselves to attentive eyes, on the approaching matins of September. Preparations were made, by public commotions and alarms, for this dreadful tragedy, on the first symptoms of which, Roland took every step, in his office of minister, to avert the coming storm, which the most vigilant humanity could devise. At five in the evening of Sunday, nearly at the moment when the prisons were invested, about two hundred men proceeded to the hotel of the home department. Madame Roland, who was sitting in her own apartment, rose at the noise, of which, stepping into the antichamber, she inquired the cause. Roland was from home, but the persons who asked for him, dissatisfied with this informa-

tion, insisted on speaking to the minister. Madame Roland perceiving the assurances of her servants ineffectual, sent to invite, in her own name, ten of the malecontents to walk up stairs, of whom she calmly inquired what they wanted? They informed her, that they were honest citizens, ready to set off for Verdun, but who, in want of arms, came to ask the minister, whom they were resolved to see, for a supply. She observed to them, that the minister of the interior never had arms at his disposal, and that it was to the war-office that they should address their request. They had already been there, they said, and had been repulsed: all the ministers, they added, were rascally traitors, and they wanted Roland. 'I am sorry he is out; for his arguments would have had weight with you: come with me, and search the hotel, and you will be satisfied that he is from home, and that there are no arms here; nor indeed ought there to be any, as on reflection you must needs be convinced. Return, I pray you, to the war-office, or complain to the commune; and if you wish to speak to M. Roland, repair to the hotel of the marine, where the council is assembled.' On this remonstrance, the band withdrew; but, from a balcony over the court, madame Roland beheld a furious fellow in his shirt, his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, and a broad sword in his hand, declaiming against the treachery of the ministers. They carried with them, on their retreat, the valet de chambre of M. Roland, by way of hostage.

Madame Roland instantly got into a coach, and hastened to the admiralty, to inform her husband of what had passed. Danton was, in the mean time, at the residence of the mayor, in the committee of vigilance as it was styled, whence issued the orders of arrest, that had for some days past been so numerous. A reconciliation had just taken place between him and Marat, after a parade of a feigned quarrel. Going up to the apartment of Petion, he took him aside, and, in his customary language, interlarded with oaths, 'Can you guess,' said he, 'what they have taken in their heads? Why, may I die, if they have not issued a warrant against Roland!' 'Who do you mean?' 'Why, that madheaded committee to be sure. I have the warrant in my possession. Look, here it is. We can never suffer them to go on at this rate. What, the devil! against a member of the council!' Petion, having read the warrant, returned it to him with a

smile; 'Let them proceed,' said he, 'it will have a good effect.' 'A good effect!' exclaimed Danton, examining with an earnest eye the countenance of the mayor: 'Oh! no, I can never suffer it; I'll find means to make them listen to reason.' The warrant was not executed; but it was evident that the two hundred men were sent to the minister's hotel by the devisers of that warrant. "Who so dull," says madame Roland, "as not to suspect, that the failure of that attempt, by delaying the execution of the project, might allow those who had conceived it time to pause? And who so wanting in penetration as not to perceive in Danton's conduct to the mayor, that of a conspirator, endeavouring to discover what effect such a blow would produce, or in its failure, to take to himself the honour of having parried it?"

It was past eleven when Roland left the council, nor was it till the ensuing morning that he learnt the horrors of the night. Distressed beyond measure at these abominable crimes, and his incapacity of preventing them, it was agreed between M. and madame Roland, that there remained nothing for an honest minister to do, but to denounce them in the most public manner, to rouse the indignation of all men of honour, and, if necessary, to expose himself to the dagger of the assassins, rather than to incur the guilt and shame of being in any way their accomplice. 'It is equally true,' observed madame Roland to her husband, 'that a courageous determination is not more consonant to justice, than conducive to safety. Firmness only can repress audacity. If the denunciation of these enormities were not a duty, it would be an act of prudence. The people who perpetrate them must necessarily hate you, for having endeavoured to obstruct their proceedings. Nothing remains for you, but to inspire them with fear.' Roland wrote to the assembly his letter of the 3d of September; a letter not less celebrated than that addressed to the king. The assembly ordered it to be printed, posted up, and sent to the departments, and applauded a courage it dared not to emulate.

The massacres continued four whole days; and curious people went to the spectacle. All Paris witnessed these horrible scenes, perpetrated by a small number of cut-throats: so small indeed as not to exceed a dozen at the *Abbaye*. "All Paris," says madame Roland, "looked on: all Paris was accursed in my eyes: I could no longer entertain hopes of the establishment of liberty among *cowards*, insensible to the last outrages that can be

committed on nature and humanity, and coolly contemplating enormities, which fifty armed men might have prevented with ease. I know of nothing in the annals of the most barbarous nations comparable to these atrocious acts." From the most authentic accounts, it appears that there were not two hundred villains concerned in the whole of these infamous transactions; but the people were terrified with rumours, and rendered stupid by horror and surprise.

The health of Roland was impaired by these proceedings; the bile, obstructed in its course by the derangement of his system, spread itself over the skin: he became yellow and emaciated, but, though unable to eat or sleep, continued his labours. He was still ignorant of a warrant having been issued against him; a secret which his wife had been careful to keep from his knowledge. Somebody, however, in the following week, took it into his head to inform him of this circumstance.

The gold, jewels, and other valuables, which, from the rank and condition of the captives, abounded in the prisons at the time of the massacres, were of course pillaged: still more considerable had been the plunder, collected by the members of the commune, after the struggle of the 10th of August: but the minister of the interior, who had a right to make the demand, could obtain no information concerning these transactions. The assembly to which he complained, commended as usual his zeal, but took no measures to support him: while millions fell into the hands of those who would naturally employ them to perpetuate the anarchy from which they derived all their power. Marat, who had been refused by Roland the disposal of a sum of money, allotted to the minister by the assembly, for the expense of printing useful works, became from that moment his enemy and calumniator. Madame Roland, unacquainted with Marat, and who had sometimes doubted whether he was indeed a real or a fictitious being, expressed to Danton a curiosity to see him, and desired he would bring him to the hotel. This request Danton declined, as a measure not only useless, but which could not fail of proving disagreeable, since Marat was an original, like nothing else in the world.

Three weeks had passed away since the tragedy of September. Marat complained bitterly of the incivism of the mi-

nister, in refusing him the sum demanded: he also, in a bill which he had stuck up, attacked by name madame Roland, who perceived in this measure the hand of Danton. 'Intending to attack you,' says she, to her husband, 'they begin by prowling around your house. Danton, with all his sense, has the folly to imagine that I shall be hurt by his abuse; that I shall take up my pen to answer it; that he will have the pleasure of bringing a woman forward upon the stage; and thus expose to the shafts of ridicule the man to whom she is allied. These people may form a tolerable opinion of my talents, but they are utterly incapable of judging of the temper of my soul. Let them continue their calumnies as long as they please; they will never make me stir a step, nor excite my uneasiness.'

On the 22d of September, Roland made an exact and spirited report of the state of Paris, its disorders, and insubordination: the assembly, sound in judgment, but weak in resolution, ordered the report to be printed, but rectified nothing. The department of the Somme, in which Roland resided, elected him as a member of the convention; a choice which excited almost general regret. To take from the helm a man of talents and courage, whom it would be difficult to replace, in order to put him in an assembly where many others, by their votes, might equally serve the state, was a measure to be deprecated. An outcry was raised on all sides, while a motion was made, that Roland should be invited to remain in the ministry. Danton, who was present in the convention, rose to oppose this invitation with vehemence and rancour, observing, among other malicious remarks, that the address ought also to be extended to the wife of the minister, as a person by no means useless to the administration. Murmurs of disapprobation repelled this invidious insinuation; but, though the general wish was strongly expressed, the decree did not pass. Neither was the resignation of Roland accepted. A crowd of members repaired to his house, pressing him to remain in office, as a sacrifice due to his country. These solicitations lasted two days, when news was brought, that an error had attended his election, which rendered it void: of course, that he had no excuse for quitting the ministry. Having therefore resolved on keeping his place, he wrote to the assembly in a courageous and dignified style, that confounded his enemies.

The party of Danton had endeavoured to conceal the circumstance that set aside his election, till he had resigned the administration, in the hope of throwing him out on all sides. At length, no longer giving him quarter, every day produced some fresh attack; while incessant calumnies and accusations, each more atrocious and absurd than the other, followed in rapid succession. They even imputed to him as a crime, his care to inform the public mind. "It requires," observes madame Roland, "no profound skill in politics to know, that the strength of a government depends on opinion. All the difference, in this respect, between a just and a tyrannical administration, is, that while the former is employed in diffusing truth, and enlarging the sphere of knowledge, it is the business of the latter to suppress the one, and to contract the other." The *patriotic correspondence* of Roland had produced the most admirable effects, and remained a monument, attesting his enlightened vigilance, and the purity of his principles. From that instant the minister was represented as a dangerous man, who had offices of public spirit: soon after, as a corruptor of the opinions of the people, and a man ambitious of the supreme power; and last of all, as a conspirator. The departments returned him for his letters the warmest thanks, but the banditti of Paris continued to calumniate and abuse him: a distrust was excited in the public mind, which the jacobins seconded with all their power, while the Dantons, the Robespierres, and the Marats, bore all the sway.

Madame Roland was accused, during the administration of her husband, of giving sumptuous entertainments, where, like another Circe, she corrupted all those who came to the banquet. From the following account of her habitual conduct at the hotel, the reader may form a judgment of the truth of this accusation: "Twice a-week, only, I gave a dinner, once to my husband's colleagues, and once to a mixed company, composed either of national representatives, of first clerks in the offices, or of persons concerned in the business of the state. Taste and neatness presided at my table, to which profusion and the luxury of ornament was unknown. Without devoting much time to conviviality, for I gave only one course, every one was at his ease. Fifteen was the usual number of the guests, which seldom amounted to eighteen, and only once to twenty.

After dinner we conversed for some time in the drawing-room, and then every one took his leave. We sat down to table about five; at nine not a creature remained; yet this was the court of which they made me queen; and thus, with the doors wide open, did we carry on our dark and dangerous conspiracies. On other days, confined to our family, my husband and myself usually sat down to table alone; delaying, for the transaction of public business, our dinner to a very late hour: my daughter dined with her governess in her own room. Those who saw me at that time, will bear witness in my favour, whenever the voice of truth can make itself heard. I shall then perhaps be no more; but I shall go out of the world with the persuasion, that the memory of my persecutors will be lost in maledictions, while my name will sometimes be recollected with a sigh."

In the latter period of the administration of Roland, conspiracies and threats succeeded each other so fast, that his friends often pressed him and Madame Roland to leave the hotel during the night. Two or three times they yielded to these intreaties, but, soon tired of this daily removal, they observed, that if destined to fall, it would be more conducive to public utility and to personal glory, for the minister to perish at his post. They accordingly no longer slept from home. Madame Roland, that she might suffer the same hazard as her husband, had his bed brought into her room; while she kept under her pillow a pistol, not to use for a vain defence, but to save herself, should she perceive them approach, from the outrages of assassins. In this situation she passed three weeks, during which the hotel was twice beset.

"To-day on a throne, to-morrow in a prison."

"Such," observes madame Roland, "is the fate of virtue in revolutionary times. Enlightened men, who have pointed out its rights, are, by a nation weary of oppression, first called into authority. But it is not possible that they should maintain their places: the ambitious, eager to take advantage of circumstances, mislead the people by flattery, and, to acquire consequence and power, prejudice them against their real friends. Men of principle, who despise adulation and contemn intrigue, meet not their opposers on equal terms; their fall is therefore

certain: the still soft voice of sober reason, amidst the tumult of the passions, is easily overpowered."

The resignation of Roland appeased not his enemies; his very name, which was become the signal of discord, could not be pronounced without confusion. If a member, less venal than the rest, ventured to speak in his defence, he was reduced to silence, and treated as an instrument of faction. His continuation in the ministry, which could no longer be productive of utility, had become an additional source of disorder in the convention; he deemed it therefore prudent to resign. In his retirement, he gave a terrible blow to his enemies, by publishing such accounts as no minister before him had furnished; but to have them examined and sanctioned by a report, was an act of justice for which he solicited in vain. Such a proceeding, by giving a proof of his meritorious conduct, would have confounded the malice of his detractors, whose interest it was to blind and to mislead the people. In vain, seven times in four months, did he intreat, publish, and write, to the convention, whose weakness would not permit them to undertake his defence. The jacobins continued to denounce him as a traitor; and Marat to prove to his adherents, that the head of Roland was necessary to the tranquillity of the republic.

The eighth time he wrote to the convention, which deigned not even to peruse his letter: his wife, in the mean while, was preparing with her daughter to go into the country, whither domestic business, with other motives, rendered her desirous of retiring. Should the enemies of her husband proceed to the last extremities, it would be easier, she considered, for him to escape alone, than when embarrassed with his family; while prudence pointed out the propriety of dimishing the number of points in which he might be attacked. Her passports had been delayed at the section, through the management of some *Maratists*, in whose eyes she had become an object of suspicion: scarcely were they delivered to her, when she was seized with a nervous colic, attended with convulsions, the only malady to which she was subject, and to which the vehement affections of a strong mind acting upon a robust frame, particularly exposed her. Being compelled to take to her bed, in which she passed six days, on the seventh she proposed to go out in order to show herself at the municipality; when, by the sound of the

alarm-bell, her purpose was suspended. Every thing seemed to foretel an approaching crisis. The commotions which succeeded excited in the mind of madame Roland that interest and curiosity which great events cannot fail to inspire. The debasement of the convention appeared to her so distressing, that she scarcely considered as dreadful the worst excesses, that might tend to open the eyes of the departments, and to determine their conduct. Roland was pressed by some persons, who came to confer with him on what was passing, to make his appearance at his section, by which he was greatly esteemed. It was agreed, however, though nothing but the good intentions of the citizens were talked of, that he should not sleep at home on the following night.

At half past five the same evening, six armed men appeared at his house, when one of them read an order of the *revolutionary committee*, by virtue of which they were come to apprehend him. 'I know of no laws,' replied Roland, 'which constitute the authority you mention, nor shall I obey the orders which it issues. If you employ force, I can only oppose to it such resistance as a man of my years is capable of making. But I shall protest against it to the last moment of my life.' 'I have no order,' said the spokesman, 'to use violence. I shall return, therefore, and communicate your answer to the council-general of the commune: in the mean time, I will leave my colleagues here.'

It immediately occurred to madame Roland, that it might not be amiss to denounce, in the most public manner, these proceedings to the convention; either to prevent by that means the arrest of her husband, or to obtain his prompt release. In a few minutes this idea was communicated to Roland, a letter was written to the president, and the courageous wife of the ex-minister was on her way to the covention. Her servant being absent, she left a friend with her husband, and, having stepped alone into a hackney-coach, ordered it to proceed as fast as possible to the Carousel. The court-yard of the Tuilleries, which she swiftly crossed, was filled with armed men. Having arrived at the doors of the outer halls, which were all closed, she found sentinels placed at the entrance, who allowed no one to pass, and who sent her by turns from door to door. In vain did she insist on admission; till, as an

expedient to overcome the resistance of the sentinels, she determined to affect the language of a disciple of Robespierre. 'Citizens,' said she, addressing them, 'why in this day of salvation for our country, and in the midst of the traitors from whom we have so much to fear, do you prevent me from transmitting to the president some papers of the last importance? Send at least for an usher to whose care I may entrust my credentials.'

The doors instantly flying open, madame Roland walked into the petitioners' hall, where having inquired for an usher, she was desired by a sentry to wait for some moments, till one should come out. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, when she perceived Ross,* of whom she solicited permission to appear at the bar, and to plead the cause of Roland as connected with the public weal. Ross, conceiving at once the subject of the letter, of which he took charge, and the impatience which the writer must necessarily feel, requested that the paper which he carried in, and laid upon the table, might be read without delay. An hour passed heavily away, while madame Roland paced backwards and forwards, her eyes cast towards the door of the hall, which was several times opened and closed by the guard. A dreadful noise from time to time assailed her ears. Ross at length appeared. 'Well!' inquired the wife of the ex-minister, with breathless impatience. 'Nothing has yet been done. An indescribable tumult prevails in the assembly. Some petitioners, at this moment, demand at the bar the confinement of the *twenty-two:* I have just assisted Rabaud in getting out unseen. Several others are making off; nor can any one say what may be the event.' 'Who is president?' 'Hérault Séchelles.' 'Ah! my letter will not be read. Send to me some member with whom I may speak a few words.' 'Whom shall I send?' 'Indeed I am little acquainted, or have little esteem for any of them, excepting those who are proscribed. Tell Vergniaux I wish to see him.'

Ross went in search of him. At the end of a considerable period, Vergniaux appeared, and talked with madame Roland for seven or eight minutes. He then went back to the hall, and again returned. 'In the present state of the assembly,' said he, 'I dare not flatter you; you have no great room for hope. You

* A Scotchman, usher to the convention.

may obtain, if you get admission to the bar, a little more favour as a woman; but the convention is no longer able to do any good.' 'It is able to do any thing it pleases;' replied madame Roland, with quickness: 'the majority of Paris only desire to know how they *ought* to act. If I am admitted to the assembly, I will venture to say what you could not utter without exposing yourself to impeachment. As to me, I fear nothing; and if I cannot save Roland, I will speak some home truths, which will not be altogether useless to the republic. Inform your worthy colleagues of my desire; a courageous sally may yet have an effect, it will at least serve to set a great example.'

"I was indeed," says she, "in that temper of mind which imparts eloquence; warm with indignation, superior to fear, my bosom glowing for my country, the ruin of which I foresaw: every thing dear to me at stake; feeling strongly, expressing those feelings fluently, and too proud not to utter them with dignity, I had the most important interests to discuss, possessed some means of defending them, and was in a singular situation for doing so with advantage." 'But at any rate,' said Vergniaux, 'your letter cannot be read for some hours; think what a tedious time you will have to wait!' 'I will go home, then, to know what has been passing there, and will immediately return: you may tell our friends that this is my intention.' 'Most of them are absent; they behave with courage when they are here; but they are deficient in assiduity.' 'That, alas! is but too true.'

Madame Roland, quitting Vergniaux, flew to Louvet's, whence, having left a note to inform him of what was passing, she threw herself into a coach, and ordered it home. The wretched horses not keeping pace with her feelings, and some battalions of national guards impeding the way, she jumped out of the coach, which she discharged, and, rushing through the ranks, hastened forwards. Having reached her house, the porter whispered her that Roland was at the landlord's at the bottom of the court. Thither she immediately hastened, and there she learned, that the bearers of the warrant, not being able to procure a hearing at the council, and Roland persisting in protesting against their orders, they had, after demanding his protest in writing, withdrawn themselves; in consequence

of which Roland had retired through the back-door. Being found by his wife at the second house in which she sought him, she informed him of what she had done, and the measures she meant to pursue.

From the solitude of the streets she perceived that it was late; she prepared nevertheless to return to the convention, without recollecting her recent illness, which demanded quiet and repose. On approaching the Carousel, she found the sitting was at an end; from which she augured the subjugation of the assembly. A few men still remained at the gate of the national palace: 'Citizens,' said she to some *sans-culottes* collected round a cannon, 'has every thing gone well?' 'O! wonderfully: they embraced each other, and sang the *Marseillois* hymn, under the tree of liberty.' 'What, then, is the right side appeased?' 'Faith! it was obliged to listen to reason.' 'And what of the committee of twelve?' 'It is kicked into the ditch.' 'And the *twenty-two*?' 'The municipality will have them taken up.' 'Aye, but *can* the municipality?' 'Why, body o' me, is not the municipality the sovereign? It is high time it should, to set those b——s of traitors to rights, and support the commonwealth.' 'But will the departments be pleased to see their representatives—' 'What are you talking about? the Parisians do nothing but in concert with the departments: they said so to the convention.' 'That, however is not quite so certain; for to know their will, the primary assemblies were wanting?' 'Was there any want of primary assemblies on the 10th of August? Did not the departments then approve what Paris did? They will do so now: it is Paris that is saving them.' 'Or rather say, it is Paris that is ruining itself.'

While concluding this dialogue she crossed the court, and returned to the coach which waited: 'You will set me down,' said she to the coachman, 'at the galleries of the Louvre.' There she meant to call on a friend, and concert with him the means of Roland's safety. Pasquier had retired to bed: he rose; and madame Roland submitted to him her plan. It was agreed that they should meet the next day. She stepped into her coach, and was proceeding home, when she was stopped by the centry who stood on his post. 'Have a little patience, said the coachman in a whisper, turning round on his seat; 'it is the custom at this time of night.' The serjeant advanced and opened the door: 'Whom have we here?' 'A woman.'

'Whence come you?' 'From the convention.' 'It is very true,' said the coachman, as if he feared her assertion would need confirmation. 'Whither are you going?' 'Home.' 'Have you no bundles?' 'None, as you may see.' 'But the assembly is broken up.' 'Yes; to my sorrow, for I had a petition to present.' 'A woman, at this hour! it is very strange; very imprudent.' 'It certainly is not a very common occurrence; nor is it with me a matter of choice: I must have had strong reasons for it.' 'But, madam, *alone!*' 'How, sir, alone! Do you not see that I have *innocence* and *truth* for my companions? what would you have more?' 'Well, I must be content with your reasons.' 'You are quite right,' in a gentle tone, 'for they are good ones.'

Having at length reached her house, she had ascended eight or ten steps, when a man, who was close behind her, and who had slipped in unperceived by the porter, begged her to conduct him to citizen Roland. 'To his apartment, with pleasure, if you have any thing advantageous to impart; but to *him* it is impossible.' 'I came to let him know, that they are absolutely determined on confining him this very evening.' 'They must be sagacious if they accomplish their purpose.' 'I am happy to hear it, for it is an honest citizen to whom you are speaking.' 'Well and good,' replied she, as she proceeded up stairs, perplexed what opinion to form.

"I may be asked," says she, "why, under such circumstances, I returned to the house. Nor is the question irrelevant. I have a natural aversion to every thing inconsistent with the grand, bold, and ingenuous proceedings of innocence: an effort to escape from the hand of injustice, would be to me more painful than any thing it could inflict. During the last three months of Roland's administration, our friends often urged us to quit the hotel; but it was always contrary to my inclinations. It was incumbent on the minister to be at his post; for there his death would cry aloud for vengeance, and prove a lesson to the republic. It was possible to reach his life when abroad, with equal advantage to the assassins, less benefit to the public, and less glory to the victim. Such reasoning will be deemed absurd by those who prefer life to all things; but he, who in a period of revolution sets any value on existence, will set none on virtue, his honour, or his country."

Madame Roland acted upon these principles; she refused to leave the hotel in the month of January, determined to share the fate of her husband. When Roland was no longer in office, she thought him justified in shunning his enemies. For herself she believed she had less to fear; or even should they wish to begin the busines by subjecting her to an examination, she doubted not of being able to confound them, and that her answers might even serve to dispel more rapidly the delusion of those who had suffered themselves to be misled. Should they proceed to another 2d of September, it would prove that all was lost in Paris; in which case she preferred death to living a witness of her country's ruin; while she felt, that she should glory in being found among the victims sacrificed to a guilty fury.

That fury, she also believed, glutted with her destruction, would be mitigated against Roland; who, if saved from this crisis, might yet be preserved to benefit France. Her imprisonment and trial might therefore be productive of advantage to her husband and her country; or, if destined to perish, it would be under circumstances in which life itself would have become a burthen. Thus magnanimously reasoned this admirable woman!

Having, on her return home, quieted the fears of her family, she took up a pen for the purpose of writing a note to her husband. Scarcely had she seated herself at the desk, before she was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door. It was about midnight. A numerous deputation of the commune appeared, and inquired for Roland: 'He is not at home.' 'But where can he be? said a person who wore an officer's gorget: when will he return? You are acquainted with his habits, and doubtless can judge of the hour of his return.' 'I know not whether your orders authorise you to ask such questions; but this I know, nothing can compel me to answer them. As Roland left the house while I was at the convention, he had it not in his power to make me his *confidante*. This is all I have to say.'

The party withdrew much dissatisfied, leaving a sentry at the door of madame Roland's apartment, and a guard at that of the house. Overcome with fatigue, and determined to brave the worst, she ordered supper; and, having finished her let-

ter, and entrusted it to the care of a faithful domestic, she retired to rest. She slept soundly for about an hour, when she was awakened by a servant, and informed that some gentlemen of the section requested her to step into the adjoining room. 'I understand what it means,' replied she calmly: 'go, child; I will not make them wait.' Having sprung from the bed, she was dressing, when her maid came in, and expressed her surprise that she should be at the pains of putting on more than a morning-robe: 'When people are going abroad,' replied she, 'they should at least be decent.' The poor woman, looking in the face of her mistress, burst into tears. Madame Roland walked into the next apartment. 'We come, *citoyenne*, to take you into custody, and to put seals upon your property.' 'Here,' said a man, taking out of his pocket a warrant from the revolutionary committee, which ordered the wife of Roland to be committed to the Abbaye, without specifying any motive for her arrest. 'I have a right to tell you,' said she, 'like Roland, that I know nothing of your committee; that I will not obey its orders; and that you shall not take me hence unless by violence.' 'Here is another order,' said a little hard-featured man, in a hasty and commanding tone of voice, reading to her one from the commune; which also directed, without specifying any charge, the commitment of monsieur and madame Roland. The latter deliberated whether she should still resist, or resign herself into their hands. She had a right to avail herself of the law which prohibits nocturnal arrests; and, if the law by which the municipality were authorised to seize suspected persons were urged, to retort the illegality of the municipality itself, cashiered and created anew by an arbitrary power. But *law* was become no more than an empty name to cover oppression and abuses; and had she compelled these men to resort to force, she justly dreaded their brutality, and the indignities to which she might expose herself.

'How do you mean to proceed, gentlemen?' said she. 'We have sent for a justice of peace of the section; and you see here a detatchment of his armed force.' The justice of the peace arrived, and put his seal upon every thing, even on the drawers which contained the linen. One of the men insisted on the *piano-forte* being sealed up also; but, on being informed it was a musical instrument, he drew out a rule and took

its dimensions, as if he designed it for a particular place. Madame Roland asked leave to take out the clothes of her daughter, and made up a small packet of night-clothes for herself. During these transactions, fifty or a hundred people passed backward and forward, completely filling the apartments: persons malevolently disposed might, without difficulty, have deposited or have carried away any thing. The officer, not daring to lay his commands upon this crowd, gently requested them to withdraw; but their places were soon occupied by new comers. The prisoner, sitting down at her bureau, wrote to a friend concerning her situation, with a recommendation of her daughter to his care. She was folding up the letter, when the officer informed her it was necessary that he should see what she had written, and know to whom her letter was addressed. 'I have no objections to read it to you, if that will satisfy you.' 'No, it will be better to let us know to whom you are writing.' 'I shall do no such thing: the title of my friend is not at present of a nature to induce me to name the person on whom I bestow it.' Thus speaking, she tore in pieces the letter. As she turned from them they gathered up the fragments, in order to seal them up. She smiled at the precaution, the letter being without an address.

At seven in the morning she left her daughter and her domestics, after exhorting them to calmness and patience. 'You have people here who love you,' said one of the commissioners, observing the tears of her family. 'I never had any about me who did not,' replied she, while walking down stairs; from the bottom of which to the coach, drawn up on the opposite side of the street, stood two ranks of armed citizens. She proceeded gravely, with measured steps, while her eyes were fixed on these deluded men. The armed force followed the coach in two files, while the miserable populace, attracted by the sight, stopped to gaze as it passed. '*Away with her to the guillotine!*' exclaimed several women. 'Shall we draw up the blinds?' said one of the commissioners, civilly. 'No, gentlemen; innocence, however oppressed, never puts on the guise of criminality: I fear not the eye of any one, nor will I conceal myself from any person's view.' 'You have more strength of mind than many men; you wait patiently for justice.' 'Justice! were justice done, I should not now be in your hands. But should

an iniquitous procedure send me to the scaffold, I shall walk to it with the same tranquillity and firmness as I now pass to prison. My heart bleeds for my country, while I regret my mistake in supposing it qualified for freedom and happiness: but life I appreciate at its due value. I never feared any thing but guilt; injustice and death I despise.'

Having arrived at the Abbaye, that theatre of massacre and blood, five or six field-beds, with as many men stretched upon them, in a dark and dreary apartment, were the first objects that struck the eye of the prisoner. Her guides made her ascend a dirty and narrow staircase. They came at length to the keeper's apartment, which was tolerably clean, and where a seat was offered to her. 'Where is my room?' said she to the wife of the keeper, a corpulent woman, with an agreeable countenance. 'Madam, I did not expect you, I have no room as yet; but in the mean time you will remain here.' The commissioners in an adjoining room gave their verbal orders, which they dared not commit to writing, and which were very severe, and often afterwards renewed. The keeper, an active, obliging, humane man, observed not literally what he was under no obligation to perform. 'What would you choose for breakfast?' said he. 'A little capillaire and water.' The commissioners withdrew, observing to madame Roland, that if her husband were not guilty, there could be no occasion for him to abscond. 'It is so extraordinary,' replied she, 'to suspect a man who has rendered such important services to the cause of liberty! Just as Aristides, and severe as Cato, it is to his virtues he is indebted for his enemies. Their fury knows no bounds; let them satiate it on me: I defy its power, and devote myself to death. It is incumbent on *him* to save himself for the sake of his country, to which he may yet be capable of rendering important services.' An awkward bow was the only answer which these gentlemen, whose confusion was evident, thought proper to make.

The wife of the keeper made some civil observations, expressive of the regret which she felt when a prisoner of her own sex arrived, 'for,' added she, 'they have not all your serene countenance.' Madame Roland thanked her with a smile; while she locked her into a room hastily put in order for her reception. 'Well then,' said she, seating herself, and falling

into a train of reflections, 'I am in prison.' The moments that followed, she declares, she would not have exchanged for those which might be esteemed by others as the happiest of her life. Her situation rendered her sensible of the value of integrity and fortitude, united with an approving conscience. "I recalled the past to my mind," says she; "I calculated the events of the future. I devoted myself, if I may so say, voluntarily to my destiny, whatever it might be: I defied its rigour, and fixed myself firmly in that state of mind, in which, without giving ourselves concern for what is to come, we seek only employment for the present." But this tranquillity in regard to her own fate extended not to that of her country and her friends. She waited for the evening paper, and listened with extreme anxiety to every noise in the street. She wished to ascertain what portion of freedom was yet left to her. 'May I write? May I see any body? What will be my expenses here?' were her first questions. The keeper informed her of the orders he had received, and how far he could venture to evade or modify them. She wrote to her faithful maid to come to see her; but it was agreed that this indulgence should be kept a secret.

The first visit she received was from Grandpré, on the day of her arrival. 'You shall write to the assembly,' said he; 'have you not yet been thinking of it?' 'No; and now you remind me of it, I do not see how I shall be able to get my letter read.' 'I will do all I can to assist you.' 'Very well; then I will write.' 'Do so: I will return in two hours.' He departed, and madame Roland took up her pen to address the national convention. She complained of the treatment she had received, and remonstrated respecting the injustice and illegality of the proceedings. She demanded justice and protection in a high tone. "If the convention," added she, "confirms my arrest, I appeal to the law which ordains the declaration of the crime, and the examination of the prisoner, within four-and-twenty hours after his capture. In the last place, I demand a report on the accounts of that irreproachable man, who exhibits an instance of unheard-of persecution, and who seems destined to give to all Europe the terrible lesson of virtue proscribed by the blindness of infuriate prejudice. If to have shared the strictness of his principles, the energy of his mind, and the ardour of his love of liberty, be crimes, I plead guilty and await

my punishment. Pronounce sentence, legislators! France, freedom, the fate of the republic and of yourselves, depend on this day's distribution of that justice which it is yours to dispense."

From the agitation in which she had passed the preceding night, she felt extreme fatigue. She desired to have a chamber, of which, at ten o'clock, she took possession. When, on entering it, she found herself surrounded by four dirty walls, in the midst of which was a bed without curtains; when she observed a double-grated window, and was assailed by a close and offensive smell, she felt indeed sensible of the change in her situation. The room however was of a tolerable size, it had a fire-place, and the bed-clothes were not bad: she deemed herself therefore, without dwelling on comparisons, not altogether ill accommodated. She retired to bed, and was not risen at ten in the morning, when Grandpré returned. He appeared more uneasy than the preceding evening, while he cast a mournful look around the wretched apartment. 'How did you pass the night?' said he, his eyes filled with tears. 'I was repeatedly awakened by the noise, but fell asleep again as soon as it ceased, in despite even of the alarm-bell, which I thought I heard this morning—Ha! is it not sounding still?' 'Why, I thought so; but it is nothing.' 'Be it as it pleases Heaven: if they kill me, it shall be in this bed; for I am so weary, that here I will expect my fate. Is any thing new brought forward against the members?' 'No, I have brought back your letter. It is my opinion, and also that of Champagneux, that the beginning should be softened. Here is what we propose to substitute: and then you should write a line or two to the minister of the home department, that he may transmit your letter officially, which would enable me the better to solicit that it should be read.' 'If I thought,' replied she, taking the paper and looking over it, 'that my letter would be read as it now stands, so it should remain, even were I sure it would be productive of no advantage to myself; for it is scarcely possible to hope for justice from the convention. The truths addressed to it are not for an assembly incapable, at present, of putting them in practice: but they should be uttered, that they may be heard by the departments.' At length, convinced that her exordium might prevent the reading of the letter, she omitted the first paragraphs, substituting in their stead what had been proposed

by her friends. She also wrote a few lines to the minister, in order to render the proceeding regular.

Rising about noon, she busied herself in arranging her apartment. She had in her pocket Thomson's Seasons, a work of which she was peculiarly fond: she made a memorandum of such other books as she should wish to procure. Among these were the Lives of Plutarch, Hume's History of England, and Sheridan's Dictionary. "I would rather," says she, "have continued to read Mrs. Macauley, but the person who had lent me the first volumes was from home." While employed in these peaceful preparations, she heard the town in a tumult, and the drums beating to arms. She could not help smiling at the contrast. 'At any rate,' said she to herself, 'they will not prevent my living to my last moment more happy in conscious innocence than my persecutors with the rage that animates them. If they come, I will advance to meet them, and go to death as a man would go to repose.'

The keeper's wife came to invite her prisoner to her apartment, that she might dine in a better air. Here she found her faithful domestic, who, bathed in tears, and nearly suffocated with grief, threw herself into the arms of her mistress, who, on this occasion, could not avoid melting into tenderness and sorrow. She even almost reproached herself with her previous tranquillity, when she reflected on the anxiety of those who were attached to her. She endeavoured to prove to this affectionate servant, who was desirous of remaining in the prison that she would be more useful to her without; that by giving way to her grief she would incapacitate herself from serving her; and that upon the whole she was far from being so unfortunate as might be imagined: and this indeed was true. "Whenever I have been ill," observes madame Roland, "I have experienced a particular kind of serenity, proceeding unquestionably from my mode of thinking, and from the law I have laid down for myself of always submitting quietly to necessity instead of revolting against it. The moment I take to my bed, every duty and every solicitude seems at an end: I am bound only to remain there with resignation and with a good grace. I call up agreeable impressions, pleasing remembrances, and ideas of happiness. All exertions, all reasonings, and all calculations, I discard; giving myself up entirely to nature:

peaceful like her, I suffer pain without impatience, and seek repose or cheerfulness. I find that imprisonment produces on me nearly the same effect: I am only bound to be in prison, and what great hardship is there in that? I am not such very bad company for myself."

A multitude of new victims being brought to the Abbaye, madame Roland was informed that she must change her situation, as her chamber would contain more than one bed. To be alone, she was obliged to be confined in a small closet, the window of which was over the sentry, who guarded the prison-gate. *Who goes there? Kill him! Guard! Patrole!* called out in a thundering voice, were the sounds that annoyed her through the night. The houses were illuminated, and from the number and frequency of the patroles, it was easy to infer some commotion. She rose early and employed herself in making her bed, cleaning her little room, and in rendering her person, and every thing around her, as neat as it was in her power. "Had I desired these things to be done for me," says she, "I must have paid for them dearly, waited a long time, and had them performed in a slovenly manner. By taking on myself the office, I was sure to be a gainer, and that the trifling presents I might make would be rated higher, because they would be altogether gratuitous."

Madame Roland had listened impatiently to hear the bolts of her door drawn back, that she might ask for a newspaper. She read in it the decree against the twenty-two: the paper fell from her hands, while she exclaimed, in a transport of grief, 'My country is undone!' Firm and tranquil herself, beneath the yoke of oppression, she could not see the triumph of guilt and error, the national representation violated, the torch of civil discord lighted up, the enemy about to avail himself of the divisions of the people, freedom lost to the north of France, probity and talents proscribed, and the republic a prey to the most dreadful dissensions, without poignant sorrow, 'Farewel, my country!' exclaimed she; 'sublime illusions, generous sacrifices, hope and happiness, farewel! Splendid chimeras! from which I reaped so much delight, ye are all dispelled by the horrible corruption of this vast city. I despised life: the loss of you makes me detest it, and defy the utmost fury of the men of blood. Anarchists, savages, for what do you wait?

You, who have proscribed virtue, why do you not spill the blood of those who respect her laws? When shed upon the earth, it will make her open her devouring jaws, and swallow you up.' A sullen indignation succeeded in her mind to these emotions; indifferent to what concerned herself, and almost hopeless for others, she waited for events with curiosity rather than with concern. "I no longer live to *feel*," says she, "but to *know*." She soon learned, that apprehensions had existed the preceding night for the fate of the prisons: hence the strict and noisy guard; hence the motive of Grandpré's inquietude. He had, for eight successive days, in vain endeavoured to obtain of the assembly the reading of madame Roland's letter. On finding, by the *Moniteur*, that her section had expressed itself in her favour, she determined to address it, and to recapitulate the circumstances that had passed.

Several days elapsed, and still she underwent no examination. To the administrators, who had visted her on different pretences, she uniformly expressed herself with force and dignity: among them, two or three men of sense appeared to understand her, without however daring to take her part. She was at dinner, when five or six persons were at once announced to her. 'Good-morrow, *Citoyenne*,' said one who advanced before the rest, and who assumed the office of spokesman. 'Good-morrow, sir.' 'Are you satisfied with this house? Have you any reason to complain of your treatment, or any particular demand to make?' 'I complain of being here; and demand my enlargement.' 'Is your health impaired? or does solitude affect your spirits.' 'I am in good health, and not at all out of spirits. *Ennui* is the disease of hearts without feeling, and of minds without resource in themselves. But I have a strong feeling of injustice, and protest against the lawless oppression which arrested me without cause, and has detained me without examination.' 'Why, in a period of revolution, there is so much to be done, that there is not time to attend to every thing.' 'A woman, to whom king Philip made nearly the same reply, answered him, If thou hast not time to do me justice, thou hast not time to be a king. Take care you do not oblige oppressed citizens to use the same language to the people, or rather to the arbitrary authorities, by which the

people are misled.' 'Adieu, *Citoyenne*,' said the flippant officer, confounded by her spirit, and unable to reply.

Madame Roland had been induced by her love of order, and habits of regularity, to inquire into the customs and expenses of the prison, which she was desirous rigidly to observe. She seemed to take a pleasure in making trials of her fortitude, and in enuring herself to privations. She determined therefore to make an experiment how far the human mind is capable of diminishing gradually the wants of the body. She began by substituting, in the place of coffee and chocolate, bread and water for breakfast. For her dinner, she desired to have one plain dish of meat, with a few vegetables; and vegetables also for her supper without a desert. She likewise relinquished both wine and beer. As her purpose in adopting this conduct was moral rather than economical, she appropriated the sums thus saved for the relief of those miserable wretches who were lying upon straw, that, while eating her dry bread in the morning, she might have the pleasure of reflecting that, by this deprivation, she was adding to their dinner. "If I remain here six months," said she, "I will engage to leave the place with a healthy complexion, and a body by no means emaciated, having reduced my wants so far as to be satisfied with bread and soup, with a few benedictions *incognito*." She also made little presents to the servants of the prison, that her economy might not prove injurious to them. By these means she considered that she rendered her independence more perfect, and was at the same time a gainer in good-will.

Her section, in the meanwhile, actuated by the best principles, had come to a resolution to protest against arbitrary imprisonment, and even to resist it when attempted. The letter of madame Roland was there read, and listened to with concern. The debate that ensued being prolonged till the next day, the mountain party took the alarm, while a host of furious deputies from the different sections hastened to suppress, in its birth, this struggle for justice. Urged by Grandpré, madame Roland again addressed herself to the ministers of justice and of the home department. Her letters were conceived in terms but little conciliating, and not less forcible than severe. "Factions pass away," said she, "justice only remains; of all the faults of men in place weakness is the least pardonable, because

it is the source of the greatest disorders, particularly in times of trouble." From the men who had neglected the decrees, by which they were enjoined to prosecute the authors of the massacre of September, she expected nothing: she was aware of their weakness and perfidy; and the truths she addressed to them were but to point out to them their duties and their failures.

Every person distinguished for virtue or talents must have experienced the malignity of the *mob* of little minds, and the arts to which they descend to lower in the public opinion those whose characters they despair of emulating, and whose excellences they feel as a tacit reproach. Of the truth of this reflection the public prints, on the present occasion, afforded an example. In the Thermometre, for the 9th of June, there appeared a series of questions, under the title of An Examination of L. P. d'Orleans, among which was the following charge: "That the prisoner had been present at secret cabals, held by night in the apartment of the wife of Buzot, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, whither Dumouriez, Roland and his wife, Vergniaux, Brissot, Petion, Louvet, &c. were accustomed to repair." It displays a curious instance of effrontery in wickedness, that the very deputies, thus calumniated, were precisely those who voted for the banishment of the Bourbons, and to whom d'Orleans never appeared as a leader possessed of capacity, but always as a dangerous tool: it was they who were among the first to dread his vices and his ascendency, to denounce the latter, and to hunt down those who appeared to be his agents. Neither M. nor madame Roland ever met d'Orleans, they even refused to associate with those in any degree connected with him. Indignant at these vile absurdities, madame Roland took up her pen to write to the editor of the paper, of whom she had conceived a favourable opinion, and with whom she had been on friendly terms till his seduction by the Mountaineers. She represented to him the audacity and infamy of this proceeding; the cruelty and injustice of loading with calumny those who were already entangled in the trammels of persecution. She exhorted him to give the answers that must have been made to these questions, and to do justice to those whom he had injured.

During her confinement in the Abbaye, this courageous

and unfortunate woman beguiled her imprisonment by books and literary labours; particularly in writing *Memoirs* of the times, the loss of which can never be sufficiently regretted. The insurrection of the 31st of May, and the outrages of the 2d of June, had filled her with indignation; yet, persuaded that the departments would in the end make the good cause triumphant, while indulging this hope, she was careless of her own safety. "The success of my friends," said she, "and the triumph of true republicans, in the anticipation, consoled me for every thing. I could have suffered the execution of an unjust sentence, or have sunk under the stroke of some unforeseen atrocity, with the calmness, the pride, and even the joy of innocence, which despises death, and knows that its wrongs will be avenged."

About this period the publication of a gross libel, proclaimed loudly by the hawkers under her window, persuaded her that some new outrage was in contemplation. In one of the numbers of the *Père Duchesne*, an abominable print, it was pretended that its author had paid a visit, disguised as a Vendean, to madame Roland, and obtained her confidence: that she had confessed to him the connexions of Roland and the Brissotines with the rebels of Vendée and the English government. In this ridiculous story, in which physical and moral facts were alike disregarded, madame Roland heard herself metamorphosed into an old toothless hag, who was exhorted to weep for her sins, till they should be expiated on the scaffold. The hawkers, who, doubtless as they were instructed, left not the vicinity of the prison for a moment, accompanied their proclamations by the most sanguinary advice to the populace. Madame Roland, thus outraged, took up her pen, and wrote a few lines to the minister, Garat, pointing out to him the infamy of an administration which exposes innocence, already oppressed, to the blind fury of a misguided people.

About the same time a young woman, a friend to madame Roland, found means to make her way into the prison. "How was I astonished," says she, "to see her sweet countenance, and to feel myself pressed to her bosom, and bathed in her tears. I took her for an angel, and an angel she was, for she is good and handsome, and had done all that she could to bring me news of my friends: she furnished me also with the means of informing them of my situation."

This consolation had almost made her forget her captivity, when on the 24th of June, about noon, the gaoler's wife entreated her to step into her apartment, where an administrator was waiting to see her. She was in pain and in bed; she rose, however, and followed her conductress. On entering the room, she perceived a man walking backward and forward, while another sat writing, neither of whom seemed to observe her. 'Am I the person, gentlemen, for whom you asked?' 'You are the wife of citizen Roland?' 'Yes, Roland is my name.' 'Be so good as to sit down.' The one continued to write, and the other to walk. At length, while she was endeavouring to divine the meaning of this farce, the writer addressed her: 'I am come,' said he, 'to set you at liberty.' 'Why, indeed,' replied she, with but little emotion, 'it is very right to remove me from this place; but that is not all; I wish to return home, and the door of my apartment is sealed up.' 'The administration will have it opened in the course of the day: I am writing for an order, because I am the only administrator here, and two signatures are necessary for the gaoler's discharge.' He rose having delivered his message, turned towards madame Roland with the air of a person who wishes to to inspire confidence: 'Do you know,' said he, suddenly, as without design, 'where M. Roland is at present?' She observed, smiling, that the question was not sufficiently candid to deserve an answer, and retired to prepare for her departure. Her first idea was to dine quietly, and not to remove till the evening, but a moment's reflection convinced her of the folly of remaining in a prison, whence she was free to depart; the gaoler also appeared impatient to take possession of her lodging. It was a small closet, with dirty walls, close gates, and in the neighbourhood of a pile of wood, where all the animals of the house deposited their ordure. The gaoler, who had never seen it occupied by any person so tranquil as the present inhabitant, who was accustomed to arrange in it her books, and to adorn it with flowers, called it the pavilion of Flora. As it contained but one bed, it was generally allotted to a new comer, or to an individual desirous of solitude. "I was ignorant," says madame Roland, "that the gaoler, at the very moment he was speaking, intended it for Brissot, whom I did not even suppose to be my neighbour; and that, soon after, it would be inhabited by a heroine worthy of a better age, the celebrated Charlotte Cordey."

Madame Roland's servant, who had just arrived to visit her mistress wept for joy while she packed up her things in preparation for their removal. The order for her liberation, founded upon want of evidence of any crime, was shown to the prisoner, who, having settled her accounts, distributed her little favours to the poor, and to the servants belonging to the prison. On her way out, she met the prince of Linanges, one of the hostages, who obligingly congratulated her upon her enlargement. She replied, 'that she should be happy to pay him the same compliment, as it would be a pledge of the release of the commissioners, and of the return of peace.' Then sending for a hackney-coach, she walked down stairs, surprised at finding the administrator, who came to see her into her carriage, had not yet left the prison.

Driving home, with the intention of leaving there a few things, and then proceeding to the house of the worthy people who had adopted her daughter, she jumped lightly from the coach, and flew, as on wings, under the gateway. 'Good morrow, Lamarre,' said she to the porter, cheerfully, as she passed. She had scarcely proceeded up four or five stairs, when she heard herself called by two men, who had kept close behind her. 'What do you want?' said she turning round. 'We arrest you in the name of the law.' Her feelings, at this moment, may be easily conceived. She desired the order to be read to her, and taking an immediate resolution, stepped down stairs, and walked hastily across the yard. 'Whither are you going?' 'To my landlord's, where I have business; follow me thither.' The mistress of the house opened the door with a smile. 'Let me set down and breathe,' exclaimed madame Roland, 'but do not rejoice at my being set at liberty: it is only a cruel artifice: I am no sooner released from the Abbaye than I am ordered to St. Pelagie. As I am not ignorant of the resolutions entered into of late by my section, I am determined to put myself under its protestion, and I will beg you to send thither accordingly.' The landlord's son,† with all the honest indignation of youth, immediately offered to go. Two commissioners from the section returned with him, desired to see the order, and made to it a formal opposition. They afterwards begged madame Roland to accompany them to the mayor, where they were going to assign the reasons of their

† He was, on this account, dragged to the scaffold, and his father died with grief.

conduct; a request which she could not refuse. The intermediate time she employed in writing notes to her friends, to inform them of her new destination, and in taking leave of the family, whom this scene had filled with surprise and consternation. On being conducted to the house of the mayor, she was put into a small ante-chamber, with inspectors charged with the care of her person, while the commissioners proceeded to the office of the police. The debate continued for some time, and became warm. Ill at ease, and indignant, while thus obliged to act the part of a criminal, at being exposed to inquisitive eyes, madame Roland rose, and opened the door of the office. 'There can certainly, gentlemen, be no harm in my being present at a discussion of which I am the subject.' 'Get you gone,' cried a little man, whom she recognised for the person by whom she had been so awkwardly examined at the Abbaye. 'But, gentlemen, I have no intention to commit any act of violence, I am not prepared for it; I do not even ask to be heard; I only desire to be present.' 'Get you gone, get you gone! *Gendarmes*, come hither.' "Any one," observes she, "would have supposed the office was besieged, because a woman of common sense wished to hear what they were saying of her." It was however vain to resist. Soon after she perceived them making signs, running backwards and forwards, and sending for a coach. An inspector of the police, at length, desired her to follow him. Turning to the door of the office, and setting it wide open, 'Commissioners of the section of Beaurepaire,' said she, 'I give you notice that they are taking me away.' 'We cannot help it: but the section will not forget you; it will take care that you shall be examined.' 'After having been set at liberty at one o'clock, because *there was no evidence against me*, I should be glad to know how I could become *a suspected person* in my way home from the Abbaye, and thus give cause for a new detention.' One of the administrators, not less stupid than awkward, confessed, in a magisterial tone, that the first arrest was illegal, and that the prisoner had been enlarged, that she might be afterwards taken according to the forms of the law. This avowal opened to madame Roland a field of which she was about to avail herself: but tyrants, even when they suffer the truth to escape them, refuse to hear it from others, or to abide by its consequences. Perceiving that expostulation would be vain, she suffered herself to be conveyed to the prison of *St. Pelagie*.

This house had, under the old government, been inhabited by nuns, to whose charge was committed the female victims of *lettres-de-cachet:* it was situated in a remote quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which were of a low order, and well known for the ferocious spirit which they had manifested in the month of September, by the massacre of so many priests. This, on the present occasion, was not a consolatory circumstance. While a note was taking of the entrance of the prisoner, an ill-looking man began to examine the bundle which contained her night-clothes, with apparent curiosity. On her expressing indignation at this impropriety, he was ordered to desist. "Twice a-day," says she, "was I doomed to see the horrible countenance of this man, who was turnkey of the corridor in which I lodged." She was asked if she chose a room with one or two beds. 'I am alone, and want no company.' 'But the room will be too small.' 'It is all the same to me.' Upon inquiry, it was found they were all full; madame Roland was therefore conducted to a two-bedded room, six feet by twelve, so that with two small tables, and two chairs, it was sufficiently crowded. She was then informed, that she must pay the first month's lodging in advance, fifteen livres for one bed, and double this sum for the two. As she wanted only one, and had preferred a single-bedded room, they agreed to take the fifteen livres. 'But there is no water-bottle, nor other conveniences.' 'You must purchase them,' replied they. To these she added an ink-stand, pens and paper, and established herself in her new residence. The mistress of the house came to visit her charge, who inquired of her the customs of the place. She was informed in reply, that the state allowed nothing to the prisoners. 'How then do they live?' They receive only a plate of kidney-beans, and a pound and a half of bread per day; but you would not be able to eat of either.' I can easily believe that they are not such as I have been accustomed to; but I wish to know what belongs to every situation, and will make a trial.' She did so, but without success: her health would not bear the prison diet, and she was obliged to have recourse to the kitchen of madame Bouchaud, who made an offer of boarding her. This fare was both comparatively good and economical: a mutton-chop and a few vegetables for dinner, a sallad for supper, and bread and water for breakfast, the diet to which she had been accustomed to at the Abbaye. Notwith-

standing this simplicity and temperance, reports were raised of her expenses at *St. Pelagie*, where, it was said, she was seeking to corrupt the gaoler by giving treats to his family. Hence arose great indignation among the *sans-culottes*, and a proposal from some of them to despatch her to the other world. To this other calumnies were added, equally absurd and ill-founded.

Her courage sunk not under these new trials, but the refinement of cruelty which had attended her removal from the Abbaye, filled her with indignation. "Feeling myself," says she, "in that state of mind when every impression becomes stronger, and its effects more prejudicial to health, I went to bed: I could not sleep, and it was not possible to avoid thinking. This violent state, however, never with me, lasts long. Being accustomed to govern my mind, I felt the want of self-possession, and thought myself a fool for affording a triumph to my enemies, by suffering them to break my spirit. They were only heaping on themselves fresh odium, without greatly altering the situation I had already found means so well to support. Had I not here, as at the Abbaye, books and leisure? I began, indeed, to be angry with myself for having allowed my peace of mind to be disturbed: I no longer thought of any thing but of enjoying existence, and of employing my faculties with that independence of spirit which a strong mind preserves in the midst of fetters, and which thus disappoints its most determined enemies."

In pursuance of these admirable resolutions, she purchased crayons, and had recourse to drawing, to vary her occupations. Fortitude, she justly conceived, consisted not merely in an effort of the mind to rise above circumstances, but in maintaining that elevation by suitable conduct. "I am not content," says she, "with calling up, under unfortunate events, the maxims of philosophy to support my courage; but I provide for myself agreeable amusements: neither do I neglect the art of preserving health, to keep myself in a just equilibrium." She divided her days with a certain kind of order. In the mornings she studied English in Shaftsbury's Essay on Virtue, and in the poetry of Thomson, by whom she was transported by turns to the sublime regions of intellect, and to the affecting scenes of nature. With Shaftsbury she strengthened her reason, with Thomsom she charmed her imagination, and delighted her feelings. Afterwards she employed herself with her crayons till the hour of dinner,

and repeated with pleasure, though with less skill, an art which in her youth she had practised with success. It is those only who have acquired the habit of exerting their faculties, and of exercising over themselves a voluntary control, that evade the malice of fortune, and escape from a langour scarcely less cruel, and the most destructive of mental disorders: it is thus, also, that the seductions of vice, or of a dissipation scarcely less pernicious, are stripped of their allurements, and assail us in vain.

It is impossible to withhold our respect from a mind, that, rich in own resources, could calmly pursue its course, in a situation like that in which this deserving woman was so unworthily placed. The wing of *St. Pelagie*, appropriated to female prisoners, was divided into long and very narrow corridors, on one side of which were the cells. Under the same roof, and upon the same line, separated only by a thin plaster, did the respectable wife of the virtuous Roland dwell in the midst of murderers, and women of ill-fame: by her side was one of those wretches who make a trade of seduction, and a sale of youth and innocence: above her was a woman who forged assignats, and, with a band of savages to which she belonged, tore in pieces upon the highway an individual of her own sex. The door of each cell was secured on the outside with an enormous bolt, and opened every morning by a man, who stared indecently into the room, to see whether the prisoners were up or in their beds. The inhabitants of the cells then assembled in the corridor, upon the staircases, or in a damp and noisome room. Their distance from the lodging of madame Roland was insufficient to preserve her ears from the contamination of the grossest obscenities. Nor was this all: the wing in which the men were confined, had windows which fronted those of the women, the consequences of which, among persons of such a description, may be easily conceived. "If this," observes the heroic sufferer, be the reward of virtue on earth, who will be astonished at my contempt of life, and at the resolution with which I shall be able to look death in the face? It never appeared to me formidable: at present it is not without its charms, and I could embrace it with pleasure, did not my daughter invite me to stay a little longer with her; and if my voluntary exit would not furnish calumny with weapons against my husband, whose glory I ought to support, would they dare to summon me before a tribunal."

The keepers of *St. Pelagie*, doubtless moved by the merit of their prisoner, were at pains to render her situation less disagreeable. The excessive heats of July rendering her cell, upon the white walls of which the sun fiercely struck, scarcely habitable, the wife of the gaoler invited her charge to spend the days in her apartment. Her acceptance of this offer was limited by madame Roland to the afternoons. It was then she thought of sending for her *piano-forte*, with which she sometimes beguiled the heavy hours. At this period, her moral situation had also become less dreadful. The rising of some of the departments revived her hopes; her husband was in a safe and peaceful retreat; her daughter in the house of her venerable friends, continued, under their inspection, and with their children, her exercises and her education; while the fugitives, her friends, welcomed at Caen, were there surrounded by a respectable force. She flattered herself that the salvation of her country was growing out of events, and, resigned to her own fate, was still happy, while, as usual, she employed her time in useful or agreeable occupations. She sometimes saw the persons who were accustomed to visit her at the Abbaye; the worthy Grandpré, the faithful Bosc, who brought her flowers from *le Jardin de Plantes*, which, with their brilliant colours, and fragrant perfumes, diminished the horrors of her gloomy abode. With them came an amiable woman, and the kind Champagneux, who persuaded her to continue her historical memoirs. She therefore resumed her pen, and laid by her Tacitus and Plutarch, to which she was accustomed to devote the afternoons.

Madame Bouchaud, perceiving that she availed herself with great reserve of the offer of her apartment, removed her altogether from her cell into a comfortable room, on the ground-floor, underneath her own chamber. Thus was she delivered from the shocking company, that had for three weeks been her greatest torment. The good-nature of madame Bouchaud extended itself to the minutest details, even to the very jasmine carried up before her window, round the bars of which it wound its flexible branches. She looked upon herself as the boarder of this good and humane woman, and forgot her captivity. All the articles of her study and amusement were now united around her; her *piano-forte* was by her bedside, and recesses in the wall afforded her the means of arranging her little furniture with that

neatness which was her characteristic, and in which she took delight.

But, alas! this gleam of sunshine was soon overclouded: intrigue and arms were, not without success, employed against the departments; soldiers deluded, or brought over, betrayed the brave Normans: Caen abandoned the members to which it had afforded a refuge; they were declared, by a domineering banditti, traitors to their country, their persons outlawed, their property confiscated, and their wives and children arrested. Guilt triumphed over unfortunate virtue. "That cowardice," observes madame Roland, "which marks the selfishness and corruption of a degenerate people, too debased to be reclaimed by reason; that cowardice delivers over to terror the perfidious administrators, and the ignorant multitude." A rod of iron was, in the mean time, held over Paris, which famine threatened, and on the vitals of which poverty preyed. The reign of proscriptions flourished, and the prisons overflowed. At this season of violence and terror, when the friends of madame Roland were all fugitives or proscribed, Champagneux, who was in possession of almost the whole of her *Historical Memoirs*, was threatened with an arrest: uneasy, agitated, and convinced that the principles which they contained would, if found, be a passport to the scaffold, he committed them to the flames.

In the midst of these alarms, madame Roland still enjoyed the pleasant room allotted to her by her kind hostess, and here she occasionally, though by stealth, had the pleasure of seeing her friends. This apartment adjoined to a large room called the council chamber, where the administrators of the police met to examine prisoners. Madame Roland was indebted to this circumstance for the knowledge of some curious scenes. Here also they sometimes held their orgies with some favourite prisoners, consuming, at the expense of the gaoler, cordials, wine, capons, chickens, &c. in lavish profusion. When this company assembled, Bouchaud or his wife never failed to withdraw the key from the door of their charge, and to give her notice of their arrival. "At last," says she, "I took a resolution, and shut my ears against their noise. I even found a pleasure in continuing my *Historical Memoirs*, and in writing vigorous passages in the neighbourhood of wretches, who, had they heard only a single phrase, would have torn me in pieces."

The 10th of August approached, and fears were entertained of the renewal of the carnage of the 2d of September; the administrators therefore found means to withdraw from St. Pelagie the rogues of their acquaintance, and the civic feasts were held no more. "Could I persuade myself to speak on subjects so disgusting," says madame Roland, "I could give shocking accounts of the abuses prevailing in prisons. Every thing gets tainted, or completely spoiled, in these infectious places, under a vicious administration, actuated by passion only, careless of correcting, and desirous to destroy."

On her first coming to St. Pelagie, madame Roland had accepted the services of a woman confined for some trifling offence. "Not," says she, "but I was well able to be my own servant. *Tout sied bien au généreux courage*,* was said of Favonius, who performed for Pompey, in his misfortunes, the offices of a domestic. This may, with equal truth, be applied to the unfortunate man, stripped of his possessions, and providing for his own wants; and to the austere philosopher, disdaining every superfluity. But, as in fetching water, and articles of a similar kind, it was necessary at St. Pelagie to pass through long passages, and mix with their inhabitants, I was not sorry to have a person whom I could oblige by sending her on such occasions." This woman was, one morning, going into the room of madame Roland at the very instant that an administrator was at the door of the council-chamber. He inquired who lodged there, went in, and cast around him an angy glance. On quitting the room, he complained to the wife of the keeper of the degree of comfort she allowed the prisoner to enjoy. 'Madame Roland was indisposed,' replied madame Bouchaud;' which was true; 'and I put her more in the way of receiving such assistance as she might require. Beside, she sometimes amuses herself with a *piano-forte*, for which there is not room in the cell.' 'She must do without it: send her this very day into a corridor: it is your business to maintain equality.'

Madame Bouchaud, exceedingly distressed at this inhuman interference, went to communicate to her charge the orders that had been given; but she felt consoled by the tranquil resignation with which her commission was received, and it was

* Every thing becomes a noble spirit.

agreed between them, that madame Roland should come down in the course of every day, to change the air, and resume her studies, the materials for which were to be left in her present apartment. "Thus, once more," says she, "am I destined to see the turnkeys, to hear the creaking of the bolts, to breathe the fetid air of a corridor, sadly illumined of an evening by a lamp, of which the thick smoke blackens all the walls, and suffocates the neighbourhood! Insolent comedians! you are playing your last part: the enemy is at hand. By the enemy I mean the departments, who will ultimately ensure the triumph of reason and of true liberty, and prepare for your destruction. Mine, no doubt, is inevitable: I have deserved the hatred of all tyrants; but I only regret the ruin of my country, which your chastisement will console, but cannot save."

Oppression had filled the corridor with women in whose society madame Roland could remain without shame. There she found the wife of a justice of the peace, whose neighbour ascribed to her uncivic expressions. There also was the wife of the president of the revolutionary tribunal; and there was madame Petion. 'I little thought,' said madame Roland, accosting her, 'when I was sharing your uneasiness at the *Mairie*,* on the 10th of August (1792), that we should keep our sad anniversary at St. Pelagie; and that the fall of the throne would lead to our disgrace.'

The first part of madame Roland's captivity had been employed in the composition of her Historical Memoirs. "My pen," said she, "proceeded with so much rapidity, and I was in so happy a disposition of mind, that in less than a month I had manuscripts sufficient to form a duodecimo volume. These memoirs, or historical notices, contained a variety of particulars relative to all the facts, and all the persons, connected with public affairs, that my situation had afforded me an opportunity of knowing. I related them with all the freedom and energy of my nature, with all the openness and unconstraint of an ingenuous mind, setting itself above selfish considerations; with all the pleasure that results from describing what we have experienced, or what we feel; and lastly, with the confidence that, happen what would, the collection would serve as my moral and political testament." The destruction of these

* The residence of the mayor.

writings, by the arrest of the friend to whom they were confided, severely distressed the writer. "This," says she, "may easily be conceived, when it is remembered, that I may be murdered to-morrow; and that these writings were the anchor to which I had committed my hopes of saving from reproach my own memory, with that of many deserving characters. As we ought not, however, to sink under any event, I shall employ my remaining time in setting down, without form or order, whatever may occur to my mind. These fragments will not make amends for what is lost, but they will serve to recal it to memory, and assist me in filling up the void, on some future day, should the means of so doing remain in my power."

It was about this period that, to divert the vexation of her mind, she determined on writing a narrative of her life. "I should despise myself," says this truly philosophical and heroic woman, "did I suffer my mind to sink in any circumstances. In all the troubles I have experienced, the most lively impression of sorrow has been almost immediately accompanied by the ambition of opposing my strength to the evil, and of surmounting it, either by doing good to others, or by exerting to the utmost my fortitude. My *Historic Notices* are gone: I mean to write my Memoirs; and, prudently accommodating myself to my weakness, at a moment when my feelings are acute, I shall talk of my own person, that my thoughts may be the less at home. I shall exhibit my virtues and my faults with equal freedom. He who dares not speak well of himself, is almost always a coward, who knows and dreads the ill that may be spoken of him: and he who hesitates to confess his faults, has neither spirit to vindicate, nor virtue to repair them."

Near five months had madame Roland passed within the walls of St. Pelagie, in silent resignation, when a stranger appeared before her. It was a physician brought by the friendly care of her keepers. When informed of her name, he told her he was the friend of a man whom perhaps she did not like. 'How can you know that? and who is the person you mean?' 'Robespierre!' 'I once knew him well, and esteemed him much: I thought him a sincere and zealous friend of freedom.' 'Why, is he not so?' 'I am afraid that he loves power: perhaps from an idea that he knows how to do good as well as any man, and desires it not less. I am afraid he is very fond of re-

venge, and inclined to exercise it particularly upon those whom he considers as blind to his merit. I believe that he is very susceptible of prejudices; that his resentment is easily excited; and that he is too ready to think every one guilty who subscribes not to his opinions.' 'You never saw him more than once or twice in your life.' 'I have seen him much oftener! Ask him; let him lay his hand upon his heart; and you will see whether he has it in his power to say any thing to my disadvantage.'

Madame Roland conceived, on this occasion, the idea of addressing Robespierre through this man, who called himself his friend. From this long and eloquent letter, my limits, which I have already exceeded, will not allow of more than an extract: "I write not," says she, "to entreat you. Prayer becomes the guilty, or the slave: innocence vindicates herself, which is sufficient; or complains, as she has a right to do, when the object of persecution. But even complaints accord not with my temper: I can suffer, and dare look in the face any shape of misfortune. Besides, I know that at the birth of republics, revolutions, which are almost inevitable, and which give to the passions of mankind too great a scope, frequently expose those who have best served their country to become the victims of their own zeal, and of the delusion of their countrymen. A good conscience will be their consolation, and history their avenger." She goes on to inquire, why a *woman*, incapable of action, is exposed to these storms, that burst generally upon the heads only of efficient individuals? And what is the fate which she has to expect? These questions, she declares, are deemed by her but of small personal importance: "For what," says she, "is a single emmet, more or less, crushed by the foot of the elephant, in the general system of the world?" She proposes them only because they are of infinite interest in regard to the present liberty, and future happiness, of her country. She next adverts to her respectable husband, the probity of his character, and to the injustice of which he was the victim. Her own implication in his imputed guilt, she treats with contempt. "Brought up in retirement," says she; "devoted from my youth to those serious studies, which have given to my mind some degree of force; blessed with a taste for simple pleasures, which no change of circumstances has been able to pervert; an

enthusiastic admirer of the revolution, and giving way to the generous sentiments it inspired; kept a stranger to public affairs by principle, as well as by my sex, yet conversing about them with warmth, because the public weal, as soon as it exists, takes the lead of all other concerns; I regarded the first calumnies invented against me as contemptible follies: I deemed them the necessary tribute levied by envy upon a situation, which the imbecility of the vulgar led them to consider as exalted, and to which I would have preferred the state in which I had passed so many happy days." She enumerates her consequent injuries, and her courage and patience under them. "I have wearied no one," says she, "with my remonstrances: wanting many things, I have asked for nothing. I have made up my mind to misfortune, proud of trying my strength with her, and of trampling her under my feet." "It is not," adds she, "to excite your compassion, which I am above asking, that I present you with a picture less melancholy than the truth: it is for your instruction." She reminds him of the instability of popular favour, and of the fate that may overtake him. She declares her own determination to await, after the honours of persecution, those of martyrdom, but she wishes to know her destiny. "Speak," says she, "it is something to know our fate; and a soul like mine is capable of looking it in the face."†

After the two-and-twenty deputies were condemned to the scaffold, madame Roland considered theirs as a presage of her own fate. Though resigned to death, she felt repugnant to becoming a spectacle to the savage curiosity of a ferocious multitude. Under this feeling she caused laudanum to be procured for her, that she might remain mistress of her own destiny. "It was not," said she to a friend, who reproved her on this occasion, "my intention to depart at that moment, but to procure the means of doing so, when it should appear to me that the most proper period had arrived. I wished to pay homage to truth, as I well knew how, and then to take my departure immediately before the appointed ceremony. I thought it noble thus to disappoint my tyrants. It seemed to me, that there was a degree of weakness in receiving the *coup-de-grâce* when I could give it to myself, and in exposing myself to the inso-

† This letter was not sent.

lent clamours of madmen, as unworthy of such an example, as incapable of deriving from it any advantage."

She however made no use of the resource she had provided, being persuaded by her friends that her execution might prove useful to her country. She beheld its approach with unaffected tranquillity. She suffered her hair to be cut off, and her hands to be bound, without a murmur, or a complaint. She traversed Paris amidst the insults of the populace, and received death with heroic firmness. She seemed even to experience a degree of pleasure in this last sacrifice to her country. She expressed, in dying, a wish to transmit to posterity the new and extraordinary sensations which she experienced in her road from the *Conciergerie* to the *Place de la Révolution*. For this purpose, when at the foot of the scaffold, she demanded pen and paper, which were refused to her. Her last moments are thus described by Riouffe, who was detained in the *Conciergerie*, when madame Roland arrived there.

"The blood of the twenty-two was not yet cold, when madame Roland was brought to the *Conciergerie:* aware of the fate that awaited her, her peace of mind remained undisturbed. Though past the prime of life, she was still a charming woman; her person was tall and elegantly formed, her countenance animated, and very expressive; but misfortune and confinement had impressed on her aspect traces of melancholy, which tempered its vivacity. In a body moulded by grace, and fashioned by a courtly politeness, she possessed a republican soul. Something more than is generally found in the eyes of women was painted in hers, which were large, dark, and full of softness and intelligence. She often spoke to me at the grate, with the freedom and firmness of a *great man;* while we all stood listening around her in admiration and astonishment. Her conversation was serious without coldness, and she expressed herself with a correctness, a harmony, a cadence, that made her language a sort of music, with which the ear was never cloyed. She spake not of the deputies who had suffered death but with respect, and yet without effeminate compassion: she even reproached them for not adopting measures sufficiently strong. She generally styled them *our friends*, and often sent for Clavières for the purpose of conversing with him. Sometimes her sex recovered its ascendency, and it was

easy to perceive, that conjugal and maternal recollections had drawn tears from her eyes. This mixture of fortitude and softness, served but to render her the more interesting. The woman who waited on her, said one day to me, 'Before you, she summons all her courage, but in her own room she sometimes stands for three hours together, leaning against her window and weeping.' The day on which she was called up to be examined, we saw her pass with her usual firmness, but when she returned, it was not with dry eyes: she had been treated with harshness, and questions had been put to her injurious to her honour. In expressing her indignation, she had not been able to suppress her tears. A mercenary pedant coldly insulted this admirable woman, celebrated for the excellence of her understanding; and who at the bar of the national convention had, by the graces of her eloquence, compelled even her enemies to admire her in silence. She remained a week at the *Conciergerie*, where her gentleness endeared her to all the prisoners, who sincerely deplored her fate. On the day of her condemnation, she was neatly dressed in white, her long black hair flowing loosely to her waist. She would have melted the most savage nature, but these monsters were without hearts. Her dress was chosen, not to excite pity, but as a symbol of the purity of her mind. After her condemnation, she passed through the wicket with a quick step, bespeaking something like cheerfulness, and intimating by an expressive gesture that she was condemned to die. She had for the companion of her fate a man, Lemarche, director of the fabrication of assignats, whose fortitude equalled not her own. She found means, however, to inspire him with a certain degree of courage; and this she did with a gaiety so cheering, so real, as several times to force a smile in his countenance. At the place of execution she bowed before the statue of liberty, while she exclaimed, '*Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!*' She had frequently said that her husband would not survive her; and, soon after, we learned in our dungeons, that her prediction was accomplished. The virtuous Roland killed himself on the public road, thereby indicating his wish to die irreproachable, without endangering courageous hospitality. My heart, though suffering many torments in that horrible abode, felt nothing more severely than the pang occasioned by the

death of this woman, *whose fame can never die.* The remembrance of her murder, added to that of my unfortunate friends, will make my mind a prey to sorrow till the latest period of my existence."

A few days before madame Roland was dragged to the scaffold, 'If fate,' said she, 'had allowed me to live, there was one thing only of which I should have been ambitious, that of writing the annals of the present age, and of becoming the Macaulay of my country. I have, during my confinement, conceived a real fondness for Tacitus, and cannot go to rest till I have read a passage of his work. It seems to me, that we see things in the same light; and that in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to imitate his style.'

She passed five months in prison, and, with the exception of two or three real friends, whom the terrors of the place did not prevent from coming to bewail with her the misfortunes of France, no one expressed the least degree of pity or interest in her fate. Neither in the journals, nor in the publications of the day, was a single remonstrance, or a single word, written in her favour.

On the 30th of May, 1790, the day of the federation of Lyons, madame Roland, who was present, gave (in a journal conducted by Champagneux) a description of the *fête*, with a spirit and energy that affected every heart. Upwards of sixty thousand copies of the paper were distributed. The writer secretly enjoyed the triumph of her eloquence, but without suffering her name to be divulged.

It has been falsely asserted, that the wife of Roland was minister under the name of her husband. But, on the contrary, it is declared by those who were best acquainted with facts, that she took no share in the routine of his department; that she resisted the solicitations with which she was daily importuned, or when prevailed upon (which was very rarely) to engage in any affair, she indorsed the petitions in such a manner, as to caution the offices against partiality. Every sentiment in her mind was subordinate to the love of justice, and the maintenance of principle. But, though a stranger to what passed in the office of her husband, she was interested in his glory: when circumstances required a writing dictated by feeling, it was to

her that the task was entrusted. It was on these occasions that, preserving the genius and character of M. Roland, she threw into the composition a force and passion that gave soul and animation to the arguments. It was the peculiar characteristic of her language to reanimate by confidence, and to convince by energetic reasoning: she knew the springs of the human heart, which she never failed to move. When the ruin of the minister was determined, his wife was involved in the proscription; a period in which her courage was severely tried, more particularly during the months of December, 1792, and of January, 1793, when every day brought to light new dangers, and every night threatened assassination. Perpetually harassed with alarms, she was entreated by her friends to sleep out of the minister's hotel; but, incapable of pusillanimity, she yielded not to this advice without indignation. One evening, at ten o'clock, she was informed that armed men, of a suspicious appearance, lurked around the house, with an apparent intention of forcing an entrance. Every one present exhorted her on this intelligence to leave the house in disguise, till, unable to resist their united solicitations, she consented to put on the dress of a peasant girl. The clothes having been procured, the cap was objected to by some one present, as not sufficiently coarse and ordinary: it was proposed to substitute for it another. 'I am ashamed,' exclaimed she, in a burst of indignation, 'at the part I am made to act. I will neither disguise myself, nor go out of the way. If I am to be assassinated, it shall be in my own house. I owe to my country this example of firmness, and I will give it.' This was pronounced with so much confidence and vivacity, that no one presumed to reply. From that day, till Roland resigned, she never quitted the hotel for a moment. Her enemies might with ease have ridded themselves of her, but they dreaded the consequences, and wished to effect their purpose under a legal sanction: careless of personal danger, she trembled only for the safety of her daughter, whom she dared not to expose to hazard. In concert with her husband, arrangements were made for the preservation of their child, who, with her governess, she wished to confide to the protection of her husband's brother, who resided at Villefranche, in the department of the Rhine, near the landed

estate, whither they wished to send Eudora. To this gentleman she addressed a letter full of courage, of patriotism, and of resignation to the fate hanging over them; recommending her daughter to his paternal care. "To-morrow," says she, in this letter, "according to the accounts brought us from all quarters, and the preparations made long since, may be the last day of our lives: at all events our fate will not be useless to the safety of the republic: our fall will teach the departments what dangers they have to combat. I am what you have always known me, devoted to my duties which I love, appreciating life for the blessings of nature, and the enjoyments of virtue. I am too much habituated to despise death, to fear, or to fly from it. I leave my daughter good examples, and a memory ever dear to her. May she judge, feel, and avail herself of every thing, with a conscience always as pure, and a soul as expansive, as have been those of her parents."

All these precautions were of no effect, the Rolands were given to understand, that, in the retreat intended for her, their daughter would be still more exposed, and that even in the journey there would be danger. The brother, to whom the letter was addressed, was guillotined by the temporary commission established at Lyons. Mademoiselle Mignot, the governess of Eudora, betrayed her benefactress, from whom she had received a thousand kindnesses, and appeared before the tribunal as a witness in the affair, which led the mother of her pupil to the scaffold. Roland was reduced to conceal himself by flight from his enemies; his wife had in her power the same resource, but she refused to employ it. She sought to turn aside the mischiefs which threatened her husband, by offering herself as a victim to their enemies. She was thrown into the dungeons of the Abbaye, June 1, 1793, and a short time after transferred to St. Pelagie. In prison she comported herself with a dignity which extorted the respect of all who approached her; while, by her conciliating manners, she softened all the officers of the prison. The wife of the keeper more particularly distinguished her by her attentions; her extreme kindness and benevolence gave birth to the idea of a project for the escape of her illustrious charge, by whom this plan was after some consideration rejected, lest it should again rouse the fury of her husband's enemies, which for the

present appeared to slumber. 'While they keep me in prison,' said she, 'they will leave him at quiet; it is of more importance to the public weal that he should escape than that I should. If reason and justice should ever resume their empire, would not the nation be happy to find Roland alive, and to place him at the helm of affairs? Beside, I am determined not to expose any one; I cannot enjoy a liberty which would involve the safety of others; I will therefore remain here. Such is my resolution.'

It was about this time that Marat was stabbed by Charlotte Cordey. Madame Roland admired this personal sacrifice, but observed, that the stroke had not been aimed at the right person. An extreme indignation seized her on hearing of the honours paid to the memory of Marat, and of the baseness of the representatives, whose probity had till then inspired her with some hope. Depression succeeded to these transports; the political atmosphere appeared in her apprehension overspread with a thicker gloom. 'I shall not,' said she, 'leave this place, but to go to the scaffold. I am, however, less tormented by my own fate, than by the calamities which will overwhelm my country, which is ruined and undone.' After a long and melancholy pause, she again broke silence, to speak of Brissot, a prisoner at the Abbaye, and whose death she foresaw to be nearer at hand than her own. 'He is confident!' said she; 'he sees not that the fury of his enemies can be glutted only with blood. He must be apprised of this. Brissot, the most ardent apostle of liberty, must not be stabbed in the dark. He has useful truths to tell his contemporaries, and important lessons to give to posterity. He must fulfil this task, it will be sweeter to him when he is invited to it by me.' Having formed this resolution, she found means to execute it; she addressed to Brissot a letter, in the sentiments of which was combined all that is most sublime in philosophy, and consolatory in friendship.' In consequence of her exhortations, Brissot composed his *Testament Politique*, which was considered by those to whom it was confided as superior to all that had before come from his pen; events had tempered the fire of his enthusiasm, while experience and misfortune had enlightened his judgment. This work passed the gates of the prison, and had gone through the press, when both the impression and the MS. were destroyed by Robespierre.

few prophetic imprecations, and an address to those by whom his body might be found.

Eudora, the daughter of M. Roland, became afterwards wife to one of the sons of Champagneux, the faithful friend of her parents.

Mémoires of Madame Roland, written by herself—Champagneux's Preliminary Discourse, prefixed to the Posthumous Works of Madame Roland.

ISABELLA DE ROSARES.

Isabella de Rosares preached in the great church of Barcelona in Spain. In the reign of Paul III. she repaired to Rome, where, by her eloquence, she converted the Jews in that city.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, was born Sept. 11th, 1674, at Ilchester, in Somersetshire. Mr. Singer's first residence in Ilchester was in imprisonment for non-conformity, during the reign of Charles II. Mrs. Portnell, the lady who became afterwards his wife, and the mother of Mrs. Rowe, visited him during his confinement, from motives of sympathy, of principle, and of charity: an acquaintance was thus commenced, which terminated in a lasting and affectionate union. Three daughters were the fruit of this marriage. Mr. S. continued to reside at Ilchester till the death of his wife, when he removed into the neighbourhood of Frome, in the same county, where he was respected for his good sense, simplicity of manners, and the virtues of his life. He died April 19th, 1719.

Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, gave early promise of those talents and amiable qualities by which she was afterwards distinguished. Her father, who beheld with pleasure the fertility of her mind, spared no pains in its cultivation. She imbibed from her parents devotional sentiments, which operating upon a susceptible temper, a lively imagination, and an affectionate heart, gave an enthusiastic turn to her character and compositions. She displayed in her childhood a taste for the arts; painting, drawing, and music, alternately engaged her time and

attention; but the bent of her genius was more particularly directed towards the cultivation of poetry. She began to write verses at twelve years of age; and, in her twenty-second year, she published, at the desire of two of her friends, a collection of poems, on various occasions. These productions were principally on religious subjects; and those of a lighter cast were unexceptionable for the purity of their sentiment; yet, so scrupulous did the author become as she advanced into life, that she recollected with regret and uneasiness the sportive sallies of her youthful muse. Her moral sense was so exquisitely delicate, that, not to have injured the cause of virtue, appeared to her an insufficient plea; while she cherished a species of remorse for having written any thing by which it was not directly promoted.

Her poetical talents introduced her, before she had completed her twentieth year, to the family of lord Weymouth, who became her kind and liberal patrons, and whose friendship she enjoyed through life. Her paraphrase of the 38th chapter of Job, by which she acquired reputation, was written at the request of bishop Ken, who resided at that time in the Weymouth family. The hon. Mr. Thynne, son to lord Weymouth, took upon himself the task of instructing her in the French and Italian languages. She improved rapidly from the lessons of her noble and friendly preceptor, being, in a few months, enabled to read with great ease the Jerusalem of Tasso.

In the year 1710, she married Mr. Thomas Rowe, son of the rev. Benoni Rowe, a non-conformist minister. Mr. Rowe, who was thirteen years younger than his bride, possessed with a superior understanding, considerable learning, a highly cultivated mind, and an amiable temper. A marriage between two persons, united by congenial acquirements, sentiments, and virtues, notwithstanding the disparity of years, could scarcely fail of proving happy. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe passed five years in the most perfect harmony, confidence, and affection.

The constitution of Mr. Rowe was originally delicate; a sedentary life and intense application to study, had contributed to weaken it; his health began to decline towards the end of the year 1714. His disorder, which was of a consumptive nature, put a period to his life, May 13th, 1715, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died at Hampstead, whither he had

removed for the benefit of the air, and was interred in his family vault in Bunnhill-fields. His name, and the dates of his birth and death, were engraven on his tomb. His afflicted widow, after the first tumult of grief had subsided, composed an elegy to his memory, full of passion, tenderness, and sorrow, and continued to the latest periods of her life to testify the same respect and affection for his memory: nor could she ever mention his name without tears.

> " In all the countless numbers of his kind,
> Man rarely meets with one congenial mind:
> If haply found, death wings his fatal dart,
> The tender union breaks, and breaks his heart."†

Mr. Rowe, from every account of him, appears to have been a young man of genius and distinguished worth, deserving of the tenderness and fidelity of his wife. Mrs. Rowe, on all occasions, took peculiar pleasure in showing respect and friendship to the relations and family of her husband. On the anniversary of the day of his death, she again commemorated, in elegiac verses, the melancholy event.

> " Unhappy day, be sacred still to grief,
> A grief too obstinate for all relief!
> On thee my face shall never wear a smile,
> No joy on thee shall ere my heart beguile."
> * * * * * * * * *

In complacence to her husband, Mrs. Rowe had, after her marriage, resided with him in London during the winter season. On his decease, her love of solitude revived, and having settled her affairs, she removed to Frome, in Somersetshire, the scene of her youthful pleasures, in the neighbourhood of which lay the greater part of her property. She left the metropolis with a determination to return to it no more, but to devote the remainder of her life to study and retirement. Her principles afterwards, in some few instances, induced her to deviate from this plan. In compliance with the solicitations of the hon. Mrs. Thynne, she passed with her some months in London, after the death of the lady Brooke, her daughter. And, on the decease of Mrs. Thynne, she complied with the request of the countess of Hertford (afterwards dutchess of Somerset), who earnestly requested her company for some time at

† Langhorne.

Marlborough, to soften, by her friendship and conversation, her affliction on the loss of her excellent mother. The same lady, once or twice, on other occasions, prevailed on Mrs. Rowe, to spend a few months with her at one or other of her country seats. Mrs. Rowe, even at the call of friendship, never quitted her retreat without regret, nor returned to it but with satisfaction.

In this seclusion, she composed her "*Friendship in Death*," in twenty letters from the dead to the living, 1728. Also her "Letters, Moral and Entertaining," in prose and verse, Part 1. 1729; Part 2. 1731; Part 3. 1733. These productions, which display great sensibility of heart, a lively imagination, and a visionary turn of mind, were translated into French, and published at Amsterdam, in 1740, in two vols. 12mo. All the writings of Mrs. Rowe breathe a spirit of benevolence, of purity, and of virtue, animated by a raised and enthusiastic devotion.

In the year 1736, she was prevailed upon by some friends, to whom she had imparted her History of Joseph in manuscript, to give it to the public. It was with unfeigned reluctance that she yielded her assent: this piece had been written in her youth, and carried no farther than the marriage of the hero: at the request of the dutchess of Somerset, she added to it two books, including Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren. This addition is said to have been composed within three or four days. This was her last work: it was published but a few weeks preceding her death.

Her constitution was uncommonly good; she had passed a long series of years in almost uninterrupted health. Half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a disorder, attended with threatening symptoms. She complained during this malady, that her mind was less serene and prepared to meet death, than she had flattered herself it would have been: this depression, probably the physical consequence of her situation, she struggled against and subdued. She experienced in this conquest a lively satisfaction, and repeated, in a pious and poetical transport, Mr. Pope's "Dying Christian's Address to his Soul." Though advanced in years, she recovered from this indisposition to her usual state of health: her exact temperance, added to the calmness of her mind and disposition, encouraged her friends to hope that she might yet live many years. On the day previous to her decease, she appeared in perfect health and vigour; and, after

conversing with a friend with unusual vivacity, retired to her chamber early in the evening. About ten o'clock, her servant, hearing a noise as of something falling in the apartment of her mistress, found, on entering it, that she had fallen on the floor, speechless, and apparently dying. A physician and surgeon were immediately summoned; but all aid proved ineffectual; she expired with only one groan, before two o'clock the ensuing morning, Feb. 20, 1736-7, in the 63d year of her age. Her disorder was pronounced to be an apoplexy. Religious books and pious meditations were found lying by her. Her life had been tranquil, and, except in the loss of her husband, unclouded; and her death was happy. She had always been apprehensive of the effects which might be produced upon her mind by the pain and langour of a sick bed, which she thus fortunately escaped; and, on various occasions, had expressed to her friends her desire of a sudden death.

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father, at Frome. Her death was regretted by her friends, to whom her virtues, and the gentleness of her manners, had endeared her; and lamented by the poor, to whom she was a kind benefactress.

In her cabinet were found letters addressed to several of her friends; to the countess of Hertford, the earl of Orrery, Mr. James Theobald, and Mrs. Sarah Rowe. These letters,* which breathed an affectionate and pious temper, were superscribed, to be delivered to the respective persons after her decease. She left also a letter to Dr. Watts, accompanying her papers containing her Devout Exercises, which were, by the doctor, afterwards published.

Beside the productions of Mrs. Rowe already mentioned, there are two volumes of her miscellaneous works, consisting of poems and letters, to which are added (by her desire) several poems and essays written by her husband. "The softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius," says Matthew Prior,† "conspire to give her a very distinguishing character."

She is said (by the writers of her Life) to have possessed a command over her passions, and a constant serenity and sweet-

* They are published in her Life by Mr. Theophilus Rowe, and prefixed to her works.

† In his Preface to his Poems.

ness of temper, which neither age nor misfortune could sour or ruffle. It is questioned whether she had ever been angry in her life; a proof that the tender and gentle sensibilities may exist independent of the irascible passions. Her servant, who lived with her near twenty years, gave a testimony to the kind and even tenor of her mistress's temper. She knew not indignation, except against vice, where indifference is almost criminal. To firm principles, and an elevated mind, she added the softness and graces of her sex. She expressed, on all occasions, an aversion to satire, so rarely free from malice and personality: her conversation, like her writings, was the effusion of a benevolent and amiable mind: she fortified her resolutions against a severe and acrimonious spirit, by particular and solemn vows. "I can appeal to you," said she, in a letter to an old and intimate friend, "whether you ever knew me make an envious or an ill-natured reflection on any person upon earth? Indeed, the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various scene; but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and choose to be for ever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme." Detraction appeared to her an inhuman vice, for which no wit could atone. She loved to praise, and took a pleasure, on all occasions, in doing justice to merit; she was ever the advocate for the absent, and extenuated where she could not excuse. If compelled to reprove, gentleness and delicacy softened her reprehension. She possessed peculiar powers of conversation, an inexhaustible fancy, flowing language, the most perfect ingenuousness, with unaffected sweetness and ease. "It was not possible to be in her company," says her biographer, "without becoming wiser and better, or to quit it without regret." Accustomed from her youth to admiration and distinction, she preserved a perfect humility and unaffected modesty: she rarely mentioned her productions even to her most intimate friends; neither was she, in the least degree, elated by their success, nor by the compliments of the most distinguished writers of the age. "It is but for Heaven," said she, "to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I should become an idiot." She never dictated to others, nor arrogated to her own sentiments any deference or respect: she was amiable, affable, and accessible, a stranger to that insolent intellectual fastidiousness affected by pedants and despised by the truly enlightened. She had no taste for what is called pleasure; she mixed in no

parties of dissipation, was ignorant of any game, and avoided formal and insipid visitings. Temperate, cheerful, friendly, and affectionate, she sought and found her happiness in intellectual pursuits, the exercise of her affections, and the enjoyment of simple pleasures. She had a contempt for riches, was content with a moderate income, nor would avail herself of those pecuniary advantages to which by her labours she was justly entitled. She refused to publish her works by subscription, nor would suffer them to be collected by the bookseller, who offered her liberal terms. She let her estates below their value: she abhorred exaction and oppression; while to her tenants she was an indulgent and kind benefactress. Indifferent to fame, and fond of solitude, she shunned rather than sought applause. Her modesty followed her to the tomb, and even appeared afterwards in the orders she left respecting her interment. Having desired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a small number of friends, she added, "Charge Mr. Bowden not to say one word of me in the sermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no stone nor inscription over my vile dust, which I gladly leave to corruption and oblivion, till it rise to a glorious immortality."

As a daughter, as a wife, as a friend, as a mistress, her conduct was exemplary: her taste for letters led her not to neglect the duties and occupations of her sex. During the lingering illness of her husband, she attended him with patient affection and tender solicitude; while she consecrated to his memory the remainder of her life. "The solitude in which I have spent my time," said she, in one of her posthumous letters, "since the death of Mr. Rowe, has given me leisure to make the darkness of the grave, and the solemnity of dying, familiar to my imagination. Whatever such distinguished sense and merit could claim, I have endeavoured to pay to the memory of my much-loved husband. I reflect with pleasure on my conduct on this occasion; not merely from a principle of justice and gratitude to him, but from a conscious sense of honour, and love of a virtuous reputation after death. But if the soul, in a separate state, should be insensible to human censure or applause, yet there is a disinterested homage due to the sacred name of virtue." It is observed greatly to her honour, by her biographer, that no one of her domestics ever left her, except with a view of changing their condition by marriage.

Her charities, considering the mediocrity of her fortune, bordered on excess: she consecrated, by a solemn vow, the half of her income to benevolent purposes. To enable herself to fulfil this engagement, she retrenched all superfluous expences, and practised a rigid economy. The first time she accepted any acknowledgment from her bookseller for her writings, she bestowed the whole sum on a distressed family: another time, on a similar occasion, she sold a piece of plate to relieve an exigency for which she was not sufficiently provided. It was her custom on going out, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, to relieve such objects of compassion as might fall in her way. Her munificence was not confined to the place in which she lived, nor to any sect or party. "I never," said she, "grudge any money, but when it is laid out upon myself; for I consider how much it would buy for the poor." Nor did she confine her charities to money; she gave to the distressed her time, her labour, her sympathy, often of infinitely greater value. She caused the children of the neighbouring poor to be instructed; and herself assisted in forming their minds and principles. Nor was her beneficence limited to the lower ranks. "It was one of the greatest benefits," she was accustomed to say, "that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune." The delicacy and sweetness of her manner, on all occasions, doubled the bounties she conferred. The calm and uniform tenor of her life, her active virtues and happy constitution, produced a perpetual sunshine of the mind, that diffused itself on all around her.

The most distinguished characters of the age were among the friends of Mrs. Rowe: by the countess of Hertford, who composed an elegy on her death, she was more particularly lamented. A large collection of poems to her honour, is perfixed to her miscellaneous works. *Philomela* was the poetical name given to Mrs. Rowe, in allusion to her maiden name of Singer, and to the softness and harmony of her verses. Her person is thus described by her biographer, Mr. Theophilus Rowe, the brother of her husband: "Her stature was moderate, her hair of a fine auburn colour; her eyes darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and a natural blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, her voice was sweet and harmonious, suited to the gentle language

which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect were beyond all description: they inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration which distinguished sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create."

Memoirs of Mrs. Rowe—Gibbons's Memoirs of Pious Women—Female Worthies.

CLAUDIA RUFINA.

THE poet Martial, who extols this lady for her virtues, her learning, and her beauty, was the friend of her husband, Aulus Rufus Pudens, a Bononian philosopher, and of the Roman equestrian order. Claudia Rufina was a noble British lady, and the author of a book of epigrams, an elegy on the death of her husband, and other compositions, both in verse and prose.

LADY RUSSEL.

ELIZABETH, third daughter of sir Antony Cooke, was born in 1529, and was instructed, with her sisters, in every elegant and liberal acquirement: she even surpassed them in her progress, and was celebrated by the first scholars of the age. She married sir Thomas Hobby, and accompanied him into France, where he was sent by the queen on an embassy to the court. Sir Thomas died in Paris, April 13th, 1566, leaving his widow in a state of pregnancy. She accompanied the body of her husband to his native land; and having erected a chapel, on the south side of the chancel of the church at Bisham, in Berkshire, she deposited his remains with those of his brother, sir Philip Hobby, and placed on the tomb inscriptions, in Latin and English verse, of her own composition. Sir Thomas left on his decease four children, Edward, Elizabeth, Anne, and Thomas posthumous, who, it appears from a letter* addressed by his mother to her brother-in-law, lord treasurer Burleigh, gave her great anxiety by his wild and irregular conduct.

Some years after the decease of sir Thomas Hobby his widow espoused lord John Russel, son and heir to Francis Russel,

* In the possession of the hon. James West.

the second earl of Bedford of that name. Lady Russel became a widow a second time, in 1584: her husband died before his father, and was buried in the abbey church of Westminster, where a monument is erected to his memory, with inscriptions by his widow, in Latin, Greek, and English. One son was the fruit of this marriage who died young in 1580, and two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth. The latter survived her father but a short time. It is this lady of whom it is reported, that she died in consequence of wounding the fore-finger of her left hand by a needle; a tale or legend which the attitude of her figure, placed on the monument, within the same grate with that of her father, is thought to intimate. Her statue of alabaster is placed on a pedestal of black and white marble, in imitation of a Roman altar: it appears seated in a wrought osier chair, in a melancholy position, the head inclined towards the right hand, with the fore-finger of the left extending downwards, pointing to a death's head under its feet. Admitting the story of her death to have been well founded, it is probable that some nerve or tendon might be wounded by the accident, or that from the state of her blood, or habit, a gangrene might have ensued. Yet it is certain that the tale wears the appearance of fiction. The attitude of the statue is capable of a moral and religious interpretation, and it is by no means in proof of this popular tradition. The monument was erected to her memory by Anne, her only surviving sister.

Lady Russel translated from the French a religious tract, originally written in German, entitled, "A way of Reconciliation of a good and learned Man, touching the true Nature and Substance of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament," printed 1605, and dedicated to her only daughter, Anne Herbert, wife to lord H. Herbert. This dedication breathes the tenderest affection for her daughter, to whom the work is presented as a new-year's-gift.

The time of her death is uncertain; but it appears that she was living, though very infirm, in August, 1596; and in the ensuing year, she complains, in a letter to her nephew Cecil, of declining health, and the infirmities of old age. The letter thus concludes: "Your lordships owld awnt of compleat 68 years, that prays for your long lyfe, Elizabeth Russel, Dowager." She was probably buried with her first husband at Bisham, in Berks, in the chapel founded by herself in which a magnificent monument

is erected against the south wall, and in the middle a large arch, raised on four pillars, under which is placed her statue, kneeling, and having on its head the coronet of viscountess. The figure of an infant lies on the cushion on which she rests, and behind her kneel three daughters. Westward, without the arch, are the statues of two men in armour, and eastward, the statue of a lady in a robe lined with ermine, a coronet on her head. On a black marble tablet, at the foot of the monument, is a Greek inscription, and on another tablet is an inscription in Latin. Lady Russel lived to write the epitaphs, in the Greek, Latin, and English languages, for both her husbands, for her son, her daughter, her brother, sister, and friend, Mr. Noke, of Shottesbrooke.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

RACHEL, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, was born in 1636. Her mother, first wife to the earl, was the daughter of Henry de Massey, baron of Rovigny. The earl of Southampton, distinguished for his talents and independent spirit, was an enemy to the arbitrary measures pursued by the crown, during the administration of the earl of Strafford. In the subsequent prosecution of that nobleman, he opposed himself with equal firmness to the parliament, which had, he believed, exceeded the limits of justice and the constitution. He became eminently serviceable to the king on this occasion, whose cause he adopted against the popular proceedings. He is styled by Burnet, "A fast friend to the public, the wise and virtuous earl of Southampton, who deserved from the king every thing which he could bestow." At the Restoration he was made lord high-treasurer, an office which he filled with ability and integrity. He died May 16th, 1667, leaving by his first wife two daughters; Elizabeth, married to Edward Noel, baron Wriothesley, of Titchfield, &c. &c. and Rachel, wife to Francis lord Vaughan, eldest son of the earl of Rocraw, earl of Carberry. After the death of lord Vaughan, his widow, in 1669, espoused William lord Russel, son of William earl of Bedford: one son and two daughters were the fruit of this union.

In the struggle against the encroachments of the crown under

Charles II., during a fit of sickness which seized the king at Windsor, the duke of Monmouth, lord Russel, and lord Grey, instigated by the earl of Shaftesbury, agreed, should the disorder of Charles prove mortal, to oppose in arms the succession of the duke of York. The king recovered; but their projects were not laid aside. The imprisonment of Shaftesbury gave a check to these machinations, which new encroachments on the liberties of the people had revived. The train was laid and ready to take fire, when Monmouth was induced by lord Russel to delay the enterprise. At length the conspirators were, by their common views and common apprehensions, induced to form a regular plan of insurrection. A council of six was formed, consisting of Monmouth, Russel, Essex, Howard, Algernon Sidney, and John Hambden, grandson to the celebrated patriotic Hambden. These men, though united in a common cause, were instigated by motives widely different. Sidney desired a commonwealth; Essex was animated by the same principle; Monmouth aspired to the crown; while Russel and Hambden, attached to the ancient constitution, proposed only the redress of grievances, and the exclusion of the duke from the succession. Howard, an unprincipled man, had his own interest only in contemplation.

An inferior order of malecontents were also in the habit of meeting, who indulged themselves, wholly unknown to the council of six, in planning criminal and desperate measures. In this cabal the assassination of the king and of the duke was freely discussed, and even a project proposed for the purpose. But the plan, however plausible, was loose and wild; neither were there persons, arms, nor horses, provided for its execution. Among those who composed this faction, Keiling, a man who for some bold measures had rendered himself obnoxious to a prosecution, determined to purchase his safety by revealing the conspiracy. The council of six, though guiltless of the assassination plot, became involved in this discovery. Monmouth absconded; Russel was sent to the Tower; Howard saved himself by basely impeaching his colleagues; while Essex, Sidney, and Hambden, were apprehended upon his evidence. The English laws of treason, under the act of Edward III., were mild and equitable: they required proof of having compassed or intended the king's death, or of having actually levied war against him; greater latitude had been afterwards introduced both in the proof and definition of

the crime. Soon after the restoration of Charles a law had passed, by which the consulting or intending a rebellion was declared treason; but which required that the prosecution should take place within six months after the commission of the crime. Under this statute the offence of Russel fell. The facts, however, sworn against him, were beyond the limit of the time required by law: to make, therefore, the indictment more extensive, the intention of murdering the king was comprehended in it, by a refinement in law.

Russel, perceiving this irregularity, desired to have the point argued by counsel; but this privilege was refused to him, excepting on condition of his previously confessing the facts laid to his charge. The confounding the two species of treason, a practice supported by precedents, was not the only hardship of which Russel had to complain. Too candid to deny his share in the conspiracy for an insurrection, he contented himself with protesting, truly, that he had never formed any design against the life of the king. A defence so feeble availed him little: his jury, zealous royalists though men of fair character, after a short deliberation, brought him in guilty.

The day previous to his trial he had asked leave of the court that notes of the evidence might be taken for his use. By the attorney-general he was informed in reply, that he might if he pleased use one of his servants for the purpose. 'I ask no assistance,' answered the prisoner, 'but that of the lady who sits by me.' At these words the spectators, turning their eyes on the daughter of the virtuous Southampton, who rose to assist her husband in his distress, melted into tears. The old earl of Bedford, the father of lord Russel, offered to the dutchess of Portsmouth a hundred thousand pounds to procure her interest with the king for the pardon of his son. But every application proved vain. The independent spirit, the patriotism, the popularity, the courage, the talents, and the virtues, of the prisoner, were his most dangerous offences, and became so many arguments against his escape. Charles could be prevailed on only to remit the more ignominious part of the sentence which the law requires to be pronounced against traitors.

Lady Russel threw herself at the feet of the king, and pleaded with tears the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those offences into which her husband had been drawn,

by honest though erroneous principles. Charles beheld unmoved the daughter of his best friend weeping at his feet: he even rejected her petition for a respite of a few weeks. 'Shall I grant that man,' said he, 'six weeks, who, had it been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?' These tears and these supplications were the last instance of feminine sorrow which lady Russel betrayed on so trying an occasion. On finding every effort fruitless for saving the life of her husband, she collected her courage, and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke, confirming by her example the resolution of her lord.

No one doubted the innocence of Russel respecting the charge of conspiring against the life of the king, which he solemnly denied with his dying breath. The witnesses who deposed against him, made no mention of any such design: his principal guilt had been his opposition in parliament to what he deemed unconstitutional measures, with his efforts for the exclusion of the duke of York from the throne. His friends essayed every means that money and interest could afford to preserve his invaluable life. They engaged that he should promise on his liberation to exile himself from his native land. Lord Cavendish offered to facilitate his escape by changing habits with him, and remaining as his substitute. But Russel refused to save his life by an expedient that might subject his friend to hazard. The duke of Monmouth sent to him a message, that, if he thought it would avail any thing towards his safety, he would deliver up himself, and share the fate of his friend. To his proposition Russel only replied, 'that it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him!' It was proposed by Cavendish that a party of horse should attack the guards, and deliver him forcibly, on his way to the scaffold; an attempt which there was great reason to suppose the people would facilitate. But lord Russel, firmly opposing any measures which might expose his friends to danger, patiently submitted to his fate.

In the journal of the duke of Monmouth, he affirms, that the king had told him he was inclined to save the life of Russel, but found it impossible without breaking with the duke of York, who, in the meanness of his vengeance, was desirous that the illustrious victim should suffer in the square before York-house; an insult to which the king would not be persuaded to submit.

An order being signed for his execution, a respite of only

two days was refused to his friends. Bishops Burnet and Tillotson, with a view of serving him, tried to prevail on him to confess resistance to be unlawful. 'He could not tell a lie,' was the magnanimous reply of Russel. Tillotson observed, that he did not think resistance authorised by remote fears and consequences, or illegal practices. On this hypothesis, Russel declared he saw no difference between a lawful and a Turkish government, and that, in case of a total subversion, resistance would be too late. In answer to some clergyman, who flattered him with the hope of life on condition of his acknowledging, that subjects had in no case a right to resist the throne, 'I can,' said he, 'have no conception of a limited monarchy, which has not a right to defend its own limitations; neither will my conscience permit me to say otherwise to the king.' This firmness in refusing to purchase life by the sacrifice of his principles, affords the best testimony to his integrity and virtue.

As his fate drew near, he expressed his satisfaction that he had chosen death rather than flight, since he felt that, separated from his family and friends, whose affection and society constituted all his happiness, life would have been to him insupportable. To another project suggested by the gallant Cavendish, he replied smiling, that he thanked him very kindly, but would not escape; adding, he could never yet limit his bounty to his condition, and that the only pleasure he had felt in the anticipation of a large estate, to which he was heir by descent, was in the hope of an extension in the means of doing good. He thanked God, who knew the sincerity of his heart, that he had in all things acted in conformity to the dictates of his conscience; that he could never enter into what he thought wrong, nor could on any occasion tell an untruth.

Tillotson informed the king that Russel had declared to him, that he had associated with those unhappy men, only to preserve the duke of Mohmouth from being ensnared by them into any rash undertaking. Being then questioned why he had not in that case discovered their designs to the king; he answered, he could not betray his friends, nor turn informer while he saw no danger; yet, had things come to a crisis, he would have contrived a method of giving the king warning; and had violence been attemped, would have been the first to oppose it with his sword.

On the Tuesday before his execution, after dinner, when

lady Russel had left him, he spoke with pleasure of the magnanimity she displayed; and observed, 'that a separation from her was the severest part of what he had to undergo, since he dreaded lest she should sink under her grief.' 'At present,' he added, 'she was in some degree supported by her exertions to save him, by which her mind was occupied; but when her hopes were over, he feared the quickness of her spirits, and the poignancy of her feelings.' On the Thursday, while she was labouring to gain a respite till the Monday, he expressed a wish that she would abandon a cause so hopeless: yet the consideration, that her sorrow might be mitigated by the recollection that she had spared no possible means for his safety, prevented him from opposing her designs.

His courage never appeared to faulter but when he spoke of his wife; his eyes would, on such occasions, fill with tears, while he appeared eager to fly from the subject. On the Friday night as she left him, he embraced her repeatedly, while she restrained her grief lest it should too sensibly affect him. The evening before his death, his children were brought to him: he parted with them and his friends with courage and constancy. Some of his expressions denoted not only composure but pleasantry. Being seized with a bleeding at his nose; 'I shall not now,' said he to Dr. Burnet, who attended him, 'let blood to divert this distemper, that will be done to-morrow.' A short time before he was conducted by the sheriffs to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, observing, 'he had now done with time, and henceforth must think only on eternity.'

When parting from lady Russel, who commanded herself with heroic fortitude, they mutually preserved a solemn and affecting silence. He declared when she had left him, 'that the bitterness of death was past.' He praised her character and conduct, while he spoke of his affection for her with eloquence and fervor. He protested that she had ever been to him a blessing; and observed how wretched it would have made him, had she not joined to tenderness and sensibility a spirit too magnanimous to desire him to be guilty of baseness, even for the preservation of his life. He expressed his gratitude to Providence, that had given him a wife, who, to birth, fortune, talents, and virtue, united sensibility of heart, and whose conduct, in the extreme crisis of his fate, had even surpassed all her other vir-

tues. He spoke of the joy which he felt, that his family would lose nothing by his death, since he left his children in the hands of so admirable a mother, who for their sakes had promised to preserve herself.

The scaffold for his execution was erected in Lincolns-inn-fields, that the triumph of the court might be manifest, in the exhibition of the illustrious sufferer to the populace. As he passed through the city, bishops Burnet and Tillotson accompanied him in the coach. The people, who fancied they beheld virtue and freedom suffer with him, melted into tears at the spectacle. As, on passing it, he looked towards Southampton-house, a tear started to his eye, which he instantly wiped away. He observed, 'that a cloud was hanging over the nation, to which his death would prove more serviceable than his life.' The moment before his execution, he affirmed, on the faith of a dying man, that he knew of no plot against the king's person or government; but, having submitted himself to the decision of the laws, he was determined to abide the penalty.

The populace beheld with unfeigned grief the fate of their beloved leader, once the object of all their confidence: as he had been the most popular among his own party, so was he the least obnoxious to the opposite faction: every heart sensible to generosity or humanity united in tender commiseration on this affecting catastrophe. Without the least change of countenance, he laid his head on the block: at two strokes it was separated by the executioner from his body. This tragedy took place July 21, 1683. A paper, expressive of his innocence, was delivered by him to the sheriffs, which gave great offence at court. Burnet was questioned on the subject, but the widow of lord Russel, in a letter to the king, justified and exculpated her husband. Of lord Russel, it was said by Calamy, "that an age would not repair to the nation his loss, and that his name ought never to be mentioned by Englishmen without respect."

Lady Russel sustained the loss of this worthy and beloved husband with the same heroism which she had displayed during his trial and imprisonment. When, in open court, attending by his side, observing and taking notes of all that passed in his favour; when, a weeping suppliant at the feet of the king, she pleaded for a life so precious to her, in the name, and for the services, of a deceased father; when, in meek and solemn silence,

without suffering a tear to escape her, she parted for ever with a husband so deservedly beloved; she appears equally an object of sympathy, admiration, and reverence.

After this melancholy and cruel event, the widow of the respectable and patriotic Russel proved the faithful guardian of his honour and his fame; the wise and active mother to his children; and the friend and patroness of his friends. She survived more than forty years, and died September 29th, 1723, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

The letters of lady Russel, written after the decease of her husband, afford an affecting picture of the conjugal affection and fidelity of the writer, whom new trials yet awaited. Wriothesley duke of Bedford, her only son, died of the small-pox, May 1711, in the thirty-first year of his age. To this affliction succeeded the death of her daughter, the dutchess of Rutland, who died in childbed. Lady Russel gave on this occasion a new instance of her fortitude and self command. Her daughter, the dutchess of Devonshire, was also in childbed at the time of her sister's decease. The mother, after beholding one daughter in her coffin, repaired to the chamber of the other, with a composed and tranquil countenance. The dutchess of Devonshire earnestly inquiring after the welfare of her sister, lady Russel evasively replied, without betraying any emotion, 'I have seen your sister out of bed to-day.'

To this instance of her fortitude an anecdote may be added, in testimony of her courage and presence of mind, displayed on a lesser and unpremeditated occasion.

"The following relation," says Mr. Selwood,* "I had from lady Russel, in Southampton-row, Bedford-house, where the accident happened. Her ladyship's own words, to the best of my remembrance, were these: 'As I was reading in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, an hissing fire ran on the floor, and, after a short time, left some paper in a flame, which with my foot I put into the chimney to prevent mischief. I then sat down in the dark to consider whence this event should come. I knew my doors and windows were fast, and that there was no way open

† Mr. Thomas Selwood lived in the family of lady Russel, copied her letters from the originals, which, having published with permission, he dedicated to the duke of Bedford.

into the closet but by the chimney; but that something should come down there, and strike my candle off the table in that strange manner, I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself with thinking to no purpose, I rang my bell. The servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged pardon for having by mistake given me a mould candle, with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport among the fellow-servants on a rejoicing day.[1] Her ladyship bid the servant not to be troubled at the matter, for she had no other concern about it than that of not finding out the cause."

It is observable in the letters of lady Russel, that no expression of resentment, or traces of a vindictive spirit, mingle at any time with the sentiment of grief, by which they are uniformly pervaded, for the fate of her husband. When James II. who had been principally aiding to that fate, became a wanderer in a foreign land, driven from his throne and country, there appears no triumph in the expressions of this lady, nor even an intimation, that retributive justice had overtaken him. She also passes over in silence the tragical end of the barbarous and infamous Jefferies, who had distinguished himself against lord Russel on his trial.

It appears from several of her letters, that lady Russel experienced uneasiness, some years after the death of her husband, from dimness and weakness in her sight. From this complaint she was relieved by an operation, in June, 1694. Archbishop Tillotson, writing to Dr. Burnet bishop of Salisbury on the 28th of June, informs him, "that the eyes of lady Russel had been couched, the preceding morning, with good success." From this time till her death she enjoyed her sight without impediment, and was accustomed, at a very advanced period of life, to write without spectacles. The apprehension of the loss of sight, that invaluable blessing, was sustained by lady Russel with her wonted courage and resignation. The first persons of the age, both in rank and literature, did honour to themselves by their respect and friendship towards this illustrious and heroic woman.

Letters of Rachel, Lady Russel, from the MS. in the Library at Woburn Abbey—Hume's History of England—Memoirs of Pious Women.

LAURA SADE.

Among writers celebrated for their learning and genius, at the revival of letters in the fourteenth century, Francis Petrarch, a Florentine poet, whose ancestors were intrusted with offices of honour in the state, holds a high and distinguished rank. Petrarco, his father having become the victim of faction, was, together with Danté,* banished from the republic, and condemned to pay a considerable fine. After many sufferings and struggles to regain his patrimony, tired of successless efforts, he at length determined to repair to Avignon, a city of France, on the banks of the Rhone, situated between Lyons and Marseilles, to which a Gascon pope had removed the Roman see.

The young Petrarch was by his father destined to the profession of the law, to which he flattered himself, from the talents he had observed in his son, that he would prove a distinguished ornament. This plan, however, but little accorded with the lively sensibility and genius of the youth, which irresistibly impelled him to more congenial pursuits. His subsequent progress in letters and reputation, belongs not to the present memoir to narrate.

Nature had been to Petrarch lavish of her bounties. To superior endowments, a lively imagination, and a susceptible heart, he added a fine person and a prepossessing countenance. The fervor of his passions, and the impetuosity of his youth, had, in the earlier periods of his life, and in a voluptuous and dissolute court, sometimes betrayed him into transient irregularities, which his principles condemned, and which his taste abhorred. "I can aver," says he, "that from the bottom of my soul, I detest such scenes." "If I sometimes acted with freedom, it was because love had not yet become an inhabitant of my breast."

After his return from Bologna, whither he had been sent by his father to prosecute his studies, he passed a whole year, with gaiety and indifference, among the beauties of Avignon, who contended for the conquest of his heart. The muse was the only mistress whose favours he courted. "I was as frec

† Danté, in his works, bitterly resents this treatment.

and as wild," says he, "as the untamed stag." But the moment when his liberty was to be forfeited approached. "Love," says he, "observing that his former arrows had but glanced over my heart, called to his aid a lady against whose power neither wit, beauty, nor strength, were of any avail."

On Sunday in the holy week, at six in the morning, the time of Matins, Petrarch beheld, at the church of the monastero of St. Claire, a young lady whose charms absorbed and captivated his attention. "She was dressed in green, and her robe was embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were somewhat more than mortal. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders, which were whiter than snow: her ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of love. Her neck was finely formed, and her complexion, which art would vainly attempt to imitate, animated by the tints of nature. When she opened her mouth, you perceived the beauty of pearls and the sweets of roses. She was full of graces. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue: for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn. Such was the amiable Laura!"

This lady, to whom the genius of Petrarch has given celebrity, appears, from a comparative view of the few particulars‡ which are to be found respecting her private life, to have been the daughter of Andibert de Noves, a chevalier, and his wife Ermessenda. Her family held the first rank at Noves, a town of Provence, two leagues from Avignon. Laura possessed a house in that city, where she passed a part of the year. Her father had left to her a handsome dowry, to be given to her on her marriage, which took place when she was very young (through the authority and influence of her mother), with Hugues de Sade, whose family was originally of Avignon, where they held the first offices. It was not till after her marriage that Petrarch beheld her, at the church of the monastery at St. Claire; hence his frequent remorses, and the severity of Laura's behaviour. An old picture of Laura was, in 1642,

‡ From the archives of the house of Sade, and from the writings of Petrarch.

brought to cardinal Barberini: this portrait had been long preserved in the house of Sade at Avignon; and Richard de Sade, then bishop of Cavoillon, proved that this Laura, of the house of Sade, was really the Laura of Petrarch, and that those who had considered her as the mistress of Petrarch at Vaucluse, or as an allegorical person, were romancers, ill-informed of real circumstances or facts.

In the Sonnets of Petrarch there is a perpetual allusion to the laurel‡ and Daphne, with which he took a pleasure in associating the object of his affection. "I run every where after Laura," says he, "but she flees from me, as Daphne fled from Apollo."

On the system of Pythagoras, he supposed, with a poetical license, that the soul of Daphne, after a long succession of transmigrations, had passed into the body of Laura. Under this illusion he beheld not the laurel without transports, and planted it in every place. He frequently seated himself at the foot of one of those trees, on the side of a river, where Laura was accustomed to pass; while, in her absence, every thing in this delightful spot, which was her favourite walk, presented to him her image, and re-kindled his poetical raptures. "On this bank," says he, "and under the shelter of this charming tree, I sing with transports the praises of Laura. The gentle murmurs of the stream accompanying my tender sighs; the refreshing shade tempers the ardour of my passion: these only are the objects which have power to relieve my soul."

While Petrarch concealed in his bosom the passion with which Laura had inspired him, he owns that she behaved to him with kindness; but, when she discovered the state of his mind, she treated him with great severity. Awed by the chastity of her conduct and manners, Petrarch had not dared to speak of his feelings; but Laura, on perceiving that he followed her every where, and directed towards her his ardent glances, solicitously avoided him, and, if by accident he approached her in public, immediately left the place; she hastily covered herself with her veil whenever she saw him, to defend herself from his tender glances. Petrarch perpetually complains of this cruel veil, which hid from his view the charms he adored. His timidity, the characteristic of true love, was

‡ The laurel, with which poets were crowned, was consecrated to Apollo, who was the god of poetry.

increased by the rigours of his mistress, the magnificence of whose dress also tended to heighten his respect." "Dazzled by the lustre of her beauty and the splendour of her dress, for she wore on her head a silver coronet, and tied up her hair with knots of jewels;‡ terrified also with the austerity of her looks, he had not courage to speak to her." "Was I," said he, "to see the lustre of those bright eyes extinguished by age, those golden locks changed to silver, the flowers painted on that complexion faded, was I to see Laura without her garland, without her ornamented robe, I feel I should have more courage." Petrarch does not appear, at this period, to have been admitted to the house of Laura; he saw her only in public, and at festivals where the ladies assembled. "She appeared," says he, "among the beauties of Avignon, like a fine flower, in the midst of a parterre, eclipsing, by its lustre and by the brightness of its colours, all those by which it was surrounded." His attachment to her increased with his respect, while the admiration with which her virtue had inspired him, led him to greater purity and regularity of conduct. "I bless the happy moment," says he, "that directed my heart to Laura. She led me to see the path of virtue, to detach my heart from base and grovelling objects: from her I am inspired with that celestial flame which raises my soul to heaven, and directs it to the Supreme Cause, as to the only source of happiness."

Petrarch was, by the severity of Laura (who had forbidden him to see or to speak to her), the restless state of his mind, and the desire of acquiring knowledge, determined to travel; but, scarcely had he quitted Avignon before he repented of his purpose, and with difficulty could prevent himself from returning. During his journey, the image of Laura was ever present to his thoughts. He passed, on his return, through a part of the forest of Ardenne, which was rendered more peculiarly dangerous by the inroads of troops, from a war between the duke of Brabant and the court of Flanders, who disputed with each other the sovereignty of Moulines. Petrarch, however, took no guard; alone and unarmed, wholly occupied by his passion, he traversed the most gloomy recesses of the forest. "Love," said he, "enlightened the shades of Ardenne, where Laura appeared in every object, and was

‡ An extraordinary magnificence in those times.

heard in every breeze." On approaching Lyons, he beheld the Rhone with transport, which, in its course to the sea, bathed the walls of Avignon. He had flattered himself that absence might have softened the rigours of Laura, and that she would have beheld him on his return with greater complacency. Of the disappointment of this hope he bitterly complains, and compares his mistress to the snow, on which the sun had not beamed. "It is now," says he, "seven years that I have sighed night and day for Laura, without hope of being able to touch her heart."

It is the natural effect of a romantic and tender passion to render common society distasteful to its victim: Petrarch quitted the city in despair, and immured himself in the shades and caverns of Vaucluse. "The more desert and savage the scene which surrounds me, the more lively," says he, "is the form in which Laura presents herself to my view. The mountains, the woods, and the streams, see and witness my anguish." The sentiment which preyed on his heart undermined his health and sapped the springs of life; the idea of death and of a future state presented itself to his imagination, ever lively and enthusiastic, and opposed itself to the fervours of love: he lamented the time which he had wasted in this pursuit, and determined, in vain, to conquer a passion which indulgence, habit, and association, had too firmly interwoven with the whole texture of his mind. To assist him in his resolution, he had recourse to a monk, Dennis de Robertis, a native of Italy, a man distinguished for his talents, and to whom Petrarch was greatly attached. Father Dennis said all that wisdom could dictate, or that ingenuity could devise, to heal the wounded mind of his penitent, who solicited of him advice, and implored of him remedies for his passion; but the eloquence of the good father was, by one glance from Laura, obliterated from the mind of his pupil.

Avignon, about this period, was afflicted with a pestilence of a singular nature, from an extraordinary heat and drought: persons of every age and sex changed their skins, which fell from their faces and hands in scales. The constitution of Laura was too delicate not to suffer by this state of the atmosphere; her recovery was for some time doubtful; and Petrarch experienced all the agony which anxiety for the life of a beloved ob-

ject, added to constrained absence, can inflict on a susceptible heart. Laura, however, recovered, and relieved him from his distress. "Would to God," said he, in a letter to a friend, who had rallied him on his passion, "that my Laura were indeed an imaginary person, and that my passion for her was only a jest! alas, it is a phrensy!" Petrarch frequently retired into the deepest solitudes; and if, by accident, he met with Laura in the streets of Avignon, he avoided her and passed swiftly on. This affectation, notwithstanding the reserve of her conduct, appeared to displease her. She wished probably to preserve a lover whose reputation flattered her pride; or, it is possible, that in secret she was not insensible to his devotion and constancy. One day, having met him by accident, she looked on him with greater kindness. A favour so unexpected restored him to happiness, and vanquished in a moment his boasted resolution. He now again sought her in public, when she behaved to him with more ease: he wished to speak to her of his sentiments, but the dignity of her manners repressed and awed him. Laura desired to be beloved by Petrarch, but with a refinement that should prevent him from any expression of his feelings. If ever he attempted to violate this respectful silence, she treated him with the utmost severity; but when she saw him afflicted, in despair, and too much discouraged, some trifling complacency, a word, a gesture, were sufficient to reanimate him. It was by this refined species of coquetry, if so harsh a term may be allowed, that Laura, without stain to her honour, kept alive for twenty years the passion of a man of impetuous character, whose morals, previous to his acquaintance with her, had not been irreproachable. At one period, emboldened by her complacence, and the confidence with which it inspired him, he ventured, though with hesitation and timidity, to express his feelings, and to complain of her rigour. 'I am not,' replied Laura, with visible emotion, 'I am not, Petrarch, the person whom you suppose me to be.' Struck by the manner in which she uttered this reproof, he was awed into silence. Laura forbade him to appear again in her presence, refused to receive his apologies, and avoided every occasion of meeting him. The sorrow and remorse of Petrarch seriously affected his health, he was seized with a dangerous indisposition, and Laura was persuaded to see and pardon him.

After his return from his travels, the admonitions of father Dennis raised in his mind religious scruples; Laura seemed to divide his heart with God, and to interfere with the practice of his duties. 'How much time,' said his spiritual instructor, 'have you wasted on that Laura! How many useless steps have you taken in those woods!' But the most trifling circumstance was sufficient to disturb his philosophy, and to overthrow his wisest resolutions. Having one day observed a girl washing the veil of Laura, he was seized with a sudden tremor, and, under a sultry sky, shivered as in the depths of winter. He neglected the conduct of his affairs, and became distracted and bewildered in his studies and among his books. The conflict between his reason and his feelings, injured his mind and shook his frame. "Ten years," says he, "has grief preyed upon me; a slow poison consumes me: scarcely have I strength to drag along my weakened limbs. I must get out of this terrible situation. I must regain my liberty." Again he determined to travel, and to try the effects of absence. Having concealed his name, and embarked in a ship about to set sail for Italy, he assumed the character of a pilgrim, going to worship at Rome. On landing on the Italian coast, his native country, after which he had long sighed, he perceived a laurel tree, which love had associated in his mind with the idea of Laura. Too vehemently transported to observe his steps, he ran towards his favourite plant, without observing a brook which impeded his way, and fell into the stream. The fall occasioned him to swoon, and, on his recovery, to reflect with a degree of shame on his heedlessness and infatuation.

Exercise, change, and absence, seemed to produce upon his mind a favourable effect; the idea of Laura became less habitual, the agitation of his feelings no longer destroyed his health, his sleep was less unquiet, and he was more easily amused; he believed himself cured, and even smiled at his past extravagance. In this disposition he returned to Avignon, 1337. But no sooner had he again beheld Laura, than his wound, but slightly healed over, opened afresh, and his relapse was more violent than his original disease. "I desired death," said he; "I was even tempted to seek it in the violence of my anguish. Laura was sick; but the approach of death could not diminish the lustre of her eyes. I trembled at her shadow. The

sound of her voice deprived me of motion." He perceived that safety could only be found in flight; he determined to leave Avignon, and to seek repose in the lonely solitudes of Vaucluse. In this retreat, while he indulged his taste for letters and retirement, he sought to cure himself of his passion. "I may hide myself, says he, "in the rocks and in the woods, but there are no places so wild and solitary whither the torments of love do not pursue me. Thrice in that dark and lonely hour, when nothing but ghastly shades are seen or heard, Laura, with stedfast look, approached my bed and claimed her slave. Fear froze my limbs; my blood, forsaking my veins, rushed upon my heart. Trembling I rose ere morn, and left a house where all I saw alarmed me. I climbed the rocks, I ran into the woods, watching with fearful eyes this dreadful vision. I may not be believed, but still it followed. Here I perceive it starting from a tree; there rising from a fountain; now it descended from the rocks, or floated on the clouds. Surrounded thus, I stood transfixed with horror." The state of Petrarch's mind, his enthusiastic temperament, and the solitude in which he cherished a diseased sensibility, sufficiently account for these visionary flights. He passed near a year in his retreat, attended only by an old fisherman; his domestics, unable to sustain the severity of such a seclusion, having requested to be dismissed. After this period, he made several journeys to Avignon: sometimes he flattered himself with having conquered his passion, and again relapsed into weakness and grief. His mind, accustomed to a strong stimulus, had become restless and enfeebled; his resolution was continually fluctuating; he groaned under the weight of his chains, and yet dreaded indifference as a more terrible evil. The sonnets which he composed at this time are strongly expressive of his disordered state.

In 1542, the pope granted two favours to two of Laura's children. Her daughter Ermessenda was received into the convent of St. Lawrence, where she professed herself. Some time after, Audibert her son was appointed to the canonship of Notre de Dame de Dons. These children were about twelve or thirteen years of age.

Whether touched by his sufferings, his constancy, or his reputation, Laura, on the return of Petrarch to Avignon,

treated him with less reserve. Avignon became from this circumstance, and from the favour of the pope, more agreeable to him; he now passed in the city the greater part of his time, and visited Vaucluse but at intervals. The praises which Petrarch had lavished upon his mistress rendered her name celebrated throughout Europe; every person who came to Avignon was solicitous to behold these powerful charms. Though not yet thirty years of age, the beauty of Laura was somewhat tarnished: domestic chagrins and frequent child-bearing appeared to have impaired her health; the bloom of her complexion was less vivid and fresh. By a kind of sympathy, Petrarch had also lost that florid hue which gave vivacity to his features. "I am not what I was," says he, in a letter to a friend, "so changed am I by the perpetual warfare beteewn my soul and body, that you would scarcely know me."

Some time after this he met Laura at a public assembly, where magnificently attired, she wore on her hands silk gloves embroidered with gold. This ornament, which was in those periods extremely rare and costly, seems to be in testimony of the nobility of Laura, which was also proved by her marriage contract. She happened to let fall one of these gloves, which Petrarch, whose attention was ever bent towards her, instantly picked up. Laura, on perceiving it in his possession, and that he had a desire to retain it, immediately took it from him, with some displeasure. "It is not," said Petrarch, "the person of Laura that I adore, but that soul so superior to all others. Her conduct and her manners are an image of the life the blessed lead in heaven. Should I ever lose her (the very idea makes me tremble!) I would say what Lelius, the wisest of the Romans, said on the death of Scipio, 'I loved his virtue, and that shall ever live.'" "If my desires have ever passed the bounds which reason prescribes, it is no longer so. Those limits are now sacred. But with respect to Laura, let me ever do her justice. Never, in the most interesting moments of our intercourse, have I seen her principles waver. Her conduct, in the gayest hours of her life, was always uniform, always pure. How admirable is a constancy, a resolution, so superior to the generality of her sex!" Yet he sometimes made other reflections, not less true and just. "You cannot

deny," says he to himself, in his Confessions, in the form of dialogues, in imitation of St. Augustin, "you cannot deny, and you indeed confess, that this love of which you boast has made you unhappy, and was near drawing on you a fatal crime, of which this admirable woman was the cause. Ought she not to have suppressed rather than to have encouraged an inclination so fatal to your peace? This truth she ought to have known, and to have impressed upon you: That of all the passions to which human nature is subject, love is the most to be feared; it makes us forget what is due to ourselves, and it leads us even to forget our God. Every thing serves to nourish and increase it; and those wretched beings, whom it holds in bondage, carry a fire within them, by which soul and body will be ultimately consumed." "Recal the torments you have suffered, the useless tears you have shed, and the short pleasures you have obtained, which may be compared to those light zephyrs of the summer, which refresh the air but for a moment; and then reflect on the duties you have neglected," &c.

Notwithstanding the attachment of Petrarch to Laura, the love of his country was never absent from his mind. Various circumstances combined to render him desirous of quitting Avignon, and of breathing once more the balmy air of Italy. His friends, in vain, sought to detain him. "Every thing," says he, "alters with time. My hair, which is become gray, warns me to change my manner of thinking and my life. Love suits not with one of my age: the air of Italy is purer, the waters clearer, the flowers more beautiful; it is time that I should go there to enjoy my liberty, and to take possession of my father's sepulchre." He went to take leave of Laura, who, ignorant of the motive of his visit, received him with a smiling countenance; but, when she learned his determination to depart, she changed colour, cast down her eyes, and kept silence. Her manner seemed to say: 'Alas! will you then go? shall I lose my faithful friend?'

He had not been long absent before his inquietudes revived, and he wished to return. In leaving Laura, he felt that he had left behind him the half of himself. His friends, in their letters, informed him that she appeared to suffer too much from his absence. Soon after this, under pretence of pressing business, he returned precipitately to Avignon. Impatient for

the sight of Laura, he went on horseback from Lyons to Avignon, along the banks of the Rhone, whose current he wished to follow, that he might the sooner behold his mistress. Laura viewed again with pleasure the friend whom she feared she had for ever lost: if she did not express this sentiment in words, she however mixed in her behaviour nothing that was severe. She had this year some subject of domestic grief, respecting which, Petrarch, who had now access to her house, went frequently to console her. "I went," said he, "to express my tender interest in Laura's sorrow. Love, who was my guide, has engraven for ever on my heart her looks and expressions." "Tears stood in her eyes; those eyes radiant as the sun. She joined patience with sorrow, and the divine harmony of virtue with every burst of woe."

Among the festivals which were given about this period by the pope, in honour of the king of Bohemia, and Charles, prince of Moravia, his son, the city of Avignon gave a magnificent ball, at which the beauties of the province were assembled. Charles, a gallant prince, sought among the ladies, who graced the entertainment, for Laura, to whom the genius of her lover had given so much celebrity. Having at length discovered her, he passed by all those whose rank or age gave them a title to precedence, and, casting down his eyes, paid his homage to her, by bowing his head after the French fashion. Every person was pleased at this mark of distinction paid to a lady, to whose character it was justly due. Petrarch conceived from this circumstance a high idea of the discernment of the prince, and a particular interest and sympathy in his favour.

Laura had a friend, who, as far as virtue and honour would allow, was in the interest of her lover. She wished that he should be beloved, but with a pure and tender friendship. When she saw him desponding and cast down, she reanimated his spirits; and when he presumed too far, checked his confidence. She also used her influence with Laura in favour of Petrarch. One day, having represented to him the tenderness expressed in Laura's countenance and behaviour, when his conduct had merited her regard: 'Incredulous!' added she, 'and can you after this doubt of her affection?' The constitution of Laura had been always delicate, and her health began to decline. Petrarch was touched and affected by her drooping state. 'Heaven

grant me,' said he, 'to die before Laura, that I may never see so dreadful an event!' A complaint in her eyes, which was extremely painful, happened to Laura this year, and threatened her sight. Petrarch went often to see her during her confinement: he found her one day cured of her complaint, which seemed by a certain sympathy to have passed into his own eyes. "I fixed my eyes on those of Laura," said he, "and, that moment, something like a shooting star darted from them into mine. I rejoice in this present from love: how delightful is it thus to cure the darling object of one's soul!"

This intercourse with Laura, in which he experienced so much pleasure, received an interruption from the officious impertinence of those persons who take a pleasure in separating hearts which friendship and affection have united. It was intimated to Laura, that Petrarch imposed upon her, and that she was not the real object of his attachment or his sonnets: under her name, it was added, he concealed a passion for another woman, who was the secret inspirer of his muse. Laura, too much interested in the intelligence that was communicated to her not to be credulous, took umbrage at the supposed duplicity of her lover, and withdrew herself wholly from him. "My joys," said he, "were like the bright days of winter, of flattering aspect, but of short duration." This circumstance sufficiently proves that Laura was far from indifferent to the attentions of Petrarch, a sensibility which she tried to conceal in the bottom of her heart, and to the forced suppression of which, and the difficulties of her situations, her declining health might be in some degree attributable. Her character appears with far greater interest and dignity upon the supposition of this sensibility, and the sacrifice of feeling to principle, than when she is considered as a vain coquet, trifling, for the gratification of her vanity, with the happiness of a man of worth, who truly loved her. She was, however, too reasonable not to allow herself to be convinced of the innocence of her lover of the crime laid to his charge, and to refuse to readmit him to her confidence and esteem.

The restlessness of Petrarch again recurred; he thought of leaving Avignon, and of revisiting Italy: the love of his country, and his dislike to Avignon, balanced in his heart his passion for Laura: with these, other motives combined to deter-

mine his departure. He passed a part of the autumn in preparation at Vaucluse, whence he went to Avignon, to take leave of Laura, whom he found at an assembly which she often frequented. "Her air," said he, "was more touching than usual. She was dressed perfectly plain, without pearls or any gay colours. Though she was not melancholy, she did not appear with her usual cheerfulness. She sung not, as usual, nor did she speak with that sweetness which charmed every one. She was serious and thoughtful: she had the air of a person who fears an evil, of the nature of which he is ignorant. I sought in her looks, in taking my leave of her, a consolation for my own sufferings. Her eyes had an expression which I had never before beheld in them. I deposited to their keeping my heart and my thoughts, as to faithful friends, on whom I could depend. Her altered dress and air, her countenance, a certain concern mixed with grief which I perceived in her aspect, predicted the sorrows that threatened me." Touched with the apppearance and manners of Laura, Petrarch could, with difficulty, restrain his tears; while Laura seemed scarcely equal to sustain the idea of, perhaps, an eternal separation from so true and devoted a friend. When the hour of his departure arrived, she regarded him with a look so tender, pure, and affecting, as had nearly subdued the resolution for which he had so painfully struggled. "Must I never," says he, "see again that beautiful face, those kind looks which relieve the tender heart?"

The situation in which Petrarch left Laura, on his departure from Avignon, filled his mind with inquietude, and haunted his imagination with terrible forebodings. The plague, which at that period ravaged Europe, and which carried off many of his friends, added to his anxiety. His correspondents informed him, in their letters, that his beautiful mistress was so changed since his absence, as scarcely to be known by those who were not in the habit of constantly seeing her. "Heretofore," said he, "I saw her often in my dreams. Her angelic vision then consoled me; but at present it overwhelms and afflicts me. I think I see in her aspect compassion mixed with grief. I think I hear her thus speak to me: 'Recal that night, when, forced to part from you, I left you bathed in tears; I was not able to tell you then, nor would I have done so, but I will tell you at present,

and you may believe me, you shall see me no more upon earth.' What a dreadful vision! Shall I learn only from dreams an account so interesting to me? Shall she herself come to announce it? No: it cannot be. Heaven and nature forbid! Uncertain of my state, I sigh, I write, I fear, I hope: I am no longer what I was: I resemble a man who walks in a path of which he is not sure. I open my ears, but no one speaks of her I love: my soul floats between fear and hope: cruel departure! Why, if I am so soon to lose her, why separate myself from her?"

On the 6th of April, 1348, Petrarch was at Verona, his mind occupied by these dark presages, when, in a dream towards the morning, he seemed to behold Laura, and held with her a long conversation. "Her appearance," said he, "was like that of the spring, and her head was crowned with oriental pearls. As she drew near to me she sighed, and gave me a hand which had long been the object of my tenderest wishes. 'Do you recollect,' she asked, 'her, who, by engaging the affections of your youth, led you from the common road of life?' While she spoke these words, which were accompanied with an air of modesty and earnestness, she sat down under a laurel and a beech, on the side of a brook, and commanded me to place myself by her." Having informed her lover that she was no longer an inhabitant of this world, and reproved him for his grief; "'To the spotless soul,' continued she, 'death is the deliverance from a darksome prison: it is no more than a sigh, or a short passage from one life to another. In the flower of my youth, when you loved me most, and when life was decked out in all its charms, then was it bitter, compared with the sweetness of my death. I felt, at this moment, more joy, than an exile returning to his wished-for country. There was but one idea that afflicted me. I was to leave you. I was moved with compassion.' 'Ah!' replied I, 'in the name of that truth, by which you were governed while on earth, and which now you more clearly distinguish, in the bosom of him to whom all things are present, tell me, I conjure you, whether *love* gave birth to this compassion? Those rigors mixed with softness, those tender angers, and those delicious reconciliations, which were written in your eyes, have, for ever, kept my heart in uncertainty and doubt.' Scarce had I ceased to speak, when I beheld those heavenly smiles which have at all times been the

messengers of peace. 'You have ever,' said she with a sigh, 'possessed my heart, and shall continue to possess it. But I was obliged to temper the violence of your passion by the movements of my countenance. It was necessary to keep you in ignorance. A good mother is never more solicitous respecting her child, than when she appears to be most in anger with him. How often have I said to myself, Petrarch does not love; he burns with a violent passion, which I must endeavour to regulate. But, alas! this was a difficult task for one whose fears and affections were likewise engaged. He must not, I said, be acquainted with the state of my heart. He admires so much what he sees without, that I must conceal from his knowledge what passes within. This has been the only artifice which I have used. Be not offended. It was a rein necessary to keep you in the right road. There was no other method by which I could preserve our souls. A thousand times has my countenance been lighted up with anger, while my heart glowed with love; but it was my determined resolution, that reason, not love, should hold the sovereignty. When I saw you cast down with sorrow, I gave you a look of consolation. When you were on the brink of despair, my glances were still more tender; I addressed you with a softer air, and soothed you with a kind word: my apprehensions even altered the tone of my voice; you might see them impressed on my countenance. When you looked pale, and your eyes were bathed in tears, I said, he is very ill, he will certainly die if I take not pity on him. It was then that you had every succour which virtue could give, and then was you restored again to yourself. Sometimes you were like the fiery horse, fretted with the spur; it was then necessary that you should feel the bridle, and be managed with the bit. Such have been the innocent artifices by which I have led you on, without stain to my honour.' 'Ah!' said I, with a faultering voice, my eyes bedewed with tears, 'such sentiments, had I but courage to believe them, would amply recompense all my sufferings.' 'Faithless man!' said she, a little angrily, 'what motive can I have for this declaration, had it not been the true cause of that reserve and distance of which you so often complained? In all things else we were agreed; and honour and virtue were the bonds of our affection. Our love was mutual, at least from the time that I was convinced of your attachment. While one

discovered, the other concealed the flame; this was the only difference between us. You were hoarse with crying Mercy! Help! while I opened not my mouth. Fear and modesty permitted me not to reveal my sentiments. The flame which is confined burns more fiercely than that which is at liberty. Recollect the day when we were alone, and when you presented to me your sonnets, singing, at the same time, This is all my love dare say. I received them with kindness; and, after such a proof, could you doubt my affection? Was not this removing the veil? My heart was yours, but I chose to be mistress of my eyes. This you thought unjust; and yet, with what right could you complain? Were you not possessed of the nobler part? Those eyes, which have so often been withdrawn, because you merited this severity, have they not been restored to you a thousand times? How often have they regarded you with tenderness? and would, at all times, have done so, had I not dreaded the extravagance of your passion. But the morning advances; the sun is emerging from the ocean; it is with regret that I tell you we must now be separated. If you have any thing more to say to me, be quick, and regulate your words by the few moments that remain to us?' I had time only to add, 'My sufferings are fully recompensed; but I cannot live without you: I would therefore know, whether I shall soon follow you?' She was already in motion to depart, when she said, 'If I mistake not, you shall remain a long time upon earth.'"

The inquietude of Petrarch was redoubled from these multiplied visions, which seemed to assure him of the fate of Laura. He waited with impatience for news from Avignon, but the plague had put a stop to all communications. On the 9th of May, 1348, he received, while at Parma, a letter from a friend, who resided in the same city with Laura, and who informed him, that she had died of the plague, on the 6th of April, the very day on which the vision had appeared to him. Laura had felt the first attacks of this disorder on the 3d of April, when she was seized with the fever and the spitting of blood. Being persuaded that she should not survive the third day, she immediately received the sacraments, and made her will; after which she tranquilly awaited her death. Though attacked with a malady that terrified all the world, her relation, friends, and neighbours, gathered round her, so greatly

had she been beloved by those of her own sex. Seated on her bed, she appeared perfectly composed, while her companions were overwhelmed with grief and regret. 'We are going,' said they, 'to lose a friend and companion, the soul of our innocent pleasures, who consoled us in our chagrins, and whose example was to us a living lesson. In losing her we lose all. Heaven takes her hence as a treasure of which we were not worthy.' Though not insensible to the distress of her friends, her last moments were occupied by sublimer considerations. She expired gently, and without struggle, like a lamp whose oil is gradually wasted. She appeared after her death as one who slumbers; death had not discomposed the serenity of her features. "Her road to heaven," says Petrarch, "was not to seek in death; she had long known and walked in its paths."

She died about six in the morning, April 6th, 1348. Her body was, on the same day, at vespers, carried to the church of the Franciscans, and interred in the chapel de la Croix, built by Hugues de Sade, her husband, close to the chapel of St. Ann, which had been erected by her father. In the year 1533, the remains of Laura were found there, with an Italian sonnet of Petrarch's; a circumstance which proved that the Laura of Petrarch was the same with Laura de Noves, wife of Hugues de Sade. It appears by her will, that, after some pious legacies, she left her husband her heir, to whom she had borne ten children, six boys and four girls. She was not happy in her nuptials, and experienced some trouble with her children. She lost her eldest son in the flower of his age, and her eldest daughter gave pain to a mother so nicely sensible to her honour, by misconduct in her marriage state.

Modesty was the characteristic of Laura, whom neither her beauty, her birth, nor the fame she derived from the passion of Petrarch, could render vain or assuming. In her dress she was peculiarly elegant and magnificent, particularly in the ornaments of her head, and in the tasteful manner in which she disposed her hair: she sometime wore a coronet of silver or gold, and sometimes, to vary her appearance, wreathes of natural flowers. Petrarch speaks of two rich dresses which she wore; one of purple, edged with azure, and embroidered with roses, in which he compares her to the Phœnix;‡ the other enriched with gold

‡ Naturalists described the Phœnix with purple feathers, and a blue tail, strewed over with roses.

and jewels. This magnificence in her attire seems to have been adopted in conformity to her rank, and to the wishes of her family, rather than to any particular pleasure which she took in displaying her charms. She was peculiarly reserved in her behaviour towards the men, in a city in which the manners were dissolute and corrupt, and where great delicacy and caution was, on that account, the more necessary. An old lady, in her presence, once said, that life was preferable even to honour; a sentiment which Laura rebuked with becoming indignation. 'The grief of Lucretia,' she declared, 'ought to have rendered a poniard unnecessary.' But, notwithstanding the severity of her principles, her manners were courteous and elegant; she mingled with society, and in gay circles, where she knew how to unite wisdom and virtue with the graces, and to give even to austerity a charm. Her education seems not to have been superior to that of the ladies of her times, who were rarely taught either to read or write. Those who knew how to read, and who were seldom to be found but in convents, were esteemed prodigies of erudition, and treated with peculiar distinction.

Petrarch, speaking of Laura, says, "that her words had the dignity of nature, which raised her above her education; and that her voice was a source of continual enchantment, soft, angelic, and divine; that it could appease the wrath, dissipate the clouds, and calm the tempests, of the soul." Her mind was elevated, her temper sweet, and her life uniform and simple. Her health appears to have been prematurely weakened by domestic chagrins, and, probably, from an attachment which duty forbade her to encourage, and which, in secret, preyed on her heart.

The grief of Petrarch for her loss, susceptible minds may conceive. "I dare not think of my condition," says he, "much less can I speak of it." He passed several days, without nourishment, abandoned to the most poignant sorrow. On the MS. of Virgil (ornamented with paintings, by Simon de Sienna), Petrarch's favourite book, he wrote the following lines: "Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated in my verses, appeared to my eyes, for the first time, the 6th of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the church of St. Claire, at the first hour of the day: I was then in my youth. In the same city, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary disappeared from our world. I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched situation. That chaste and beautiful body was bu-

ried the same day, after vespers, in the church of the Cordeliers: her soul returned to its native heaven. To retrace the melancholy remembrance of this great loss, I have, with a pleasure mixed with bitterness, written it in a book to which I often refer. This loss convinces me, that there is no longer any thing worthy of living for. Since the strongest cord of my life is broken, with the grace of God, I shall easily renounce a world, where my cares have been deceitful, and my hopes vain and perishing."

From the life Petrarch, translated by Mrs. Dobson's.

SAPPHO.

SAPPHO, so celebrated for her impassioned and elegant poetry, was a native of Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos. She lived in the forty-second Olympiad, six hundred and ten years before the Christian æra. She composed a great number of odes, elegies, epigrams, epithalamiums, &c. and received from her contemporaries the title of the tenth muse. But few of her numerous productions have descended to posterity; yet those few justify the panegyrics which have been bestowed upon her. Her Hymn to Venus was preserved by Dionysus of Halicarnassus, who inserted it in his works as an example of perfection. Her well-known amatory ode was preserved by Longinus, as a specimen of equal excellence. Her poetry was held in great and just esteem by the ancients. "In Greece," says Tanaquillus Faber, "no productions were esteemed more elegant, exquisite, and beautiful, than those of Sappho." Mitylene boasted of the honour of her birth: in testimony of their respect for her memory, the Mitylenians stamped their coin with her image. The Romans afterwards erected a statue of porphyry to her honour. Both ancients and moderns have vied with each other in enthusiastic admiration of her genius and talents. Vossius affirms, that none of the Geek poets excelled Sappho for the sweetness of her verse: he adds, that she took as her model the style of Archilochus, the severity of which she softened. Critics, historians, and poets, have, in every age, united in her praise. Catullus endeavoured to imitate the verse of Sappho, but with inferior success: nature, tenderness, and passion, breathe through all her productions.

She was married young to Cercala, one of the richest inhabitants of the isle of Andros, by whom she had a daughter,

named Cleis. The parentage of Sappho is uncertain; she had three brothers, one of whom, called Charaxus,* she reproves for his infatuation with Rhodope or Doricha, a celebrated courtezan. She lost her husband not many years after their marriage, and determined against second nuptials.

She unhappily conceived a passion for Phaon, a beautiful youth, whom she followed into Sicily, where, as it is believed, she composed the Hymn to Venus. It is doubtful whether Phaon, of whom she complains with so much eloquence, was insensible to her tenderness or unfaithful to his vows: the latter, according to Ovid, appears to have been the case. Unable to recal her wandering lover, or to move his obdurate heart, she determined, by a perilous expedient, to put an end to her sufferings and mortification, and to extinguish, with her life, her unfortunate passion. For this purpose she threw herself from the promontory of Leucas into the sea. This promontory, entitled the lover's leap, was resorted to by those who had suffered disappointment in their affections, as an effectual cure for their sorrows. According to tradition, though the self-devoted victims should escape with life, which was scarcely possible, they would experience from the leap a cure for their passion. Sappho is said to have been the first woman who tried the dangerous experiment, and perished in the trial.

An expression of Sappho's is recorded by Aristotle, to prove what the stoics affected to deny, that death is an evil. "The gods," said Sappho, "have judged it so; otherwise they would themselves die." Whether death is to be considered as an evil, must depend upon the degree of enjoyment which attends life: privation of good must always be evil; release from suffering desirable. Sappho herself acted upon this principle.

Alcæus, a contemporary poet, conceived a passion for Sappho; he wrote to her: "I wish to explain myself," said he, "but shame restrains me." "Your countenance would not blush," replied she, "if your heart were not culpable." Sappho professed to reconcile the love of pleasure and the love of virtue. "Without virtue," said she, "nothing is so dangerous as riches: happiness consists in the union of both." "This person," she would also say, "is distinguished by his figure; that by his virtues: the one appears beautiful at first view; the other not less so on a second." It is possible that the licentiousness imputed

* Charaxus sold Lesbian wines in Egypt.

to Sappho may be a calumny: the extreme sensibility of the Greeks, and the animated language in which they were, on all occasions, accustomed to express their feelings, may mislead a modern reader. Persons of licentious manners are seldom capable of the strong individual attachment which proved fatal to Sappho: neither is it, by any means, always a true criterion to judge of a writer by his works; still less of a poet, who professes to give the reins to his imagination.

After the death of her husband, Sappho devoted herself to letters, and undertook to inspire the Lesbian women with a taste for literature: many foreigners were, with her fair countrywomen, among her disciples. The Lesbian poetess was, like all persons of talents (*women* more especially), exposed to envy and slander: having neglected to conciliate her enemies, she provoked them by contempt and irony. Persecuted, and at length compelled to fly her country, she found an asylum in Sicily, where it was proposed to erect a statue to her honour. Her poems, composed in a metre of which she was herself the inventress, abounded in a variety of novel and happy expressions, with which she is said to have enriched her native language. Of all the Grecian women who cultivated poetry, not one equalled Sappho; of men, very few, if any, surpassed her. She painted from nature and from genuine sensibility; her style was flowing and harmonious, her sentiments tender and voluptuous. From her descriptions of the symptoms and emotions of love, which were exquisite and unrivalled, the physician, Erasistratus, discovered the cause of the sickness of Antiochus, who was enamoured of his stepmother, Stratonice. In the Prytaneum of Syracuse was a beautiful statue of Sappho, the work of Silanion.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

ALEXANDRA SCALA.

Alexandra was the daughter of Bartholomew Scala, a learned Florentine in the fifteenth century, who, by his talents, raised himself from a low origin to rank and honours. Alexandra, who displayed early a superior capacity, received from her father a learned education, in which she made an extraordinary proficiency. She married Michael Marullus, a man of letters, a scholar, and a poet. The motive ascribed to Marullus in his choice of a bride is somewhat curious and singular. "He was

not satisfied with being master of the Greek tongue, unless he could join to it the Roman eloquence; for which reason he married, at Florence, Alexandra Scala, a young woman of talents and learning."†

Politian, notwithstanding a literary animosity between himself and the father of Alexandra, which had been maintained with mutual bitterness, celebrated her praise in Greek verse; to which she replied in the same language, acknowledging her sense of his civilities. These verses appeared in print.

Marullus does not seem to have repented of his choice of a learned wife: among his poems are several written in her praise, both before and after marriage. Of one of these poems the following is a translation:

" My Scala, while I mark and trace
Your every charm, and every grace.
I own such beauty to be rare;
Yet others may be found as fair.
But, when your heav'nly charms I see,
From all immodest tincture free,
Then, let me perish, but I find
Scala the Phœnix of her kind.
While, last, as president of wit,
I see you with the muses sit;
Scala, no more a Phœnix, is
A goddess mixed with goddesses."

Alexandra Scala died in 1506.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

ANNA MARIA SCHURMAN.

THE learned and ingenious Anna Maria Schurman was born at Cologn, Nov. 5th, 1607. Her parents were descended from noble protestant families. Anna Maria discovered from her early childhood extraordinary ingenuity. At six years of age she cut, with her scissars, without pattern or model, a variety of curious figures in paper. Two years afterwards, she learned in a few days to design flowers with great perfection; and in her eleventh year, acquired, in three hours, the art of embroidering. She afterwards received instructions in music, in painting, in sculpture, and in engraving; in all of which she was admirably successful. It is observed, by Mr. Evelyn, in his History of Calcography, " that the very knowing Ann Maria Schurman is

† Paul Jovius, Elo. cap. xxviii.

skilled in this art, with innumerable others, even for a prodigy of her sex!" Her hand-writing, specimens of which have been preserved by the curious in their cabinets, was in all languages inimitably beautiful. Mr. Joby, in his journey to Munster, speaks of the beauty of her penmanship in Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and French, of which he had been an eye-witness: he also mentions her skill in miniature-painting; and in drawing, with the point of a diamond, portraits upon glass: she painted her own picture. She possessed the art of imitating pearls, which could not be distinguished from the originals, but by piercing them with a needle.

The powers of her understanding were not inferior to her ingenuity. At eleven years of age, being occasionally present at the lessons of her brothers, she frequently set them right by a whisper, when examined in their Latin exercises. Her father, observing her genius for literature, resolved to cultivate a capacity so uncommon: a foundation was thus laid for her future acquirements. Her proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, in which she wrote and spoke fluently, astonished the learned. She made great progress also in the oriental languages, the Arabic, Ethiopic, Chaldee, and Syriac. With the living languages, English, Italian, and French, she was not less conversant. She studied the sciences with equal success, geography, astronomy, and physics. Her temper having early acquired a devotional cast, she at length exchanged for theology the more liberal pursuit of learning.

Her father had, during her infancy, settled at Utrecht, whence, for the improvement of his children, he removed to Franeker; where, in 1623, he died. On this event, his widow returned to Utrecht, where Anna Maria continued to devote herself to her studies. Her predilection for letters prevented her from engaging in more active life, and induced her to decline an advantageous establishment. Mr. Cots, pensionary of Holland, and a celebrated poet, who, when she was only fourteen years of age, had written verses in her praise, offered her his hand and heart.

Her modesty, no less singular than her knowledge, rendered her desirous of burying her acquirements in obscurity: it was in despite of her inclination that Rivetus, Spanheim, and Vossius, brought her forward to notice. To these may be added, Salmasius, Huygens, and Beverovicius, who, holding with her a literary correspondence, spread her fame through foreign countries.

Her reputation, thus extended, procured her letters from Balzac, Gassendi, Mercennus, Rochart, Contart, and other men of eminence: while she was visited by princesses, and persons of the first distinction, cardinal Richelieu also honoured her with marks of his esteem.

About the year 1650 her religious sentiments underwent a revolution. Having declined attendance on public worship, she performed her devotions in private. It was reported that she meant to embrace popery. The truth was, she had attached herself to Labadie, the celebrated quietist, whose principles she embraced, and whom she accompanied wherever he went. She resided with him for some time at Altona, in Holstein, where she attended him at his death, in 1674. She retired afterwards to Wiewart, in Friesland, where she was visited by William Penn, in 1677. She died at Wiewart, the following year, May 5th, 1678. She chose for her device the words of St. Ignatius, "*Amor meus crucifixus est*," i. e. "My love is crucified."

Her works are, "De vitæ humanæ termino," *Ultrajact*, 1693, "Dissertatio de Ingenii muliebris ad doctrinam & meliores literas aptitudine," *Lugd. Bat.* 1641. These pieces, with letters in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and French, to her learned correspondents, were printed at Leyden, 1648, in 12mo, under the title of "A. M. a Schurman Opuscula, Hebræa, Græca, Latina, Gallica; prosaica & metrica," enlarged in the edition of Utrecht, 1652. She wrote likewise, "Eukleria, seu melioris partis electio." This work, a defence of her attachment to Labadie, was, while she resided with him, printed at Altona, 1673.

Biographium Fœmineum—The Female Worthies.

MADELIENE DE SCUDERY.

Madeliene de Scudery, descended from an ancient and honourable house, was born at Havre de Grace, 1607. Educated with care under a sensible mother, she was distinguished while in her childhood for intellectual acuteness, for a lively imagination, and a just and delicate taste. In the endowments of her person, nature had been less liberal. By her wit, and the disadvantages of her figure, she obtained the name of Sappho, whose genius she emulated, with greater purity of manners. She came early to Paris, where her talents excited attention, and procured her admittance into the first literary circles. At the Hotel de

Rambouillet, the centre of wit and knowledge, she was admitted a member, and soon celebrated as one of its brightest ornaments. Her fortune being limited, necessity first induced her to turn her thought to the press. Romances were the taste of the age, to which mademoiselle de Scudery gave a new and more refined turn. Sentiments of honour, of heroism, and of virtue, were substituted for dissolute scenes and descriptions of intrigue; female manners were pourtrayed with delicacy and chasteness, and the passions refined from their grossness. Her books, which formed a new era in that species of writing, were bought with avidity, and read eagerly by persons of all ranks. To the name of Scudery, which her brother had already rendered celebrated, Madeliene added new lustre. The academy of the Ricovrati, at Padua, complimented her with a place in their society, in which she succeeded the learned Helena Cornaro. Every other academy, in which women were admitted, became ambitious of enrolling her among their members; while her merit and reputation procured her from all ranks and orders of people the most flattering testimonies of esteem and admiration. From the prince of Paderborn, bishop of Munster, she received, with a medal, a present of his works. Christina, queen of Sweden, with whom she corresponded, sent her her picture, and settled on her a pension. Cardinal Mazarine left her by his will a handsome annuity; as did also the chancellor Boucherat; and Lewis XIV. at the solicitation of madame de Maintenon, in 1683, settled on her a pension of 2000 crowns, which was punctually paid. In a special audience, appointed by the monarch to receive her acknowledgements for this donation, he paid her many flattering compliments.

A curious accident befel this lady in a journey which she made with her brother. At a great distance from Paris, their conversation one evening, at an inn, turned upon a romance which they were then jointly composing, to the hero of which they had given the title of prince Mazare. 'What shall we do with prince Mazare?' said mademoiselle Scudery to her brother: 'is it not better that he should fall by poison, rather than by the poniard?' 'It is not time yet,' replied her companion, 'for that business; when it is necessary, we can despatch him as we please; but at present we have not quite done with him!' Two merchants in the next chamber, overhearing this conver-

sation, concluded they had formed a conspiracy for the murder of some prince, whose real name they disguised under that of Mazare. Full of this important discovery, they imparted their suspicions to the host and hostess, when it was unanimously determined to inform the police officer of what had happened. The officer, happy to show his diligence and activity, put the travellers immediately under an arrest, and had them conducted, with a strong escort, to Paris. It was not without difficulty and expense that they procured their liberation, and permission for the future to hold an unlimited right and power over all the princes and personages in the legends of fiction.

At Paris, the house of mademoiselle Scudery was the court of the muses, where all the talent and genius in the capital assembled. She died at the advanced age of ninety-four, 1701, of a rheumatic fever. Two churches contended for the honour of her remains, a point at length decided by the authority of the cardinal de Noailles, to whom the dispute was referred.

Her works were numerous: it was said by M. Coster, that she composed eighty volumes, an undoubted proof of great fertility of invention. She also acquired the first prize of eloquence in the academy of Paris. Her stories were generally founded on facts, disguised and intermingled with fiction. In her "Cyrus" is drawn the character of Louis de Bourbon, prince of Condé. In the romance of "Clelie," many circumstances are related which occurred about that period in the court of France. Her narratives are tedious, and her descriptions prolix; but the praise of ingenuity, of elevated sentiment, and of purifying and ennobling that species of writing, cannot be denied to her.

The Female Worthies, or Memoirs of the most illustrious Ladies of all Ages, Nations, &c.—Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France.

ANNE DE SEGUIER.

Anne, daughter to Pierre Seguier (whose family gave to France so many illustrious magistrates), lord of Verriere, lieutenant-criminal au châtelet de Paris, married Francis du Prat, baron de Thiers, to whom she bore two daughters, Anne and Philipine, who were educated in the court of Henry III. Anne de Seguier inherited the talents of her family, and devoted her

leisure to the cultivation of sacred poetry. Her poems are preceded by a prose dialogue between Virtue, Honour, Pleasure, Fortune, and Death. Her daughters emulated their mother in the cultivation of their minds, and were celebrated for their skill in the Greek and Latin languages, for their knowledge, and for their attainments in general literature.

. Dictionnaire Historique, &c.—Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France.

SEMIRAMIS.

The account of the wonderful actions of Ninus and Semiramis, the period of whose existence and reign it would be difficult to determine, abounds in absurdity and contradiction. Semiramis, according to historians, was the wife of an officer, in the army of Ninus, king of Assyria, who, attracted by her beauty and artifices, married her, after the decease of her husband. Having gained over to her interest the principal men of the state, Semiramis, it is said, prevailed on Ninus to invest her with the sovereign power for five days. A decree was accordingly issued that, during this period, the nation should implicitly obey the commands of the queen. Semiramis began the exercise of the authority imprudently entrusted to her by causing her husband to be put to death, that she might secure to herself the sovereignty. This account is denied by some historians, but all are agreed that she succeeded Ninus in the empire; when, ambitious of immortalising her name, she built Babylon in one year, and employed two millions of men in accomplishing so stupendous and magnificent a work. Her statue was erected in the famous temple of Hierapolis, where divine honours were paid to her memory.

Other writers are of opinion, that the preceding circumstances have, without any other foundation, been extracted from terms improperly understood. Semiramis, according to these, signifies a people called Semarim, a title assumed by the ancient Babylonians from Semarim, whose badge, a dove (expressed Semramas), was used as an object of worship, and considered to be the same as Rhea, the mother of the gods. It was a common mode with the ancients to call a tribe or family by the name of its founder, and a nation by the head of the line. When the Ninevites performed a great action, it was ascribed to Ninus, supposed founder of Nineveh. Thus, as by

Ninus the Ninevites are to be understood, so by Semiramus is meant a people called Semarim. In the history of those personages are recorded the great actions of the two nations: historians have thus been involved in difficulties and contradictions, by limiting to the life of individuals an historical series of ages. All that is attributed to Semiramus and Ninus was actually performed by Semarim and the Ninevites, who conquered the Medes and Bactrians, and extended their dominions. These events, which took place ages after the foundation of the kingdoms, began under Pul of Nineve, and were carried on by Assur, Adon, Salmanassar, Sennacherib, and others. Nineve was at last ruined, and the kindom of Assyria was united to Babylon; an union alluded to in the supposed marriage of Semiramis and Ninus. It was then that Semarim accomplished the works attributed to Ninus and Semiramis. "Besides Babylon, which they built, there are," says Strabo, "almost over the whole face of the globe, vast mounds of earth,‡ walls, and ramparts, attributed to Ninus and Semiramis, in which were subterraneous passages of communication, banks for water, and staircases of stone: also vast canals to direct the course of rivers, with lakes to receive them; likewise highways and bridges of wonderful structure. They built the famous terraces at Babylon, and the beautiful gardens at Ecbatana: they discovered the art of weaving cotton, an invention attributed to those of their family who passed into Egypt. The Samarim of Egypt and of Babylonia were of the same family, sons of Chus, who came and settled among the Mizraim, under the name of shepherds."

By some historians, Semiramis is represented as a woman and a princess, who reigned in Babylon; by others as a deity. She was, says Athenagoras, esteemed the daughter of Dercetus, the same as the *Suria Dea*, *Rhea*, &c. Thus by many *Rhea*, *Isis*, *Astarte*, *Atargatus*, and *Semiramis*, are one and the same deity. We have the testimony of Lucian, that they were so accounted by the Syrians of Hierapolis, who regarded them as different symbols relating to the same object. Semiramis was said to have been changed into a dove, because she was under that form depicted and worshipped. Hence it appears that Semiramis was merely an emblem, the name compounded of Sama-Ramas, or Ramis, which signified *the divine token*, the

‡ These were high altars, in which the people sacrificed to the sun.

type of providence; or as a military ensign, interpreted, with some latitude, *the standard of the most High.* The emblem consisted of the figure of a dove, probably encircled with the Iris, which is frequently represented with the dove. All who went under the standard, or worshipped this emblem, were styled Semarim. The title of Samarim, or Semiramus, did not relate to one person, but to many, and was particularly assumed by princes. The Cuthites, settled about Cochin and Madura, in India, and the great kings of Calecut, were styled Samarim, even in later times, when the countries were visited by the English and Portuguese. It is reported of this ideal personage, that she was exposed among the rocks, preserved by a shepherd, and afterwards married to Menon. She is also said to have constructed the first ship. Simma is a personage made out of Sema, or Sama, *the divine token;* Menon is the *deus Lunus*, under which type the ark was reverenced in many regions. The ark being the first ship constructed, with which the dove was connected, the merit of building it was given to Semiramis, a name which, according to Hesychius, and others, signified a wild pigeon.

The critical and ingenious reader will probably extract some degree of interest and amusement from the preceding curious research into antiquity.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c. &c.

MADAME SETURMAN.

MADAME SETURMAN, a native of Cologne, excelled in the arts, and acquired great reputation. She was a painter, a musician, an engraver, a sculptor, a philosopher, a geometrician, and a theologian. She understood and spoke nine languages.

New Biographical Dictionary, &c.

THE MARCHIONESS DE SEVIGNE.

MARIE DE RABUTIN, daughter and heiress of the baron de Chantal, Bourbilli, &c. and of Mary de Coulanges, his wife, was born February 5th, 1626. While yet in her infancy, she was deprived of her father, who was killed July 22d, 1627, at the descent of the English upon the isle of Rhée, where he commanded a squadron of gentlemen volunteers. This loss was supplied to her by the cares and attentions of an affec-

tionate and sensible mother, and of her uncle, Christopher de Coulanges, who superintended her education, and implanted in her mind the purest principles. She was early instructed in the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages, and familiarised with the writings of the best authors. At eighteen years of age, she married Henry, marquis de Sévigné, descended from one of the most ancient houses of Brittany, to whom she bore a son and a daughter. Tenderly attached to her husband, whose disposition was gay and inconstant, she experienced many domestic sorrows, which were aggravated by the untimely death of the marquis, who fell in a duel with the chevalier d'Albret.

Thus left a widow in the bloom of her youth, she determined against a second engagement, and devoted herself with exemplary attention to the duties of a mother. She was assisted in these cares by her uncle, a man of merit and talents, who attached himself through life to his niece, with whom he wholly resided, and who, on her part, repaid his kindness with the most grateful affection. The talents of madame de Sévigné, the propriety of her conduct, and the charms of her conversation, procured her the respect and esteem of the most distinguished persons of the age: her house was the resort of literature, and the temple of the muses. She is said to have decided the famous dispute between Perrault and Boileau, respecting the ancients and the moderns. 'The ancients,' said madame de Sévigné, 'are the finest, and we are the prettiest.'

Her children did credit to such a mother, who loved them with more than maternal tenderness: Charles, marquis de Sévigné, her son, was not less distinguished for his military talents, than for his engaging manners and elegant address: her daughter inherited the virtues and fine qualities of her mother. Mademoiselle de Sévigné married Francis de Castellane-Adhémar de Monteil, count de Grignan, lieutenant-general of the king's forces, and governor of Provence.

In giving her daughter to a nobleman of the court, madame de Sévigné flattered herself with the hope of passing the remainder of her life near this beloved child. This expectation was, however, frustrated: monsieur de Grignan received an order from the king to repair to his government, where, in the absence of the duke de Vendome, he was obliged to command. The separation was equally affecting to the mother and daugh-

ter, in whose intercourse the charm and tenderness of equal friendship had been substituted for the authority and reserve of the parental and filial characters. It is to this absence that the world is indebted for those charming letters, so generally and deservedly admired and celebrated. Madame de Sévigné made long and frequent visits to her daughter.

Her last journey into Provence, in 1695, was to be present at the marriage of her grandson, the marquis de Grignan, with mademoiselle de St. Amant. Of these nuptials some account is given in her letters. Soon after this event, a long and dangerous illness of madame de Grignan deeply affected her mother, whose inquietude, at a period of life so advanced, undermined her health, and brought on a fever: when, after a sickness of fourteen days, she expired, August 6th, 1696, at the age of seventy, under the roof of madame de Grignan.

The enlightened mind and admirable talents of this amiable woman, proved insufficient to preserve her from the influence of superstition, and the contagion of the times. She appears to have exulted in the extirpation of protestantism in Provence, by the power of her son-in-law, count de Grignan; she even speaks with levity of the sufferings of the huguenots, *dragooned* into the bosom of *the true church*. If in a mind of high cultivation, superior refinement, and exquisite sensibility, such is the effect of fanaticism, who shall calculate its ravages, marked as they have ever been with desolation and blood.

Madame de Sévigné left a valuable collection of letters, the best edition of which is that of 1754, at Paris, 8 vols. 12mo.

"These letters," says Voltaire, "filled with anecdotes, written with freedom, in an easy animated style, are an excellent criticism upon studied letters of wit, and still more upon those sublime fictitious letters, which aim to imitate the epistolary style by false sentiments, and a recital of feigned adventures to imaginary correspondents." To this may be added, the testimony of two men of the first literary rank, by one* of whom madame de Sévigné is declared to merit a place among the most illustrious women of her time. The other† declares himself her most zealous admirer, and "that her letters are, in his opinion, master-pieces in that species of writing, not to be paralleled by either ancients or moderns." Tenderness and sensibility are the characteristic of these letters, in which the

* See Bayle's Letters, p. 652. Rotterdam, 1714, 12mo. † The president Bouhier.

sentiment is expressed with equal delicacy and vivacity. "The true mark of a good heart," says madame de Sévigné, "is its capacity for loving."

Dictionnaire Historique—Biographium Fœmineum—Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France—Letters from the Marchioness de Sévigné to her daughter.

LADY ARABELLA SEYMOUR.

ARABELLA, daughter of Charles Stuart, earl of Lenox, (youngest brother of lord Darnley, who espoused Mary queen of Scots), was born in 1577. Her mother was the second daughter of sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, in the county of Derby, knt. The earl of Lenox died in his 29th year. Arabella, who had been his only child, was educated with extraordinary care: she possessed talents above the common order, and had a facility in poetical composition. Her papers are still preserved in the Harleian and Longbeat libraries. Her affinity to the crown involved her in perpetual misfortunes. It appears, from a passage in Mr. Ogleby's Negotiations in Spain, in 1596, that she was under restraint during the latter period of the reign of Elizabeth. He observes, that the queen of England refused to deliver her up to the king of Scots, who purposed marrying her to the duke of Lenox, in Scotland, with an intention, having at that time no issue, of making the duke his heir and successor. The pope also formed a design of raising her to the throne of England, by espousing her to cardinal Farnese, brother to the duke of Parma. This project seems to have been favoured by Henry IV. of France, from an apprehension lest England, when united to Scotland, under the same monarch, should become too powerful. Soon after the accession of James, a conspiracy was entered into by some English lords, through jealousy of the Scots, to kill the king, and bestow the crown on Arabella. This transaction, which was discovered and the conspirators punished, appears to have occasioned the confinement of Arabella to her own house, and to have ultimately proved destructive both to her health and fortunes. She was, however, restored to favour, and received from the king, as a new-year's gift, a service of plate, worth 200*l.* and a thousand marks to pay her debts, with a yearly addition to her income. She was soon after, without the con-

sent of James, privately married to Mr. William Seymour, second son to the earl of Hertford, afterwards earl and marquis of Hertford, and at length restored to the dukedom of Somerset. On the secret of their marriage being divulged, they were both committed to the Tower. After the imprisonment of a year, they contrived, though under the charge of different keepers, to escape at the same time. The court was on the intelligence seized with an alarm, and a proclamation was issued for their apprehension. Arabella had escaped in man's apparel, from a house near Highgate, whence she was to have been sent the next day to Durham. Having arrived at Blackwall, about six in the evening, a boat was prepared ready to receive her, and another filled with baggage for herself and her husband. They rowed first to Woolwich, and then proceeded to Gravesend. At the dawn of day they had reached Lee, when they discovered at anchor, a mile beyond them, a French barge, which waited their coming. Here the lady Arabella was desirous of waiting for her husband; but, through the importunity of her companions, was induced to go on. Mr. Seymour, by this circumstance, missed the vessel. A pinnace was, in the mean time, dispatched by government in pursuit of the fugitives. The barge, lingering in expectation of Seymour, was overtaken, and, after enduring thirteen shot from the pinnace, compelled to strike. Arabella, who was brought back to the Tower, rejoiced in the midst of her distress at the probable escape of her husband. The remainder of her life was spent in close and melancholy confinement, which at length deprived her of reason. Death, after a period of four years, put an end to her sorrow. She expired, not without suspicion of poison, Sept. 27th, 1615, and was interred with Mary queen of Scots, in Henry VIIth's chapel.

Ballards British Ladies—History of England, &c.

LADIES ANNE, MARGARET, AND JANE SEYMOUR.

These ladies, sisters, were celebrated for their learning in the sixteenth century. They composed four hundred Latin distichs on the death of the queen of Navarre, Margaret de Valois, sister to Francis I. These verses were soon after trans-

lated into Greek, French, and Italian, and printed at Paris in 1551, under the title of "Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois, Reine de Navarre." Nicholas Denisot, preceptor to the learned sisters, made a collection, containing a translation of the distichs, with other verses on the same subject, and also in honour of the fair writers, which he dedicated to Margaret de Valois, dutchess of Berri, sister of Henry II. The distichs are called by Ronsard, who celebrates the sisters, "a christian song." They are said by Bayle to contain more pious and moral reflections than poetical images: yet it is affirmed by Ronsard, with poetical license, that, had Orpheus heard them, he would have been ambitious to become the scholar of their authors.

"If that harper so renown'd,
Could these charming Syrens hear
From the shores of Albion sound,
Wonder would perplex his ear,
He would break his pagan lyre, &c.

These sisters are also celebrated by Nicholas de Henerai, sieur des Essars, who translated into French the Amadis de Gaule. By the authority of Mr. Fulman† we are informed, that these ladies were the daughters of Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset and uncle to Edward VI. by Anne his second wife, daughter of sir Edward Stanhope: six daughters had been the fruit of this marriage, who all received a learned education. Anne, the eldest, was first married to John Dudley, earl of Warwick; and, after his death, to sir Edward Unton, knight of the bath. It appears, from a letter in her own hand, that she was living towards the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Margaret died unmarried, though addressed by the lord Strange, in the year 1551, as is proved by a letter dated July, from the king and council, to the earl of Derby, the father of lord Strange, signifying his majesty's satisfaction in the intended nuptials. The misfortunes and disgrace which soon after befel the duke probably prevented the marriage. Jane also, whom her father aspired to unite to Edward VI. died unmarried, March 19th, 1560, in the twentieth year of her age. She was maid of honour to Elizabeth, and high in her favour. She was interred, with great solemnity, in St. Edmund's chapel, in Westminster. On the east side of the chapel is a plain

† XV. vol. MS. collections in the archives of Corp. Chr. college.

monument, containing little more than an enumeration of the titles and dignities of the family. A copy of Latin verses, in commendation of lady Jane Somerset, composed by Dr. Haddon, are preserved by Mr. Camden, of which the following is a translation:

" For genius fam'd, for beauty lov'd,
Jane bade the world admire:
Her voice harmonious notes improv'd,
Her hand the tuneful lyre.

Venus and Pallas claim'd this maid,
Each as her right alone;
But death superior power display'd,
And seiz'd her as his own.

Her virgin dust this mournful tomb
Its kindred earth contains;
Her soul which fate can ne'er consume,
In endless glory reigns."

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum—Ballard's British Ladies, &c.

CATHERINE SFORZA.

CATHERINE, grand-daughter of Francis Sforza, duke of Milan, and natural daughter of Galeazzo Maria Sforza, is renowned for her courage and great qualities. She espoused Jerom Riario, lord of Forli and of Imola, the lordship of which she brought to her husband as a dowry, her father having possessed himself of it by taking advantage of the dissensions between Tadeo Manfredi, lord of Imola, and his son, in 1472. Several children were the fruit of these nuptials, among whom Octavio Riario inherited the estates of his parents, which he held of the see of Rome. Catherine, left a widow at two-and-twenty years of age, with an infant son, held, during his minority, the reins of government with equal vigor and address. In the tumults occasioned by the expedition of the French into Italy, 1494, Catherine neglected not to advance the interests of the states. Forli was, in the year 1500, besieged by the duke of Valentenois, son of Alexander VI. Catherine, with great intrepidity, defended the fortress, but, unable to resist the superior force of the enemy, she was at length compelled to surrender, made prisoner, and sent to Rome, where she was confined in the castle of Angelo.

She was soon after liberated, at the intercession of Ives

d'Allegre, and privately married to John de Medicis, on whose account she performed great services to the Florentines and to Ludovic Sforza, duke of Milan, a friend of the Medici family. She is commended by Varillas, a French historian, for her talents, her courage, her policy, her beauty, and the military powers she displayed during the siege of Forli. Her estates, taken by the duke of Valentenois, were never recovered, but, after the death of Alexander VI. were reunited to the holy see.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary, &c.

ISABELLA SFORZA.

Isabella Sforza, who deserves a place in the catalogue of learned women, lived in the sixteenth century. Some of her letters are inserted in a collection published at Venice, by Hortensio Lando, 1549. Among these is a letter of consolation, written to Bonna Sforza, widow of the king of Poland, lately deceased. Also one to Margaret Bobbia, in vindication of poetry. This collection of letters is referred to by Christofano Bronzini, in a dialogue, in which one of the speakers is represented as denying the capacity of women to put together in writing two words *i. e.* sentences more probably was meant by this man of straw). His adversary, in reply, quotes the collection of female letters, published by Hortensio Lando, the propriety, ingenuity, elegance, and elocution of which he praises, distinguishing more particularly those of Isabella Sforza.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary.

FRANCES SHERIDAN.

In the family of this lady, wit and genius appear to be hereditary. Frances, descended from an English family, and granddaughter of sir Oliver Chamberlaine, was born in Ireland, in 1724. During the disputes relative to the theatre, in which Mr. Thomas Sheridan (son of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the friend and biographer of Swift) had embarked his fortune, Miss Chamberlaine distinguished herself by a small pamphlet, which excited the attention of the public, and the curiosity of Mr. Sheridan to be introduced to his fair champion. An attachment afterwards took place, which terminated in a matrimo-

nial engagement. Mrs. Sheridan, with superior talents and engaging manners, was exemplary in every relative duty. Her admirable Domestic Tale of Sydney Biddulph is well known, and justly esteemed by the public. She was also the author of a small romance, entitled Nourjahad, which possesses considerable merit. She likewise wrote two comedies, "The Discovery," cr. 8vo, 1763; and "The Dupe," cr. 8vo, 1765. After lingering some years in ill health, she died at Blois, in the south of France, 1767.

New Biographical Dictionary.

SOPHRONIA.

SOPHRONIA, a name given to the lady of a Roman governor, commended by Eusebius, and other writers, for her courage and chastity. The tyrant, Maxentius, was in the habit of sending his soldiers into the houses of his subjects, to bring forcibly to him the wives or daughters of the citizens, whose beauty or accomplishments had captivated his licentious fancy. A permission having been extorted from the husband of Sophronia, the soldiers brought to her the royal summons. Under pretence of adorning her person to appear before the emperor, Sophronia was permitted to retire alone to her chamber, where she plunged a sword into her bosom; justly preferring death to submitting to the brutal lust of a despot.

The Female Worthies, &c.

SULPICIA.

SULPICIA, or SULPITIA, a Roman lady, daughter of Sulpicius Parterculus, and wife to Fulvius Flaccus, is celebrated for the purity of her manners. Great dissoluteness having prevailed among the women of Rome, the books of the sybils were consulted for a remedy to these disorders, when, from the report made by those appointed to the office, it was decreed by the senate, that a statue should be erected to *Venus Verticordia*, or the converter of hearts, and that the most virtuous of the Roman ladies should consecrate the statue of the goddess. For this purpose, an hundred women were first selected; from this number ten were chosen, all of whom were unanimous in appointing Sulpicia for the sacred office. This event took place in the year 639 of Rome. It does not appear

that the honour conferred upon Sulpicia proved efficacious in the reform of female manners. A temporary incitement to laudable ambition was quickly overpowered in the luxury and corruption of the times, which continued to increase, till Julius Cæsar, in a revolution of the state, made himself master of the commonwealth. The moral and political barometer of nations will ever rise and fall in exact proportions.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

DOROTHY,

COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.

DOROTHY, daughter of Robert Sidney, earl of Leicester, married Henry lord Spencer, of Wormleighton, during his minority. On the 8th of June, 1643, he was created earl of Sunderland; and, in the same year, killed at the first battle of Newbury, in the twenty-third year of his age. His widow afterwards gave her hand to Robert Smythe, esq. of the Bounds, in the parish of Bidborough, in Kent, whom she also survived. One son was the fruit of her second marriage, Robert Smythe, governor of Dover castle in the reign of Charles II. This lady was the sacharissa of Waller: she was an amiable woman, and fond of retirement. Having met Waller one day, when she was far advanced in life, she asked him 'when he would write such fine verses upon her again?' 'When your ladyship,' he replied, 'is as young again.' She survived her husband forty years, and was buried with him, in the same vault, at Brington, in Northamptonshire, Feb. 25, 1683-4.

Granger's Biographicl History of England.

THE COUNTESS DE LA SUZE,

BORN in Paris, 1618, daughter of the count de Coligni, a marshal of France, and grand-daughter of the famous admiral Coligni, this lady was first married to Thomas Hamilton, a Scotch nobleman, and after his decease to the count de la Suze, with whom she led a wretched life. His unhappy temper, and extreme jealousy, induced him to seclude from society a woman who was formed to be its delight and ornament. Shut up in a country-house, at a great distance from the capital, the countess, impatient of constraint, determined, as a means of eluding the tyranny of her husband (who professed the Hugue-

not faith), to abjure her religion, and take shelter in the catholic church. It was on this occasion said by Christina of Sweden, that Henriette de la Suze changed her religion, that she might escape the society of her husband both in this world and the next.

This schism for a time appearing to aggravate the misery of her situation, she solicited a divorce, and, to procure the consent of the count, offered him 25,000 crowns. The terms were accepted, and the marriage dissolved by the parliament. In consequence of this event the pecuniary affairs of the countess became involved in embarrassment, an evil light in comparison with those she had escaped, and to which she submitted with fortitude. On this subject a whimsical anecdote is related. One morning, at eight o'clock, an execution was brought into her house. Being informed by her woman of this circumstance, she desired to speak with the officer. Having not yet risen, the man was introduced into her bed-chamber. 'Sir,' said she, 'I have had very little sleep, the past night, and I must entreat your patience an hour or two longer.' 'Certainly,' madam, replied the officer, politely, and immediately withdrew. The countess then composed herself to sleep, and awoke not till ten o'clock, when she arose and dressed to fulfil an engagement to dinner. She thanked the officer for his civility, as she passed out of her apartment, and, tranquilly hastening to her appointment, left him master of the house.

Having a suit at law with madame de Châtillon, madame de la Suze pleaded her cause before the parliament of Paris. These two ladies meeting one day in the court, monsieur de la Feuillade, who accompanied the former, thus addressed the latter, who was escorted by Benserude and several other poets of reputation, 'You, madam, have rhyme on your side, and we have reason.' 'It cannot be said, then,' replied the countess, with an air of contempt, 'that we plead without rhyme or reason.'

Madame de la Suze, unfortunate in her domestic connexions, became melancholy and attached to solitude. She indulged her feelings in plaintive and elegiac effusions, full of tenderness and passion. Her thoughts are said to have been just and elevated, and her language poetical, but her rhymes inharmonious. Her songs, madrigals, and odes, were inferior to her elegies, which abounded in delicate and fine turns of senti-

ment. Her poems are printed in a collection in four vols. 12mo, with those of Pelisson and madame de Scudery. She died at Paris, esteemed and lamented, in 1673.

She was the subject of many eulogiums. Mademoiselle de Scudery, in her romance of Clelia, thus describes her: "Hesoide, sleeping upon Parnassus, sees the muses in a dream, who show to him the poets in their order of succession: 'Behold,' says Calliope, speaking of the countess de la Suze, 'behold a woman who, with the form of Pallas, the beauty, the softness, the expression, and the air of Venus, possesses yet more wit than beauty, though adorned by a thousand charms.'" Charleval, one of the most celebrated wits of his age, addressed to madame de la Suze a copy of verses, in which he highly extols her genius, and compares her to Sappho.

Biographium Fœmineum—The Female Worthies, &c.—Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France —Dictionnaire Historique des Femmes Célébrées.

MARY SYDNEY,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

MARY, daughter of sir Henry Sydney, knight of the Garter, lord deputy of Ireland, and lord president of Wales, and of his wife the lady Mary, eldest daughter of John duke of Northumberland, was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, and lived during the reigns of Elizabeth and of James. Sir Philip Sydney, the celebrated author of the Arcadia, was brother to this lady, who, in 1576, married Henry earl of Pembroke. Three children were the fruit of this marriage; William, who succeeded to the titles and estates of his father, and from whom the present family is descended; Philip and Anne, who died young. These nuptials were projected by Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, uncle to the countess, whose fortune, on this occasion, he increased.

The countess of Pembroke had received a liberal education, and was distinguished among the literary characters of the age for a highly cultivated mind and superior talents. Congenial qualities and pursuits united her with her brother, sir Philip Sydney, in bonds of strict friendship. Sir Philip dedicated to his beloved sister his Arcadia, under the title of "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." To her also Mr. Abraham Fraunce de-

voted his poetic and literary labours. The countess possessed a talent for poetical composition, which she assiduously cultivated. She translated from the Hebrew into English verse many of the Psalms, which, bound in velvet, are said to be preserved in the library at Wilton. She is represented in her picture holding in her hand a book of Psalms. She also translated and published "A Discourse of Life and Death, written in French by Philip Morney, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, dated May 13, 1590, Wilton: printed at London for William Ponsonby, 1600, 12mo." Likewise, "The Tragedie of Antonie: done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, 12mo, London, 1595." This little work contains, though not paged, fifty-four leaves. She loved learning, and was a patroness of letters. Dr. Mouffet was allowed by her a yearly pension: her liberality and her taste for letters are also spoken of by Mr. Giles Jacob.

She survived her husband twenty years, and, having lived to an advanced age, died at her house in Aldersgate-street, London, Sept. 25, 1602. She was interred with the Pembroke family, in the chancel of the cathedral at Salisbury, without any monument. The following lines, designed as an inscription for her tomb, were written by the celebrated Ben Jonson:

"Underneath this sable herse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name, for after-daies
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner, and her tomb."

Sir Francis Osborn, in his Memoirs of the reign of James, thus speaks of the countess of Pembroke: "She was that sister of sir Philip Sydney to whom he addressed his Arcadia, and of whom he had no other advantage than what he received from the partial benevolence of fortune (i. e. *nature*) in making him a man, which yet she did, in some judgments, recompense in beauty, her pen being nothing short of his, as I am ready to attest, so far as so inferior a reason may be taken, having seen incomparable letters of hers. But lest I should seem to trespass upon truth, which few do unsuborned (as I protest I am, unless

by her rhetoric), I shall leave the world her epitaph, in which the author doth manifest herself a poet, in all things but untruth."

Wood‡ ascribes to sir Philip Sydney the translation of the Psalms, which he says are in manuscript in the library of the earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, bound in crimson velvet, and left by the countess; some Psalms by whom are however printed in Mr. Hartington's Nugæ Antiquæ, 3 vols. 12mo.

Ballard's British Ladies—Biographium Fœmineum.

TANAQUIL.

TANAQUIL, wife to Tarquinius Priscus, king of Rome, was born at Tarquinii, in Tuscany. She married Lucumon, whose father being expelled from Corinth, his native city, fled to Tarquinii: his wealth, which was considerable, was inherited by his son. Lucumon, who, in espousing Tanaquil, became allied to the noblest families in Tarquinii, flatter himself with being raised to the first dignities of the city: this ambition was defeated by his birth and foreign extraction. Tanaquil, humiliated by losing her rank, and incensed at the indignities suffered by her husband, determined to quit her native city, and to seek a place where she would be less subjected to mortification. She pressed her husband to go to Rome, where, without respect to adventitious circumstances, preferment waited on merit. Lucumon listened to her representations, and consented to her wishes.

A presage of good fortune is said to have attended them on their journey. As they arrived at mount Janiculus, before they entered Rome, an eagle gently alighted upon their chariot, and, taking off the cap of Lucumon, hovered some time over the carriage: at length, with a loud outcry, he restored the cap to the head of its master, and took his flight. Tanaquil, embracing her husband, congratulated him on this incident, which she assured him forboded great fortune. Elated with hope, they entered Rome, where Lucumon assumed the name of Tarquinius. Having gained the esteem of the Romans, he insinuated himself into the favour of the king, who advanced him to the highest offices. He at length aspired to the throne, and succeeded in his ambition: he reigned thirty-seven years, and in the thirty-eighth was assassinated in his palace.

Tanaquil suffered not herself to be overwhelmed by this blow,

‡ Athen. Oxon. vol. I. p. 184.

however severe: by her address and influence she secured the succession to her son-in-law, Servius Tullius, whose elevation she had before predicted. Servius Tullius was born and educated in the palace of the king. A flame, according to the legend, was seen one day hovering over his head as he slept: the attendants, alarmed, were about to extinguish it, but Tanaquil prevented them, and, taking her husband aside, told him that this child would one day support the royal family in their adversity, and that care ought to be taken of his education. When the infant awoke the flame disappeared. The advice of Tanaquil was followed; Servius received a princely education, and espoused the daughter of his benefactor. The father of the prince, it is believed, was Servius Tullius, who was slain in defending his principality of Corniculum, a town of Italy, besieged and taken by Tarquinius. His mother, who was taken captive in a state of pregnancy, gave birth to a son in the palace of Tarquinius, to whom the youth succeeded.

The memory of Tanaquil, whose history is thus mingled with fable, was long held in veneration at Rome, where the work of her hands was sacredly preserved. Varro, a contemporary with Cicero, assures us, that he had seen, in the temple of Sancus, the distaff-spindle of Tanaquil, with the wool which she had been spinning: also, that a royal robe which she had wrought, and which was worn by Servius Tullius, was preserved in the temple of Fortune. Pliny adds, that, on this account, young women were, at their nuptials, followed by a person bearing the distaff and spindle with wool and yarn. He affirms likewise, that Tanaquil was the first who wove the garments which were given to the youth of Rome when they attained the age of manhood, and to the maidens on their espousals.

Though illustrious as a queen and as a politician, Tanaquil, as these emblems seem to imply, neglected not the humbler duties of domestic life. Great virtues were ascribed to her girdle. The Romans had a tradition, that Tanaquil having made important discoveries in medicine, had enclosed or incorporated with her girdle certain drugs or remedies, which the sick were solicitous to procure. This girdle was placed around her statue in the temple of Sancus, a Roman deity known by the name of *Dius Fidius*. Tarquinius, or Tarquin, was less known to fame than his wife, by whom it appears he acquired the regal dignity. "The admirable virtues of that queen," says St. Jerom, "are too deeply impressed upon the memory of all ages ever to be

forgotten." If some satirists (as Juvenal) have ridiculed Tarquin for the ascendency which his wife possessed over his mind, it should be remembered, that to this ascendency he was indebted for his good fortune.

Bayle's Historical Dictionary—Biographium Fœmineum.

TELESILIA.

A NOBLE poetess of Argos, who being advised by the oracle (which she consulted respecting her health) to the study of the muses,† attained in a short time such excellence, as to animate, by the powers of her verse, the Argive women to repel, under her conduct, Cleomenes the Spartan king, and afterwards king Demaratus, from the siege of Pamphiliacum, with great loss.

THEANO.

A TRIPLE name of considerable celebrity. The first of this name was Theano Locrencis, a native of the city of Locri, and surnamed Melica, from the melody of her songs and lyric poems. The second was a poetess of Crete, said by some historians to have been the wife of Pythagoras. The third, Theano Thuria, or Metapotino, the wife of Carystius, or, according to others, of Brantinus of Cretona, and daughter of the poet Lycophron. The three are mentioned by Suidas. There are three epistles by Theano (but which of the Theanos is not determined) published, with the epistles of several ancient Greek authors, at Venice, by Aldus.

MRS. THOMAS.

THE life of Mrs. Thomas, known to the public by the poetical name of Corinna, affords an interesting picture, and displays a tissue of calamities that can scarcely fail to excite the sympathy and commiseration of the reader. Born in 1675, she seems to have inherited from her father, who was far advanced in life, and whose health had been long infirm, an unhappy constitution, rendered yet more delicate and feeble by the injudicious tenderness with which she was nurtured. From her infancy she was

† This prescription properly intimates, that by the activity of the mind the body is invigorated.

afflicted with fevers and defluxions: but, with these physical disadvantages, she possessed a gay and lively temper, and gave early promise of a vigorous intellect. Before she had completed her second year, the death of her father, of whose circumstances his family, from his expensive manner of living, had formed an erroneous calculation, involved them in embarrassment and distress. Her mother had, at the age of eighteen, from motives of ambition and avarice, sacrificed her youth and beauty to infirmity and age: but on the decease of her husband, it was not without difficult that she was enabled to defray the expenses of an ostentatious funeral. Having, in this reverse of her situation, disposed of her house in town, and another in Essex, she prudently retired, with her infant daughter, and the small remnant of her effects, into economical lodgings in the country.

In this situation she unfortunately formed an acquaintance with a pretender to alchymy, by whom, under the pretence of preparing an apparatus for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, or the art of transmuting metals into gold, she suffered herself to be defrauded of three hundred pounds. In the moment of the expected projection, the works were blown up, and the golden dreams of the credulous widow rudely dissipated.

The projector had, in the intervals of his labour, officiated as tutor to the young Corinna, whom he instructed in the rudiments of Latin, arithmetic, and the mathematics, for which she discovered a particular predilection. The widow was for some time so much affected by the dissolution of her emperical visions, added to her loss and mortification, that she suffered her health to be impaired by the indulgence of her grief: time, at length, softening the keen sense of her folly, she determined to make those exertions for herself and her child which were become more than ever necessary. Having made application to the friends and clients of her late husband, and received a promise of their services, she took a house in Bloomsbury, where, by economy and a genteel appearance, she concealed the state of her finances.

Being one day visited by the duke of Montague, he advised her to let a part of her house. She appeared not averse to this idea, but objected to receiving ordinary lodgers, for which she conceived her former habits had unfitted her: yet she intimated, that she should not object to accommodating a respectable family. The duke offered to become himself her tenant. 'Be assured,' said he, observing her smile incredulously, 'I am serious. I want more freedom than my rank will allow me at home; I

could wish occasionally to come here unrestrained, with some honest fellows of my acquaintance, whose society I love, and eat a bit of mutton.' The arrangement, under which the duke concealed deeper views, was immediately concluded upon: it was agreed that her noble lodger should pass at Bloomsbury for a Mr. Freeman, of Hertfordshire.

In a few days a dinner was ordered for himself and his friends, under the familiar appellations of Jack and Tom, Will and Ned, plain honest country gentlemen. At the time appointed the widow was introduced, not without surprise, to the duke of Devonshire, lords Buckingham and Dorset, a viscount and his son, William Dutton Colt. Several meetings had taken place, when the hostess was informed by her noble guest, who had conceived a high and just opinion of her integrity, that the subject of these conferences was a projected revolution in the state. This event being at length effected, the rendezvous was broken up, and the widow, on parting with her guests, received a promise of obtaining either a pension, or a place in the household, as a recompence of her zeal and services, and a compensation for the loss of the shattered wreck of her fortune by the closing of the Exchequer.

The dreams of the alchymist, and the courtiers' promises, proved alike illusive: in the change of measures and circumstances the widow was quickly forgotten. The duke of Montague, it is true, continued to make flattering professions of service; and when his late hostess solicited him, as captain of the band of pensioners, to bestow a post on a Mr. Gwynnet, a young gentleman who had long addressed her daughter, actually assented to her request, on condition that the bride elect should apply to him in person. The guileless mother overwhelmed her generous benefactor with greatful acknowledgments, and instantly hastened to inform her daughter of their flattering prospects, when, to her extreme surprise, she received from Corinna, who had been accustomed to yield to her commands an implicit obedience, a peremptory refusal to avail herself of the bounty of the noble duke. Compelled at length to explain the motives for a conduct so unreasonable and extraordinary, the young lady confessed that his grace had, as a recompense for the hospitality and fidelity he had uniformly experienced under their roof, attempted to allure her from the paths of chastity. To this she added, that in the condition he had annexed to his services to

her lover, she had but too just cause to fear a renewal of his dishonourable purposes. The feelings of a mother upon such an occasion require no description: equally unnecessary is it to comment upon the *generous* conduct of the courtier.

The mind of Corinna had been highly cultivated by a perusal of the best authors, while, as her taste refined, her sentiments became delicate and elevated, and her character strongly tinctured with those virtues which

"The sons of interest deem romance."

Their circumstances becoming daily more perplexed and involved, she remonstrated with her lover on the inequality of their fortunes and prospects, and the imprudence of the connexion which he solicited. The attachment of Mr. Gwynnet, who was already in a great degree independent of his family, was increased by the delicacy and disinterestedness of his mistress; nor was it long before he gained the consent of his father to an union in which his happiness was so deeply involved. With this sanction he returned to London, to claim the reward of his affection and fidelity.

Mrs. Thomas being at this time in an infirm state of health, her amiable daughter refused, in her own better prospects, to abandon her mother to the care of strangers. She replied to the solicitations of her lover, that as she had not thought sixteen years too long a period to wait for him, she hoped he would not consider six months as tedious, in expectation of receiving, at the end of that time, the recompense of his generous constancy. 'Six months at present, my Corinna,' he replied, with a sigh, 'are more than the sixteen years that are passed; you now defer our union, and God will put it off for ever.' His words were prophetic. The next day he returned into the country and made his will, by which he bequeathed to Corinna six hundred pounds: he sickened shortly after, and expired April 16th, 1711. To express the feeling of his mistress on this event language is inadequate: 'Sorrow,' said she, 'has been my portion ever since.'

The deed of conveyance, by which the father of Mr. Gwynnet had empowered his son to dispose of his effects, with the will which he had in consequence made, were suppressed by his brother. Corinna was impelled to seek a legal resource. Her adversary, not satisfied with the injury he had already done her in defrauding her of her right, added baseness to injustice, endeavouring, by the vilest means, to suborn persons to blast the character of the innocent victim of his rapacity; but, in this instance,

to the credit of human nature be it spoken, he could find no agent, or probably his bribes were not sufficiently high, to aid his barbarous and atrocious purpose.

Corinna from respect to the memory of her deceased lover, offered terms of accommodation, and, on condition of receiving two hundred pounds immediately, and two hundred more at the end of the year, consented to relinquish the remainder of her claim. The first payment was accordingly made, which she instantly divided among the creditors of her mother. When the second payment became due, Mr. G. bid her defiance, and stood a suit on his own bond, which was carried on through four terms, from court to court, and at length brought to the bar of the house of lords. Here Gwynnet, aware of the infamy which awaited him, thought proper to stop and pay the money before the cause was brought to a hearing. Corinna had, in the course of the suit, been obliged to sign an instrument to empower the lawyers to receive the money, and pay themselves the costs. The consequences may be forseen: thirteen pounds sixteen shillings was the residue which these conscientious gentlemen, who sell justice very dear, paid into her hands.

Reduced by this event to the necessity of retiring from her creditors to obscurity and want, she was betrayed by a pretended friend, and thrown into prison. But the measure of her misfortunes was not yet filled up. In April, 1711, she accidentally swallowed, while speaking hastily, the middle bone of the wing of a fowl, which being of a large size, the bone was more than three inches in length. For the first few days she felt no inconvenience from this accident; at length she became sensible to a weight and oppression at her stomach, and was seized with a dysentery, attended with violent and constant pain, fainting fits and convulsions, which were followed by a malignant fever. For two years these deplorable sufferings continued to harass her without intermission, and baffled the skill of the faculty. She was at length order to Bath, where she experienced a temporary relief, and where she continued for some years in a state of comparative health and ease, though involved by an unjust executor in an eight-year's suit of law.

Deprived from repeated acts of cruelty and injustice of the means of support, she suffered a close imprisonment, in want even of the necessaries of life, and for two years was obliged to lie on the boards. During this period she experienced no incon-

venience from the bone she had swallowed. But on recovering her liberty, and beginning to take the exercise of which she had been so long deprived, her stomach and head began to swell, and rapidly increased to an alarming size. After having tried in vain the efficacy of medicine, her case was pronounced to be an incurable dropsy. Nature, at this crisis, unexpectedly relieved itself; in twelve hours she voided or threw up about five gallons of water, and for some days experienced a considerable mitigation of her sufferings; but the water gathering again, she was afflicted with a perpetual hectic and sense of suffocation.

These successive and cruel calamities did not shield her from the petulance of vanity and the shafts of malignity. Mr. Pope had once paid her a visit, in company with Henry Cromwel, esq. whose letters, with some of Mr. Pope's, afterwards fell accidently into her hands. On the death of Henry Cromwel, Curl, the bookseller, found means to get from her these letters, which he immediately committed to the press. The enraged wit avenged himself of this injury, magnified by self-love into an enormous crime, by placing Corinna in ludicrous circumstances in the Dunciad.

After her liberation from confinement, Mrs. Thomas resided in a small and humble lodging in Fleet-street, where she died, February, 1730, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. She was interred in the church of St. Bride's.

Her productions, though not entitled to rank in a high class of poetical compositions, possess softness and delicacy. They were published after her death by Mr. Curl, with two volumes of letters which passed between her and Mr. Gwynnet.

Biographium Fœmineum, &c.

THYMELE,

A MUSICAL composer, and poetess, mentioned by Martial, and reputed to have been the first who introduced into the scene a kind of dance, called by the Greeks, from this circumstance, Themelinos. From Thymele also, an altar, used in the ancient theatres, is supposed to have taken its name.

CATHERINE TISHEM.

THIS lady, who about the middle of the sixteenth century married Gualtherus Gruter, a burgomaster of Antwerp, to whom she bore a son, James Gruter, celebrated for his erudition and his voluminous productions, is said to have been an Englishwoman. Being persecuted, on the account of her religion, by the dutchess of Parma, governess of the Netherlands, she took refuge in England, with her son, in 1565. It is observed to her honour, by Balthasor Venator, that she was her son's chief instructor; and it is certain that she bore the character of one of the most learned women of the age. She was acquainted both with the ancient and modern languages, and read Galen in Greek, which few physicians were then able to do. She also superintended the studies of her son, during his residence at Cambridge, whence he went to Leyden, in 1579.

Biographium Fœmineum.

ELIZABETH TOLLET.

ELIZABETH, daughter of George Tollet, esq. commissioner of the navy in the reigns of William and of Anne, was born in 1694. Her talents were assiduously cultivated by her father, under whose superintendence she received every advantage of education. She spoke fluently and correctly the Latin, Italian, and French languages; she was conversant in history, cultivated poetry, and studied the mathematics. She had great taste and skill in music, and excelled in drawing and designing. She was exemplary in her conduct and in the relative duties of life. The former periods of her life were passed in the Tower, where her father had a house; the latter at Stratford and Westham. She died February 1st, 1754, and was buried at Westham. In 1755 a volume of her poems was printed, among which appeared a musical drama, entitled "Susanna, or Innocence Preserved." She was favoured with the friendship of sir Isaac Newton, who was much pleased with some of her first essays. Several of her poems are on philosophical subjects, and display profound thinking. Her Latin poems are said to be written with classical taste. She would not suffer her productions to appear till after her decease. Her estate, which was considerable, she left to her youngest nephew. Her eldest

nephew, George Tollet, of Betley in Staffordshire (previously of Lincoln's Inn), was known as the author of Notes on Shakspeare. He died October 21, 1779.

TYMICHA,

A Lacedæmonian lady, who became the wife of Myllias, a native of Crotone. She is placed by Jamblicus, in his Life of Pythagoras, first in the list of female Pythagoreans. When summoned, with her husband, before the tyrant Dionysius, he proffered to them honours and fortune, on condition that they should reveal to him the mysteries of their sect. His offers being rejected with contempt, he drew Myllias aside, and promised to him an honourable deliverance, if he would only reveal to him why the Pythagoreans would rather suffer death than trample over a field of beans. The sturdy disciple of Pythagoras replied, that as his sect preferred death to treading upon beans, so he would rather tread on beans than gratify the curiosity of Dionysius. The desire of the tyrant being inflamed by this opposition, he determined, if possible, to extort the secret from Tymicha, who was far advanced in pregnancy, by the menace of torture; relying for success on her situation, and on the weakness and timidity of her sex. Tymicha (observing this confidence), with more than masculine resolution, bit off her tongue, and spit it in the face of the tyrant, who was convinced, when too late, of the fallacy of his calculations, and that courage and heroism are not sexual virtues. Biographium Fœmineum.

VALERIA.

Diocletian,* emperor of Rome, having associated with himself in the government Constantius and Galerius (surnamed Armentarius, from his original profession of a herdsman), gave to the latter his daughter Valeria in marriage. This princess, whose misfortunes might afford a subject for a tragedy, fulfilled and even surpassed in her conjugal state the duties of a wife. Having no children of her own, she adopted the illegitimate son of her husband, towards whom she invariably displayed a truly maternal tenderness. After the death of her husband her possessions provoked the avarice, and her beauty

* March 1st, 292.

excited the passions, of Maximin, his successor: the wife of Maximin being still living, the tyrant, availing himself of the Roman laws, determined to divorce her.

Valeria, the daughter and the widow of emperors, answered to his suit as became the dignity of her rank and character; but, aware of her defenceless situation, she tempered her rejection with mildness. To the persons commissioned to treat with her on the subject, she replied, 'That, even could honour permit a woman of her character and rank to entertain a thought of second nuptials, decency would at least forbid her to listen to the addresses of his successor, while the ashes of her husband, and of his benefactor, were yet warm, and while the sorrow of her heart was yet expressed by her mourning vestments.' She also ventured to add, 'That she could place but little confidence in the professions of a man whose cruel inconstancy was capable of repudiating a faithful and affectionate wife.'

This repulse converted the love of the tyrant into fury; and, having witnesses and judges always at his command, he found it not difficult to cover his rage and vexation under a legal exterior, and to assault at once the peace and the fame of his destined victim. By a horrible abuse of justice, the estates of Valeria were confiscated, her domestics devoted to the torture, and her friends, among whom were several respectable matrons, condemned to death. The princess herself, on a false accusation of adultery, was, with her mother Prisca, sentenced to exile, ignominiously hurried from place to place, and at length confined to a sequestered village, in the deserts of Syria, where their shame and distress were exposed to the provinces of the East, which had during thirty years respected their dignity.

Diocletian, the father of Valeria, who, having abdicated the purple, had retired to a private condition in Dalmatia, his native country, made several ineffectual efforts to alleviate the misfortunes of his daughter; and entreated Maximin, that, as a last acknowledgment for an empire resigned, he would allow her to share with him his retreat, and to close the eyes of her afflicted father. Since he could no longer command, his supplications produced no effect; the pride of the tyrant was gratified by the humiliation of the man to whom he owed the power of insulting him, whose prayers were received with

coldness, and answered with scorn, and whose daughter was treated as a criminal.

The death of Maximin seemed at length to promise the princesses a more favourable destiny. The vigilance of their guard having relaxed in the public disorders, they contrived to effect their escape, and repaired, though in disguise and with precaution, to the court of Licinius, who succeeded to the empire, and whose conduct for the first few days of his reign had revived their confidence. But the bloody executions which quickly followed filled them with horror and astonishment, and convinced them that the throne was filled by a monster, not less inhuman than him by whom he had been preceded. Valeria, still accompanied by her mother, consulted her safety by a precipitate flight: concealed in plebeian habits, they wandered for fifteen months through the provinces of the empire.

At Thessalonica they were at length discovered, and the sentence of death, already pronounced, inflicted upon them: their bodies, having been beheaded, were thrown into the sea. The people gazed at the tragical spectacle, but were compelled by a military guard to stifle their grief and indignation. Such was the fate of the wife and daughter of the emperor Diocletian: their crimes have never been discovered, but their misfortunes are worthy of sympathy and commemoration.

Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE, mistress of Lewis XIV. deserves to be distinguished from those women, whom ambition has led to prefer to the domestic duties, and the honourable obscurity of a private life, a state of venal and splendid degradation. The tender and unfortunate La Valliere was the daughter of the principal maitre-d'hotel to the lady of Gaston. Her mother, becoming a widow, took for her second husband St. Remi, chief maitre-d'hotel to Monsieur (brother of Lewis XIV). who introduced his daughter-in-law into the family of Henrietta,‡ as one of her maids of honour. La Valliere, when at Blois, in the court of Gaston, had been asked in marriage by a gentleman of Bragela; a circumstance which afterwards gave some umbrage to the pride and delicacy of Lewis, who wished

‡ Daughter of Charles the First of England, and wife to Monsieur.

to believe that no other man had ever excited in the heart of his fair mistress sentiments of tenderness or partiality. La Valliere is thus described by contemporary writers: "She was a most lovely woman; the lucid whiteness of her skin, the roses on her cheeks, her languishing blue eyes, and her fine silver-coloured hair, were altogether captivating." To her person and face Choisy applies the following line:

"And grace still more charming than beauty."

"That La Valliere (says Anquetil in his Memoirs) who was so engaging, so winning, so tender, and so much ashamed of her tenderness; who would have loved Lewis for his own sake had he been but a private man; and who sacrificed to her affection for him her honour and conscientious scruples, with bitter regret and remorse." The king is said to have first conceived a passion for her, from having accidentally heard her, from the back of an arbour, confessing to one of her companions the emotions which she felt in his presence, and the impression which he had made on her heart. The certainty of finding, what he had long sought in vain, a heart attached to him for his own sake, attracted him towards her. Other circumstances also combined to draw closer the union between them. Philip duke of Orleans‡ had espoused Henrietta of England, in whose society, from a similar turn of mind and sentiment, the king took great delight, and at whose apartments he first saw La Valliere. Monsieur became jealous of his brother's attentions to his wife, and complained to the queen-mother, who remonstrated with her son on the occasion: to avoid the lectures of the queen, and the jealousy of monsieur, it was concerted between madame and the king, that the latter should affect a passion for one of her maids of honour. Mademoiselle La Valliere was for her simplicity, her gentleness, and her artless character, selected for the purpose. Henrietta flattered herself, that should the monarch actually become attached to her, it would not be difficult whenever she should think proper, to divert his inclinations. Such is the account of madame De la Fayette.

According to others, while the king frequented the apartments of madame and the countess de Soissons, in order to obtain a glance of La Valliere, these ladies considered

‡ Monsieur, the king's brother.

his attentions as addressed only to themselves: they interpreted in the same manner the feasts, the tournaments, and the balls, of which La Valliere was the real object, and for which her heart that understood that of her lover, thanked him. In the distribution of ribands, feathers, toys, diamonds, and expensive articles of dress, among the ladies of the court, they suspected not that the monarch, by this lavish generosity, sought only to present to his mistress what otherwise she would have refused to receive. This modest reserve was long maintained by La Valliere, who, a stranger to ambition, and not less timid and scrupulous than tender, avoided the monarch, while she cherished in her heart an affection for the man. At a review, the king, who watched her with a jealous eye, observed her smile on a young man, who saluted her familiarly in return. The same evening Lewis inquired, in a tone of disquietude and anger, the name of the person whom she had thus distinguished. La Valliere discovered some confusion at this address, but at length replied that it was her brother who had saluted her. The monarch, on receiving this information, heaped on him favours and honours: it was this gentleman who was father to the first duke de la Valliere.

Fouquet, the superintendant of the finance, whose profligacy was equalled only by his prodigality in his pleasures, was captivated by the charms of La Vallier, to whom he caused it to be intimated that he had at her service twenty thousand pistoles. This offer, which was treated with becoming disdain, was thought to have accelerated the fall of the inspector.

Proofs at length exhibited themselves of the weakness of La Valliere, who had yielded to love what interest and ambition had demanded in vain: humbled at her situation, she retired in confusion from the public eye, and injured her health by confinement, to avoid those observations which filled her with remorse and shame. Her penitence, her anguish, and her despair, embittered the triumph of her lover, who was harassed at the same time by the jealousy of the young queen, and the reproaches of his mother. The connexion of Lewis with La Valliere was but yet imperfectly rumoured, when, by her own imprudence and scruples, it became revealed to the public. In a fit of repentance and despondency, mingled with jealousy, from slight and accidental circumstances, she one day, quitted the court, and shut herself up in a convent at St. Cloud. The

king, when apprised of what had passed, without listening to the reproofs of his mother, who remonstrated with him on his conduct, seized the first horse that came to hand, and, on full speed, rode after his mistress. Having ordered the convent to be opened to him, he expostulated with the lady, reproached and importuned her, prevailed over her pious resolutions, and carried her back with him in triumph to court. 'Adieu, sister,' said she to the nun who opened the gate for her, as, with a fluttering heart and swimming eyes, she passed the threshold of the cloister; 'you shall soon see me again!' During the most intoxicating moments of her passion, her pleasures were mingled with contrition, and resolutions to expiate, by the severity of the future, the frailty of the present moment.

From the time that La Valliere, shunning the public gaze, lived in retirement, the king mixed but little with the circles of the court. The ladies piqued at this conduct, determined to detach him from his mistress, for which purpose they sought to sow discord in the royal family. They contrived, by a stratagem, to inform the young queen of the triumph of her rival, in the hope that she would complain to the king's mother, and that by their joint attacks they would oblige him to abandon La Valliere; or that, ashamed of exciting uneasiness in the family of her lover, she would herself return to the convent. A forged letter, fabricated for this purpose, with an intention that it should fall into the hands of the queen, was, through an accident, delivered to Lewis, who, astonished at the perfidy of the transaction, and unable to guess at the agents, applied for information to a man in the plot of the ladies, and who artfully contrived to fix the suspicions of the monarch on madame de Navailles, who had not long since incurred his displeasure by the severe propriety and rectitude of her conduct.

The dutchess of Navailles had been lady of honour to the queen, in which situation she had watched over the conduct of the young ladies* committed to her charge. Some steps which the king had taken, led her to suspect him of designs which she considered it her duty to prevent. She addressed him on the occasion, and remonstrated respecting the impropriety of his behaviour, in terms at once firm and respectful. Lewis showed at first no displeasure at these lectures; he, however, became dissatisfied by precautions that continually frustrated

* Maids of honour.

and interfered with his inclinations. He expressed this dissatisfaction, but with a politeness and delicacy that gave the lady no cause to fear his resentment. His vexation after some time growing stronger, he hinted to the dutchess that she was risking his displeasure, and forbade her to interfere so officiously in what respected the maids of honour. By his command, several methods were proposed to her of preserving appearances, without opposing his wishes. The dutchess replied magnanimously to these representations, that, without persisting in the strict discharge of her duty, she could not fulfil her obligations; and that so long as his majesty should be pleased to continue her in her office, she should certainly exert the same vigilance. The king thoroughly irritated by this answer, bade her reflect on what she might suffer from his resentment, and, as she regarded her own interest, to beware of disobeying him. 'I have, sire,' returned she nobly, 'fully considered this subject; I perceive clearly the disadvantages which the loss of your favour may produce to me. It is to your majesty that both my husband and myself owe our rank and fortune; he, the lieutenancy of the light horse and the government of Havre; and I, my place in her majesty's household. You may deprive us of these. But even such a prospect shall not induce me to alter my resolution of satisfying my principles by the discharge of my duty. I entreat you, sire,' continued she, kneeling before him, 'to look out for objects to gratify your desire elsewhere than in the household of the queen.' The king replied with severity; but, the next day, came up to the dutchess, in the apartment of the queen-mother, and took her kindly by the hand, in token of reconciliation. But the proper reflections of the monarch on this incident, and his good dispositions, were dissipated and perverted by the raillery of the countess of Soissons, an intriguing and unprincipled woman, who was desirous of superseding the dutchess in her office. By this lady the honourable conduct of madame de Navailles was branded as a pretence, and the patience of Lewis, who suffered her to lay a restraint on his pleasures, treated with ridicule. Assisted by the passions and the vanity of the king, and intent on humbling her rival, she prevailed by her insinuations over his better resolutions, and laid a train for the fall of the dutchess.

In the mean time, madame de Navailles, fearful, in a situation of so much delicacy, of trusting wholly to her own judg-

ment, solicited the advice of a virtuous and learned man, who confirmed her in her duty, and determined her against a criminal complaisance to the monarch. "I saw her," says madame de Motteville, from whose Memoirs this account is extracted, "under the impression of that advice. I was witness of her anxiety and distress. She shed many tears, and felt the utmost agony at the hard alternative, before she could determine on following counsel so dangerous to her worldly interest." Her resolution being at length fixed, she no longer preserved any measures, but caused all the private passages, by which Lewis might steal into the apartments of the maids of honour, to be barricaded with iron grates. The consequences which she expected from this conduct did not immediately follow; the king satisfied himself with depriving her of her office of governess, which he conferred on her more accommodating enemy. The courtiers were divided in their opinions on this subject: by some the conduct of the dutchess was blamed, as an imprudence which made public the foibles of majesty; by others it was highly applauded; but all agreed in doing justice to the rectitude of her intentions.† It was upon this lady that the cabal against La Valliere, of which the countess of Soissons was the principal instrument, prompted the vengeance of the monarch to fall. The king, with a mind poisoned by the insinuations that were artfully distilled into his ears, was persuaded with little difficulty to punish a woman, who had more than once placed herself in opposition to his inclinations. The duke and dutchess of Navailles were, in despite of the entreaties of the queen-mother, who pleaded their cause with her son, deprived of all their employments, and exiled to their estates.

But the malice of which they became the victims remained not unrecompensed. The bonds which unite the unprincipled are of an unstable nature: some intrigues among the cabal terminated in a rupture; the king was informed of all that had passed, and the countess of Soissons banished for ever from court. The duke and dutchess of Navailles were not, however, recalled, although the mother of Lewis solicited on her death-bed their reception to favour. The monarch content-

† This episode in the life of madame de la Valliere is not irrelevant to the nature of the present work. The conduct of madame de Navailles, in a dissolute court, justly entitles her to a rank among illustrious women.

ed himself with naming the duke governor of the district of Aunis, Brouage, and Rochelle, and, some years after, without having the favour demanded, created him a marshal of France. After the perfidy to which he had been a witness, it was remarked that Lewis became suspicious, reserved, and jealous of those who surrounded him. "Had kings," observes Anquetil in his Memoirs, "none about them but men of virtue, even though that virtue were obstinately rigid, and did they but know the worth of such men, they would be less frequently exposed to those perplexities which continually harass them, and which surround a throne."

The death of the queen-mother, who expired in Jan. 1666, and whose influence had in some measure restrained the levities of the court, was sincerely lamented by her son. But love healed his afflictions, and consoled him for his loss: La Valliere, in obedience to her lover, and from tenderness to her children, ventured once more to appear in public, and accepted the title of dutchess, with the honours annexed to the rank. Mademoiselle de Blois, her daughter, and M. de Vemandois, her son, were brought up openly under the eye of their mother. La Valliere is accused, and not without cause, of having treated with disrespect the queen, to whose court she belonged. Maria Teresa, following the king on a journey towards the frontiers, forbade any person to go before her, that she might herself have the pleasure of coming up first to her husband. La Valliere, imprudently contemning this order, made her carriage withdraw from the line of procession, and cross the fields, that she might first reach the monarch. The queen, incensed at this temerity, was about to have her stopped; but the ladies of her train, laying before her the probable consequences of such a step, and properly blaming the conduct of the favourite, prevailed on her to let it pass. 'For my part,' observed one lady,* 'God keep me from becoming mistress to his majesty! Were I so unfortunate, I should never have the effrontery to appear in the presence of his queen.'

Madame de Montespan, daughter to the duke de Mortemart, had obtained, by the interest of her husband with monsieur, the place of a lady of the palace. Her beauty, though faultlessly perfect, added to an extraordinary share of wit and

* The celebrated madame de Montespan, who soon succeeded to the situation of La Valliere.

address, did not for some time attract the notice of the amorous monarch. *The tongue of the Mortemarts* was a proverbial expression at court, the whole family being distinguished for the felicity of their language. Madame de Montespan had formed a habit of passing her evenings with the queen, when she was waiting on the king. Lewis was insensibly attracted towards her by her powers of entertainment, her talent of mimicry, her address in relating a story, the poignancy of her replies, and the satirical turn of her conversation. The queen, confiding in the professions of the lady, observed without alarm this growing intimacy, which had already become the theme of the court. La Valliere, whose discernment affection had quickened, was not ignorant of what was passing, far less could she observe it with indifference; but if she formed schemes of vengeance, they were directed only against herself. She once more retired from court, and shut herself up among the nuns of Chaillot. Lewis did not, as before immediately follow her; he contented himself with sending to her Colbert, to whose care her children were entrusted, and Lazun, who was master of the arts of persuasion. La Valliere sent a message to the king, importing, that, after having lost the honour of his good graces, she should much earlier have quitted the court, had she been able to prevail on herself to see him no more; but that her weakness on that subject was so great, that she was scarce capable of making a sacrifice of it to God: but she was now resolved the remains of that passion she had once felt for him should make a part of her penance; and that, as she had devoted to him her youth, it could not be though unreasonable if the rest of her life was spent in cares for her own salvation. The king wept bitterly on receiving this message, and entreated the fair penitent to return immediately to Versailles, that he might speak to her once more. She obeyed this summons, unable to resist the importunity of the man she loved. She had an hour's conversation with the monarch, during which they both shed tears. Her rival madame de Montespan, ran to meet her on her return, and received her with open arms. Several interviews followed between Lewis and the unhappy La Valliere, who suffered herself to be prevailed upon to resume those chains, the weight of which had already become galling, and to continue to drag on a life of pain and conflict.

The queen was still lulled in security respecting the ascendency of madame de Montespan. 'I have a letter by the post,' says

she writing to mademoiselle, 'informing me that the king is no longer attached to La Valliere, but has transferred his attentions to madame de Montespan. I do not believe a syllable of it.' This letter was sent by her majesty to her husband: thus was the aim of the writer defeated. La Valliere though not absolutely deserted, retained over the mind of the monarch the influence only of habit, and regard for their mutual offspring. She felt this too sensible; but love taught her resignation, and at length made her suffer with patience the avowed preference to her rival. A desire to please the king made her carry her complisance yet farther, even to ornament with her own hands the woman who had robbed her of his affection. Madame de Montespan incapable of generous sympathy, abused her triumph, and added insult to cruelty. Affecting to admire the taste and dexterity of the humbled La Valliere, she frequently declared maliciously, that she could never be pleased with her dress unless assisted by this unfortunate woman, who showed the utmost solicitude to please her. Lewis knew that it was only a pretence still to linger in his presence, that La Villere paid these attentions to her rival: he saw the secret inquietude which consumed her, but he saw it with little emotion: sensuality had hardened his heart. An expression of her uneasiness once escaped La Valliere, in the presence of another lady, who, with her, witnessed the dalliance of the monarch with his new favourite. 'When any thing occurs,' said she, 'among the Carmelites to give me pain, I will then think of what these people have made me suffer.'

But the period approached when, by a last heroic effort, she broke from her fetters, and bade a final adieu to the court. She had long deliberated respecting this measure, the execution of which had been delayed by various obstacles. The devotees advised her to set a signal example of penitence: the more moderate wished her merely to retire to a cloister, without taking the vows. Her mother, an ambitious woman, was desirous that her daughter, still retaining her rank and household, should live with her and educate her own children. The king, who esteemed not the mother, doubted whether La Valliere would be safe under her protection: and La Valliere herself timidly believed that she needed, to attach her irrevocably to virtue, some powerful obligation. It was then proposed, that if she assumed the veil, she should make choice of an order in which she might be raised to the dignities consistent with the retirement of a cloister. 'Alas!'

replied she, 'having shown myself unable to regulate my own conduct, shall I presume to direct that of others?' Propositions of marriage was offered to her; but St. Simon attributes to the king the proud delicacy, 'that she who had once been his, should never after belong to any but God.' Rendered selfish by the indulgence of his inclinations, and by his devotion to the object of a new passion, he consigned without compunction, to a convent, in the bloom of her youth and beauty, the victim of his caprice. In this decision she cheerfully acquiesced.

On the 19th of April, 1674, she received the farewel compliments of the court ('Happy region!' exclaims madame de Sevigné, 'where the unfortunate are so soon forgotten!') and supped at madame de Montespan's. The next morning, after hearing mass in the king's chapel, she threw herself into her carriage, and proceeded, at thirty years of age, with her beauty yet unimpaired, to bury herself in a cloister. The convent of the Carmelites was made choice of for her retreat. On the 4th of June, in the following year, she took the vows in the presence of the queen and the whole court, under the name of sister Louisa, of the order of Mercy. She survived this sacrifice six-and-thirty years, devoted to the performance of the regular austerities of the conventual life, and not without the consolations which arise out of the tender enthusiasm of a susceptible heart. Madame de Montespan went sometimes to visit her. 'Are you really so happy,' said she to her one day, 'as people tell?' 'I am not happy,' replied the gentle Carmelite, 'but content.' In the calm of the passions, or in the new directions which devotion had given to them, she probably found comparative repose.

Madame de la Valliere left in the world one daughter, mademoiselle De Blois, afterwards married to the prince of Conti; and a son, Lewis of Bourbon, count de Vermandois, whom, according to some, an acute distemper cut off at the siege of Courtrai, in 1683. Others assert, that, having struck the dauphin in a dispute, he was condemned to death, but snatched from his fate by the paternal kindness of the king, and conveyed secretly to the Bastille, where he was living in 1703, and known by the appellation of *the man with the iron mask*. But this tale abounds with improbabilities. M. Bonnet was deputed to inform his mother of his decease. 'Alas, my God! said she, prostrating herself before the cross, 'must I weep for his death, before my tears have expiated his birth? After the retreat of La Valliere,

the king appeared wholly devoted to madame de Montespan, whom jealousy instigated to use her influence with her lover to suppress the establishment of the queen's maids of honour. 'A dangerous cavern,' 'says madame de Sevigné, 'whence issued a hydra with heads constantly multiplying.' Their place was supplied with *ladies of honour*, a substitute which did not prove particularly favourable to the morals of the court: in young hearts even vice is timid; and over those yet unestablished in life the terrors of infamy have their full force.

Madame de Sevigné, speaking of the dutchess de Fontange, another transient favourite of the voluptuous Lewis, thus contrasts her with La Valliere: "She was so elated with the splendor of her situation, that we may consider her character as the very reverse of that gentle creature, who, like the humble violet, sought only to conceal her beauties, and who, far from being vain of the honours conferred upon her, blushed at the titles of a mistress, a mother, or a dutchess. Never shall we again see her match!"

Anquetil's Memoirs of the Court of Lewis XIV.—Marchioness de Sevigné's Letters, &c. &c.

VETURIA.

VETURIA, the mother of Coriolanus (who had joined the Volsci), with the Roman matrons, prevailed on her son to lay aside his resentment, and to return to the bosom of his country. The senate having requested that Veturia and her companions would ask their reward, they only solicited permission to build, at their own expense, a temple to the Fortune of Women. This edifice was, by the orders of the senate, erected on the spot where the circumstance it was designed to commemorate had taken place. On its completion, Veturia was consecrated perpetual priestess.

Roman History.

MADEMOISELLE DE LA VIGNE.

ANNE DE LA VIGNE, daughter to a physician at *Vernon*, was born 1634. Celebrated for her poetical taste and genius, she holds a distinguished place among French literary women. Her ode, entitled "*Monseigneur le Dauphin au Roi*," obtained great reputation, and was praised by the poets and wits of the age.

Soon after the publication of this piece, she received from an unknown hand a little box, containing a lyre richly enamelled, ornamented with gold; and a complimentary ode accompanied this elegant present, in which were the following lines:

" Reçois donc, belle héroine!
Une lyre qu' Appollon,
Pour ce dessein te destine.
Souvent son illustre son
A, sous une main divine,
Charmé le sacre vallon:
Trop heureuse, qu'elle obtienne,
De résonner sous la tienne."

Anne de la Vigne also addressed a congratulatory ode to mademoiselle de Scudery, on her obtaining the prize from the French Academy. The ode, with the reply of M. de Scudery, were published. The answer of mademoiselle de le Vigne to a gallant letter addressed to her, from *Les Champs Élisées*,† on her recovery from a dangerous sickness, was greatly admired, as were several other poems, written by this lady, of equal merit. Her father, a man of learning, and eminent in his profession, who had a son *un peu borné*,‡ was accustomed to say of his children—' Quand j'ai fait ma fille, je pensois faire mon fils; & quand j'ai fait mon fils, je pensois faire ma fille."

This lady died in Paris in 1684.

Dictionnaire Historique, &c.—Anne Thicknesse's Sketch, &c.

MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

MARY was the thirteenth of the fifteen children of the great earl of Cork, founder of the illustrious house of Boyle. Her mother was second wife to the earl, and daughter of sir Geoffry Fenton. Mary married Charles earl of Warwick, whom she survived five years. From her liberality to the poor, the earl her husband was said to have left his estate to charitable uses. The fame of her hospitality and benevolence advanced the rent of the houses in her neighbourhood, where she was the common arbitress of all differences. Her awards, by the judgment and sagacity which they displayed, prevented many law-suits. The earl her husband, alluding to her economy and other admirable qualities, was accustomed to declare, that he would have chosen her, upon a mere prudential calculation, with five thousand pounds,

† The Elysian Fields. ‡ Of confused intellects.

in preference to any other woman with twenty thousand. She died April 12, 1678. Her funeral sermon was preached at Felsted in Essex, April 30th, 1678, by A. Walker, D. D. rector of Fyfield, and published in 8vo.

ELIZABETH JANE WESTON.

This lady, who was born about the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, is supposed by Dr. Fuller to have been a branch of the ancient family of the Westons, of Sutton in Surrey. She appears to have left England at an early age, and to have settled at Prague in Bohemia. She was skilled in the languages, particularly in the Latin, in which she wrote with elegance and correctness. She was greatly esteemed by learned foreigners. She is commended by Scaliger, and complimented by Nicholas May in a Latin epigram. She is placed by Mr. Evelyn, in his *Numismata*, among learned women; and by Mr. Philips among female poets. She is ranked by Mr. Farnaby with sir Thomas More, and the best Latin poets of the sixteenth century. She translated several of the fables of Æsop into Latin verse. She also wrote a Latin poem in praise of typography, with many poems and epistles, on different subjects, in the same language, which were collected and published. She married John Leon, a gentleman belonging to the court of the emperor; and was living in 1605, as appears from an epistle written by her, and dated Prague, in that year.

ANNE WHARTON,

Was the daughter and co-heiress of sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, who dying without a son, left his estate between his two daughters; Anne, and the countess of Abingdon. The memory of the latter is celebrated by Dryden, in a funeral panegyric entitled "Eleonora." Anne, who was distinguished for her poetical genius, was first wife to Thomas, afterwards marquis of Wharton, by whom she had no issue. Many of her poems are printed in the collections of Dryden and Nichols. The mother of John Wilmot, earl of Rochester, was her aunt. "They were allied," says Mr. Waller, speaking of Rochester, "in genius and in blood." Anne died at Adderbury, October 29th, 1685, and was buried at Winchenden the 10th of the following

November. From a caveat entered on the books of the Stationer's-company it appears, that she was the author of a play entitled "Love's Martyr, or Wit above Crowns."

Biographium Fœmineum.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Anne, daughter of sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, Hants, knight, was maid of honour to the dutchess of York, second wife to James II. She married Heneage, second son of Heneage earl of Winchelsea. Her most celebrated production was a poem upon the Spleen, printed in "A new Miscellany of original Poems, on several Occasions," published by Mr. Charles Gildon, 1701. This poem gave birth to another, by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, entitled "An Epistle to Flavia, on the sight of two Pindaric Odes, on the Spleen and Vanity, written by a Lady to her Friend." A collection of the countess's poems was printed in London, together with a tragedy, never acted, entitled "Aristomenes." A number of her poems remain still unpublished. She died without issue, August 5, 1720.

Biographium Fœmineum.

ZENOBIA.

Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra, a descendant from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled her ancestor Cleopatra in beauty, and surpassed her in every admirable and heroic quality of mind. Her statue was majestic, her complexion dark, her teeth of a pearly whiteness, her large black eyes sparkled with fire, tempered by an attractive sweetness. Her constitution was robust, her habits chaste, temperate, and hardy, while she excelled in every martial exercise. Her strong understanding, improved by study, rendered her not less able in the cabinet than formidable in the field. She was mistress of the Greek, the Syraic, and the Egyptian languages, and not unskilled in the Latin. She drew up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and, under the tuition of the celebrated Longinus, familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato.

Odenathus, a Saracen prince, whom she espoused, had raised himself from a private station to the dominion of the East: the the friend and companion of a hero, Zenobia greatly contributed

to the important victories gained by her husband over the Persians, which preserved to the Romans the empire of the East. In the intervals of war, she delighted in accompanying Odenathus to the chace, and pursued with ardour the lion and the panther of the desert. Inured to fatigue, and disdaining covered carriages, she was accustomed to appear on horseback, in a military habit, in which she frequently performed on foot long and toilsome marches, at the head of the troops. In the year 264 of Rome, when Odenathus, as the reward of his services, was made emperor by Gallienus, the title of Augusta was conferred upon Zenobia.

To the prudence and fortitude of Zenobia, Odenathus was, in a great measure, indebted for his military success: their victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued to the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the basis of their united fame and power. The armies they commanded, and the provinces they saved, acknowledged no other sovereigns. Odenathus at length returning to the city of Emesa in Syria, after a successful expedition against the plunderers of Asia, was cut off by domestic treachery. His nephew Mæonius, having, at the chace, darted his javelin before that of his uncle, was reprimanded by him for his presumption; this reproof prevented him not from repeating his temerity. Odenathus, as a sovereign and a sportsman, incensed at this pertinacity, ordered his horse to be taken from Mæonius, a mark of ignominy among barbarians, and inflicted on him a short confinement. The offence was quickly forgotten, but the punishment was remembered: Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of an entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, perished with his father.

The assassin, by his crime, obtained only the transient pleasure of vengeance: he had scarcely assumed the sovereign title, before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the manes of her husband. With the assistance of the friends of Odenathus, his widow seized the reins of empire, and governed Palmyra and the East five years with vigour and ability. By the decease of the emperor, the authority which she held, as a personal distinction, from a grant of the Roman senate, was at an end. But Zenobia, disdaining the control of Rome, and ambitious of independence, obliged one of its generals, sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and reputation. Not less prudent in peace than active in war, her steady administration was guided

by the wisest maxims of policy: when mercy was expedient, she knew how to sacrifice her vindictive feelings; when severity became necessary, she imposed silence on pity. Her strict economy was by many censured as avarice, but, on proper occasions, she was liberal and munificent. The neighbouring states of Armenia, Arabia, and Persia, dreaded her power and courted her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, she added the inheritance of her ancestors, the fertile and populous kingdom of Egypt.

The emperor Claudius, acknowledging her merit, was content that she should assert the dignity of the eastern empire, while he pursued with his legions the Gothic war. Her conduct, however, appeared equivocal to Rome, which suspected her design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy.

Zenobia blended with the popular manners of the Roman princes, the stately pomp of the oriental courts, and exacted from her subjects the adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She gave to her three sons a Roman education, while she frequently showed them to the troops, adorned with the imperial purple; for herself she reserved the diadem, with the title of Queen of the East.

An adversary thus formidable, notwithstanding her sex, awakened the jealousy of the Roman senate: Aurelian passed over to Asia in arms against her, and, by his presence, restored to its obedience the province of Bythinia, subdued by the intrigues and the power of Zenobia. He also received, at the head of his legions, the submission of Ancyra, and, after an obstinate siege, was admitted by perfidy into Tyana. The traitor, receiving the reward of his crime, was abandoned by Aurelian to the rage of the soldiers, while respect for the philosopher Apollonius, born at Tyana, induced the conqueror to treat his countrymen with lenity. At the approach of the Roman army, Antioch was deserted, till, by salutary edicts, the emperor recalled the fugitives; while to those who had engaged in the service of Zenobia from necessity rather than choice, he granted a free pardon. Having by a policy thus wise and humane conciliated the minds of the Syrians, the wishes of the people, even to the gates of Emesa, seconded the terror of his arms.

Zenobia saw not inactively the advance of the western emperor towards her capital. Two great battles, one fought near Antioch, and the other near Emesa, decided the fate of the

East. In both these engagements Zenobia, by her presence, animated her forces; the execution of her orders was committed to Zabdas, who had in the conquest of Egypt signalized his military talents. The force of the queen consisted chiefly of light archers, and heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of the enemy, unable to sustain their ponderous charge, fled in real or feigned disorder, and, having engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them in a desultory combat, by which the unwieldy and impenetrable cavalry were fatigued and discomfited. The archers having, in the mean while, exhausted their quivers, remained exposed without protection to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had, on this occasion, selected the veteran troops usually stationed on the Upper Danube, whose valour the Alemanic war had severely proved.

After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found herself unable to collect a third army; the nations subject to her empire, even to the frontier of Egypt, had joined the victor, who detached from his army the bravest of his generals to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. The queen, finding in Palmyra her last resource, retired within the walls of her capital, where, preparing for a vigorous resistance, she intrepidly declared, the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same. The emperor, with incessant vigor, pressed the siege in person, and was himself wounded with a dart.

"The Roman people," says he, in an original letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman: they are ignorant of the character and power of Zenobia. It is not possible to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the wall is provided with two or three *balistæ*, while artificial fires are thrown from the military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage; yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto favoured all my undertakings. It is, I hear, objected to me, that I acted not a manly part in triumphing over Zenobia. Those who censure would commend me, did they know the woman; what prudence in her designs, what constancy in her resolutions, with what dignity does she conduct herself towards her army, how bountiful is she upon neccessary occasions, how severe where severity is requisite! It is to her that I ascribe the vic-

tories of Odenathus over the Persians. I can affirm, that she was so formidable to the eastern nations, that the Arabians, the Saracens, and the Armenians, remained quiet, and dared not oppose her, &c."

Doubtful of the event of the siege, so spirited were the efforts of the besieged, Aurelian offered terms of advantageous capitulation; to the queen a splendid retreat, to the citizens their ancient privileges. These proposals were rejected with obstinacy and insult. The hope that famine would in a short time compel the Romans to repass the desert, supported the spirits of Zenobia; who beside expected, and not without reason, that the kings of the East, more especially the Persian monarch, would arm in defence of their common rights. But to the perseverance of the Western emperor every obstacle was forced to yield. The Persian councils were at this time distracted by the death of Sapor; the inconsiderable succours with which they attempted to relieve Palmyra, were intercepted without difficulty by the arms or the liberality of Aurelian. A regular succession of convoys also, from every part of Syria, arrived safely in the camp, while the Roman forces were strengthened by the return of Probus, with the troops from the conquest of Egypt.

Thus beset, and deprived of every succour, it was now that Zenobia resolved to fly. Mounted on the swiftest of her dromedaries, she had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, sixty miles from Palmyra, when, pursued by the lighthorse of Aurelian, she was overtaken, captured, and brought back to the emperor. Her capital, compelled to surrender, was treated by the conqueror with lenity. The arms, horses, camels, treasures of gold, of silver, of silk, and precious stones, were delivered to Aurelian, who, leaving in Palmyra a garrison of archers, returned to Emesa with the spoils; where, at the end of a war which restored to the empire its revolted provinces, he employed himself in the distribution of rewards and punishments.

The captive queen having been brought into the presence of the conqueror, he sternly demanded of her, how she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome. 'Because,' replied she, with mingled firmness and respect, 'I disdained to consider as Roman emperors Aureolus or Gallienus: *you*, alone, I acknowledge as my conqueror and sovereign.'

In the hour of trial, it is added with regret, the courage of

the heroine deserted her: trembling at the clamours of the soldiers, who called loudly for her execution, she purchased life with the sacrifice of her fame and of her friends, to whose counsels she imputed the obstinacy of her resistance, and on whose heads she drew down the vengeance of the emperor. Among the victims of this weakness, was the celebrated Longinus, whose learning and genius failed to move the illiterate and barbarous Aurelian. The philosopher, without uttering a complaint, calmly resigned himself to his fate, pitying his unhappy mistress, and comforting his afflicted friends.

On his return from the conquest of the East, the emperor, who had already crossed the straits which separate Europe from Asia, was incensed by the intelligence that the Palmyrenians, having massacred the garrison, had already raised the standard of revolt. Once more he turned his face towards Syria, and the city of Palmyra suffered the consequences of his rage. The innocent and the guilty, old men and women, children and peasants, citizens and nobles, were involved in one undistinguishing carnage. His savage fury at length appeased, after directing his attention towards the re-establishment of a temple of the sun, he granted to the wretched remnant of the people permission to rebuild and inhabit the city. To restore is less easy than to destroy. The city of Zenobia, the seat of arts and commerce, sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and, at length, a miserable village.

Aurelian, on his return to Rome, received the honours of a triumph, which was celebrated with superior magnificence. Four-and-twenty elephants began the cavalcade, followed by four royal tigers, and two hundred curious animals, from every climate; sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the barbarous amusement of the ampitheatre, succeeded: after these were displayed the wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of conquered nations, with the superb plate and wardrobe of the Syrian disposed with artful negligence. Ambassadors of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, clothed in rich and singular habits, exhibited the power and fame of the Roman emperor; who also exposed to the public the presents he had received, with a number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. A long train of captives, in barbarous pomp, reluctantly followed; Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians, each nation distin-

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